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A spirit to lighten
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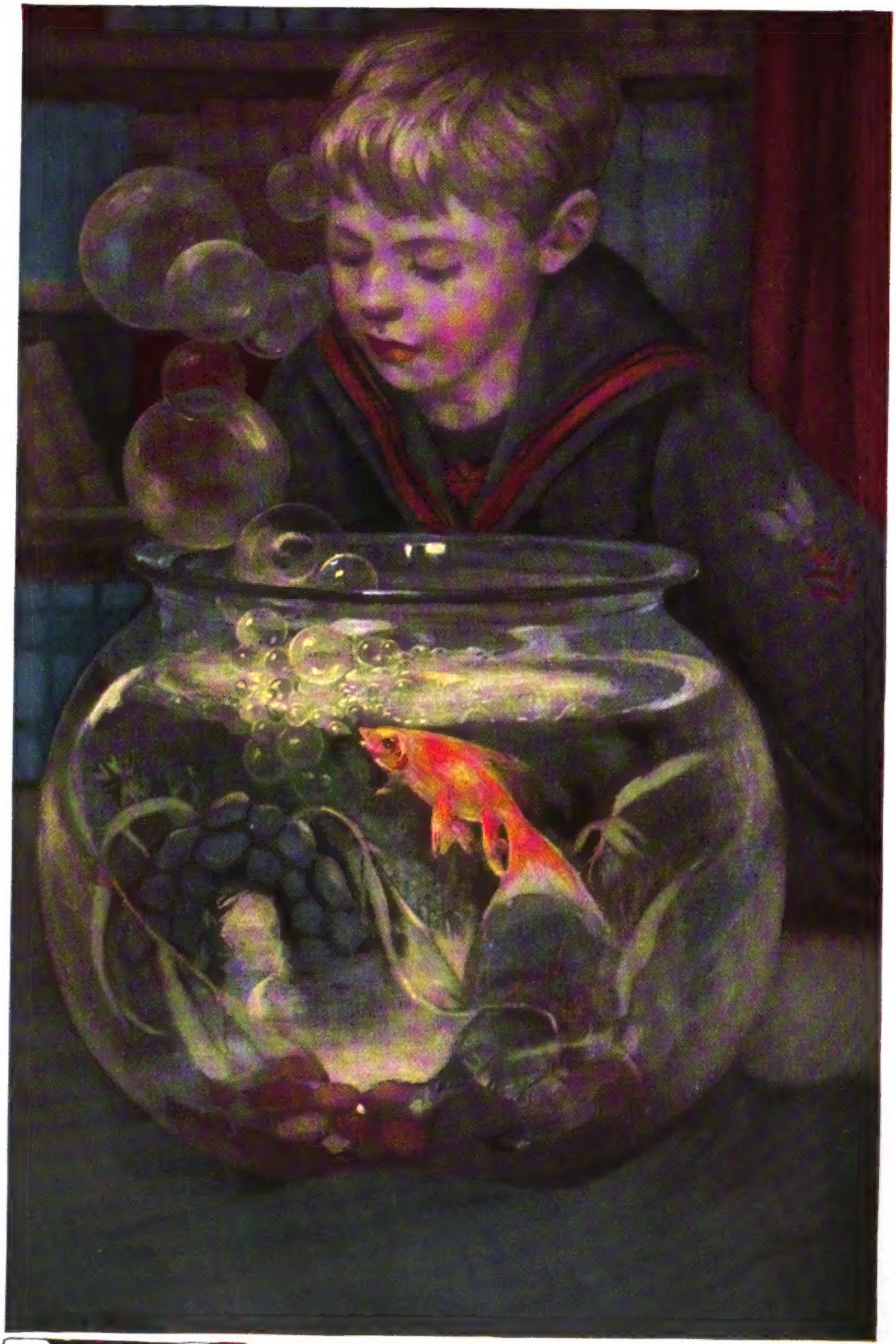


Peter the gold fish was talking to him

EVERYBODY'S
MAGAZINE

VOL XXV, No. 6 DECEMBER, 1911

The Gold Fish

Julian Street

Pictures and Decorations
by
eugénie m wireman

THE cat was crouched upon the table, tense and motionless save for the tip of her tail, which flicked with savage eagerness. Her baleful eyes were boring through the bowl like a pair of diamond drills which would pierce the glass and let the water out. If lustful intensity of purpose could have encompassed the desires of the cat, the indolent, unapprehensive cruisings of Peter, the goldfish, within, would have ended in a flash of violence.

"Shoo!" cried Mrs. Harman, opening the nursery door. "Shoo! shoo! shoo! You're a bad cat!"

The cat shot her a quick, guilty glance, and pouring herself, like liquid, from the table, glided with silent speed across the floor, and was gone through the doorway.

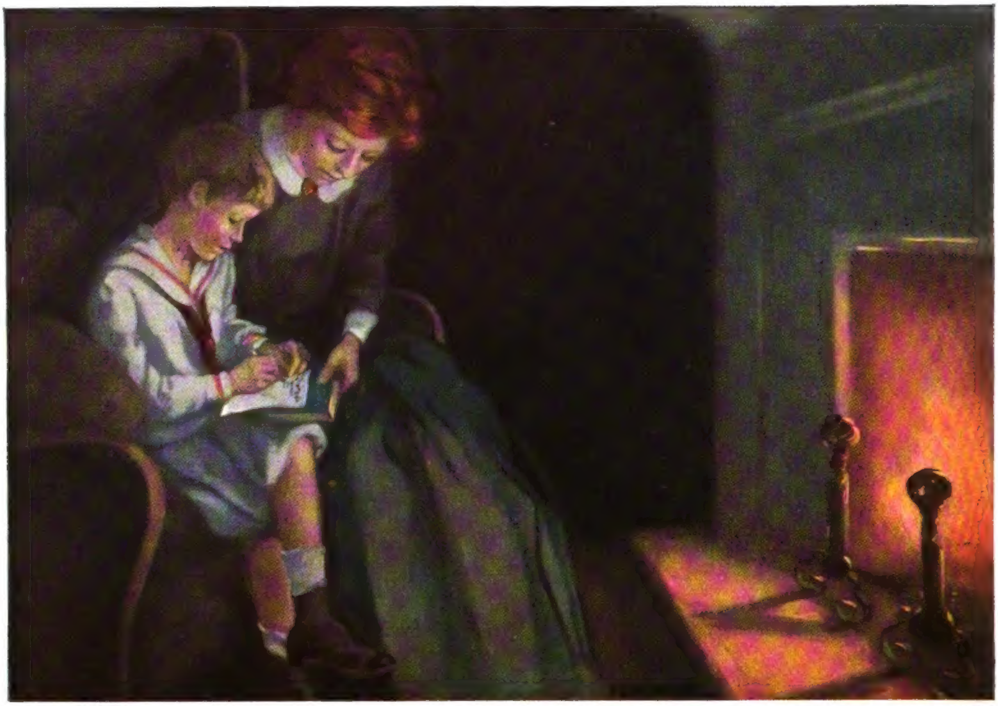
"Shoo!" cried Mrs. Harman after her. Then, turning to her son, "Don," she said, "you shouldn't let the cat in here. She'll get Peter."

Don was seated on the floor in the contorted attitude of a boy of seven tying a shoe-lace. He was breathing heavily, and his tongue was twisted out of the corner of his mouth. He drew it in, paused at his labors for a moment, and looked up.

"Now—" he began, "now—I didn't notice her, mother. You see I been tying my laces." He sighed and ran out his tongue, but drew it in again to ask: "Will you—now—telephone for Craig to come over? You know I was disappoindid yesterday and day before, and—now—will you, mother?" He regarded her face anxiously.

"Have you spotted to-day?" asked Mrs. Harman.

"There was one little—now—jelly spot at lunch," he admitted. "It was very little, and—now—I didn't spot at breakfast."



Wrote in a round laborious hand a "Dear Santy"

He gave the shoe-laces a final tug and scrambled to his feet.

"Very well," said Mrs. Harman judicially. "I'll see if Craig can come."

An expression of delight came over Don's mobile little face. He rubbed one gray, battered shoe ecstatically upon the other. Then, as his mother turned to carry out his wish, he dived under the nursery table, reappeared with a colored pencil and a tin wheel from some broken toy, and, beating them together joyously, skipped beside her down the hall. It is astonishing to see how much happiness may be indicated, and how much noise made, by the skilful operation of such trifles.

"I can't hear if you do that, dear," admonished Mrs. Harman as she placed the telephone receiver to her ear.

Her merest hint, on this occasion, begot instant silence. Don held his breath. Presently he recognized the voice of Craig's mother as a squeaky little buzz in the receiver. With an eagerness almost equal to that with which the cat had watched the goldfish, he listened. After what seemed to him interminable irrelevancies came at last the fateful question:

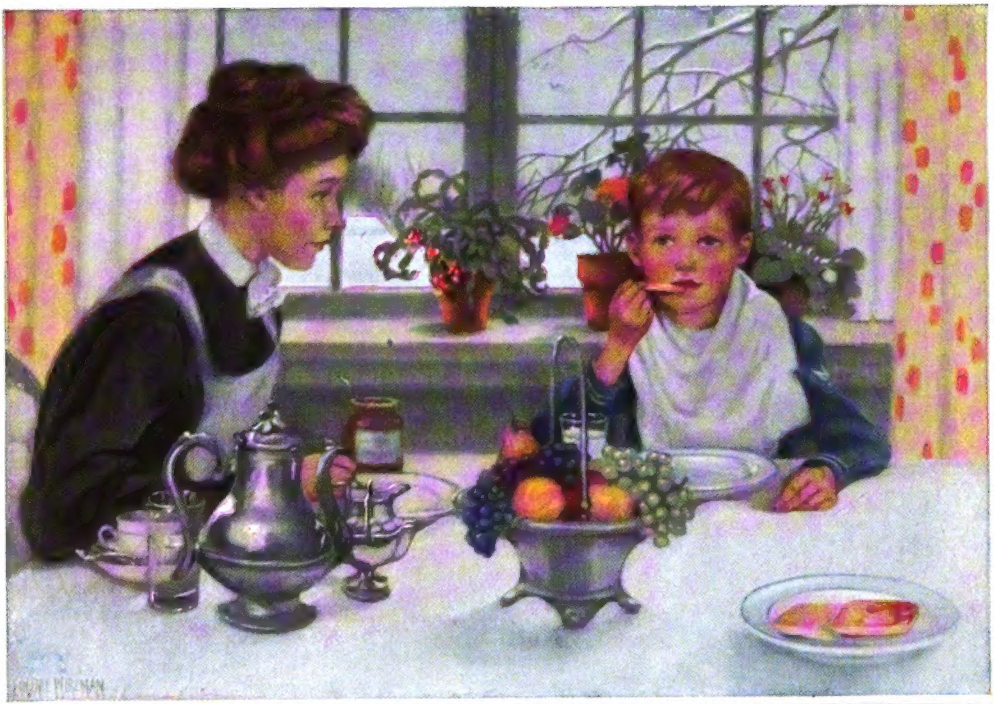
"Can Craig run over and play with Don this afternoon?"

"Squeak-squeakety-squeak," answered the telephone.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Mrs. Harman said.

That was enough for Don. He didn't listen any more. The light left his face. Two tears welled into the corners of his eyes. He turned away.

How many of us fail to realize that the "little hopes" and "little disappointments" of a little child are quite as real, and, relatively, quite as great as those that men and women feel. If the adult life is a canvas,



Learned the little tricks one has to know to keep from making spots

broadly handled, that of the child is a delicate miniature upon white ivory. The high lights and the shadows occupy in each the same proportion of the total space. The trouble is that sometimes in looking at the miniature we forget to use a magnifying glass. But God has given certain mothers spiritual lenses which enable them to see and understand, and Don had such a mother.

Hurriedly ending her conversation on the telephone, she put her arm about his shoulder.

"It's too bad, dearie," she said in a tender voice. "Craig's grandmother is visiting them."

"I could—now—go over there," the child suggested forlornly.

"I'm *so* sorry, dear, but you see she wants him to herself, and—oh, you mustn't cry about it, Don! You're too big for that, dearie!"

"I'm so lonely," he said, in a woful voice, "and I been disappoindid three days."

"It *is* hard, I know," she answered. "But you see it's near Christmas, and all the boys are busy."

"*I'm* not busy," he reflected sadly.

"Why don't you go out and play with Laddie?" she suggested.

"Laddie, he's a dog," said Don, in a dull voice, "and dogs—now—they aren't like boys."

The flicker of a tender smile crossed the sweet young mother's face. There came into her mind the picture of Don and his collie puppy as she often saw them, racing, tripping over one another, falling in a heap and getting up to run again. In spite of Don's assertion, she saw marked similarity between boys and young dogs.

She leaned and kissed him. "I know what you can do," she declared, in a spirited voice of diversion. "You can write a letter to Santa Claus! It's only three weeks to Christmas, and he'll be wondering what you want."

She sat upon the couch and with a loving arm drew him to her side. He nestled there willingly. There is a certain sad, strange contentment which is given to mothers in these moments of childish sorrow, through the unusual willingness of the unhappy one to sit for a moment without squirming, and be petted. Don's mother seized her moment and drew his head to her breast.

"Tell mother what you'd like," she said.

"Oh, I don't know," he sighed apathetically.

"Snow-shoes?"

"Oh, I don't know," he sighed again, his downcast eyes resting on the page of a children's clothing catalogue, which lay open on the couch beside him.

"A sled?"

Don sat up suddenly. But it was not the suggestion of a sled which had aroused him. Taking the catalogue in both his hands, he turned the pages with awakened interest.

The mother watched.

"I want a brother!" he burst out eagerly, planting a gray finger upon the picture of a vain and wooden-looking lad, holding a hoop in his hands (No. 974 g. Smooth blue serge, unlined, 7 to 10 years). "A *regular* brother, like that. Big, you know, mother, with lots and lots of teeth."

Mrs. Harman smiled the mother-smile. "They're hard to get in those large sizes, Don," she said, patting the shaggy head. "And it's so near Christmas they must be pretty well picked over by this time."

"Well, then," he said, indicating the picture of a smaller boy, "a littler one like that would do. Couldn't you—now—take me to pick him out, mother?"

"The best plan is to write to Santa about it," she evaded, rising and going to her desk. "Here's paper with lines, and a nice sharp pencil."

Don followed and seated himself. He adjusted his position carefully, put his head to one side with his nose almost touching the paper, ran the red flag of travail out of the corner of his mouth, and with the pencil in a vise-like grip, wrote in a round, laborious hand a "dear santy" which, despite the blue line, wobbled doubtfully up-hill.

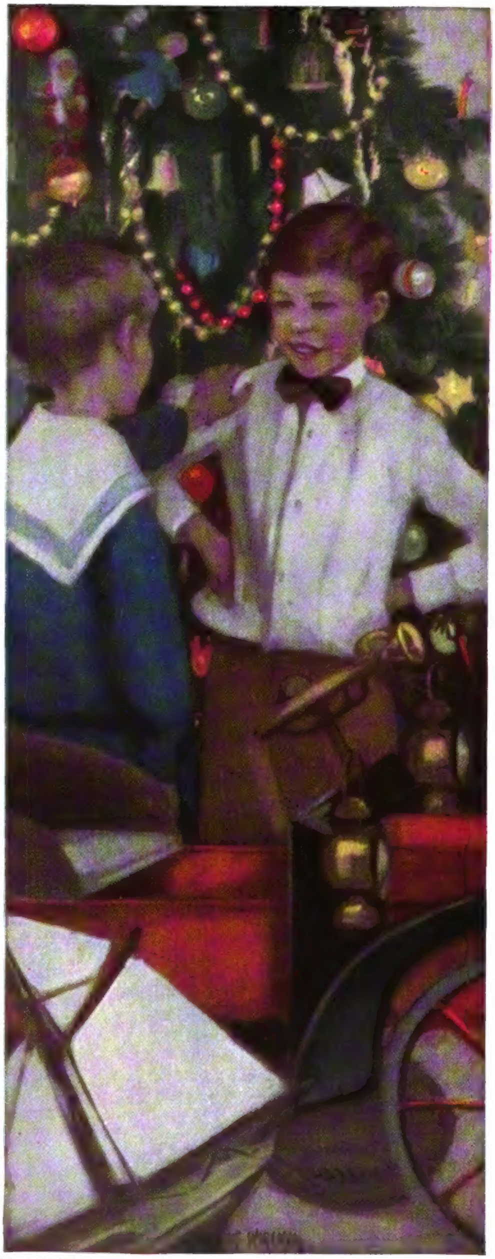
Slowly, with sighs and writhings, the letter was evolved:

> i am well i hope you are well i would like a boy with teeth i would like the biggist one you can spair for a brother.
>
> yours truly
> D Harman

The paper was turned from white to gray in the process, and dark smudges had somehow been communicated to Don's face and hands.

"Now, when you've washed," said his mother, "we'll send it."

Don ran to the bathroom, turned on the water, passed his hands



Don saw that he had lots of teeth

through it, dabbed them at his face, seized a towel, transferred the smudges to it, and returned to his mother in a state of rosy dampness.

"No wonder they're so rough," she said, feeling his hands. "You don't half dry them, dearie." She got a towel and showed him how.

"Do you think he'll get it to-night?" asked Don.

"He ought to."

They moved to the grate, where Mrs. Harman set fire to the letter. Then, standing with their arms about each other, they watched it burn to a black, wavering crisp, and disappear.

Mrs. Harman was reading "The Blue Bird" to Don during his supper in the nursery ingle-nook. Dressed in pajamas and bath-robe, he was staring dreamily into the brightness of the log fire. He had barely taken his last spoonful of baked apple when he heard the motor whirring up to the front door. He jumped to his feet and ran down the hall, while Mrs. Harman followed like a motherly bird. The front door slammed.

"Dad, dad, dad!" the boy shouted, dashing down the stairs.

As Mr. Harman reached the landing, Don launched himself from a step or two above and alighted with his arms around his father's neck. Mr. Harman caught him with one arm, and with the other encircled the willowy white figure of the mother.

"Now let go, old man," he said, after they had had the customary three-cornered kiss. "You're breaking my neck."

Don relaxed his strangle-hold and, dropping to the floor, began to talk in his most fascinating manner, for he had observed that by so doing he was sometimes able to divert his parents' minds from thoughts of bedtime. But on this occasion the ruse was doomed to failure.

"Now, son," said the mother, as they all walked up-stairs together, "kiss dad and me good night and skip along to bed."

"But there's just one thing!" cried the child. "*What do you think, dad?*"

"*What?*" demanded the father suddenly.

"Now—a—now—" floundered Don, who had had no time to think up anything, "now, dad—do you—do you——"

Then all three burst into laughter. Don knew that he was fairly caught.

"None of your tricks!" said his father, kissing him. "Off with you!"

"Good night!" cried Don, and galloped down the hall, shouting back to them that he was a reindeer.

"I'm worried about Don," said the mother, as they went down to dinner. "He needs boys to play with."

"There seem to be plenty of boys in the neighborhood," said Mr. Harman.

"Yes," she said. "Of course he sees them at school, but they don't play together much in the afternoons."

"What's the matter with boys nowadays?" he questioned. "I always had plenty of boys to play with when I was Don's age. There was a regular mob of us. We used to——"

"But you lived in an old-fashioned town," she interrupted. "There weren't so many big country places. All you had to do was to climb a picket fence and you were in another boy's yard. Craig is Don's nearest boy friend, and he's half a mile away."

"H-m," reflected Mr. Harman. "That's a fact. But, anyhow, don't think these Eastern boys have the stuff in them. They begin with too many nurses and governesses and things. Then when they get a little older they go away to expensive schools and colleges, where they get tastes for tobacco and tailors and gold cigarette cases. I meet lots of them in business. Their idea of work is to hang over a ticker in a broker's office. I tell you, Sallie, grass would be growing in the New York streets if it wasn't for the Middle-Western feet that come and stamp it down. This is a particularly tender steak, my dear."

"I was thinking—" she began; then paused.

He waited for a moment. "What, dear?"

"I was thinking of little Fred, your sister Helen's boy. He's just three months older than Don, you know."

"Yes, so he is," said the father. "What's this, Sallie—molasses on sweet potatoes?"

"Yes, dear." Then, after a pause: "He was named for you, too."

"Yes, but what's up, Sallie? Isn't he getting on well at Aunt Henrietta's?"

"I suppose so," she replied. "But of course your Aunt Henrietta is growing old, and—well, she's not like a father and mother."

Her eyes ran absently over the silver on the sideboard. Her husband regarded her closely. There was the shadow of a smile lurking about the corners of his mouth and eyes.

"Look here, Sallie," he said. "What are you thinking about? Are you thinking of——"

She looked at him and gave a smiling nod.

He rose from the table. "I'll put in a long-distance call for Aunt Henrietta right now," he said in his decisive way.

"Fred, dear! Do sit down. You mustn't jump up from the table like that in the midst of dinner. You're as bad as Don. And besides, we ought to talk it over."

"All right, mother dear—" resuming his seat with the air of a guilty child. "I thought we *had* talked it over."

"Your Aunt Henrietta wouldn't decide immediately, anyway," declared Mrs. Harman. "You'd only upset her by telephoning. We'll write."

II

"Will you never learn to be a little gentleman?" demanded Nurse tartly, as she and Don sat at supper in the nursery inglenook one evening a week before Christmas. "Look at your napkin! It's one mass of jelly! Look at it! I'll have to show it to your mother. The idea! Look at it! A big boy like you, and Christmas so near, too!"

"I don't care," said Don.

"You see?" cried Nurse. "You don't care. Now I'll have to show it to your mother. Look at it! The idea! It's one mass of jelly. I'll have to show it to your mother."

But she did not move, for she was eating chocolate custard, which she liked tremendously. She finished presently, and looked at Don severely.

"It's one mass of jelly!" she declared. "Look at it! Now I'll have to show it to your mother!" So saying, she took the offending napkin from the boy's neck and; crumpling it up, put it into a drawer.

This done, she moved, still mumbling, to the other room, and, sitting down beside a shaded lamp, began to darn Don's stockings.

Don placed his elbows on the table, rested his chin upon his palms, and gazed at the goldfish bowl, in which the flickering firelight stirred strange reflections that shone like burning colored jewels. But he was not thinking of the bowl; he was not staring into it as the cat had stared, but through it at something far beyond—just what, I do not know. His dreamy eyes seemed to see through the glass, and the water, and the weeds, and the little castle, and even through Peter himself, as though they had all been made of air. I can not even say what he was thinking of, nor how long he might have sat and stared in that abstracted way, had not something attracted his attention. It was a tiny and peculiar sound, not unlike the little squeak that Craig's mother's voice made in the telephone receiver. At first he thought that it came from a green log, burning on the fire. But presently he noticed that it didn't come from that direction.

Now Don's ears were very good ears indeed, being rather large, and standing out from his head in a way which worried his mother. He began to use them. The sound grew plainer. Somehow it suggested words—words coming from so far away you couldn't understand them. And the direction from which they came was clearly the direction of the goldfish bowl.

Don regarded Peter. He had swum around as usual, during supper, but he was not swimming now. He was lying motionless in the water, with his nose pressed against the glass as boys press their noses against windows. And—as nearly as a goldfish can stare straight at anything—he was staring straight at Don. His mouth was moving constantly. It was a funny little mouth, drawn down at the corners with a comically sad expression. It opened and shut, opened and shut, opened and shut. And the squeaky little sound continued.

Don leaned forward and turned one ear to the bowl. The sound grew plainer. He rose excitedly and put his ear against the glass. Now he could almost understand! Peter, the goldfish, was talking to him!

"Is that you, Peter?" he whispered eagerly.

And the little squeak responded instantly:

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Well, don't talk so fast," said Don.

Peter paused a moment. Then he enunciated very slowly:

"Help me out!"

"All right!" said the boy, dipping his hand into the water.

But Peter darted to his castle.

"How can I get you if you don't stay still?" demanded Don.

Peter's nose came to the doorway of his castle. He looked out cautiously. His mouth moved, and Don, leaning over the top of the bowl, heard rising from the surface of the water the words:

"Not like that! You'll drown me!"

"You can't drown a fish," scoffed Don.

"Have you ever been a fish?"

Peter spoke with irritation.

"Why, no," said Don. "How could I?"

Peter came out of his castle and, turning sidewise, looked up at Don with one round, shining eye.

"Well, then, what do you know about it?"

"I'm a boy," Don disputed stoutly; "and a boy knows more than a fish."

"He thinks he does!"

As Peter spoke, four round bubbles issued from his mouth and followed each other to the surface, where they broke with a chuckling sort of sound.

"Oh, if that's the way you're going to talk—" began Don, who did not like to be laughed at by grown-ups, let alone fish.

"Wait a minute! I want to tell you something. Will you promise not to tell?"

Peter was imploring now.

"Is it anything that mother wouldn't like?" demanded Don.

Peter lifted his right fin and spoke with earnestness:

"I swear it's not!"

"All right," said Don. "What is it?"

Peter gave a flick of his tail and rose so near the surface that the tip of his nose came out of water.

"Put your ear close."

Don hesitated. "Look here," he said, "no tricks, now! If you jump up and nip my ear, or yell in it, or anything like that, I'll grab you right out of the water and have you cooked!"

Peter darted backward. Then vehemently he cried:

"There's no trick! May I float belly-up if there is!"

"Well—?" said the boy, and waited. After a pause he heard the whispered words:

"I'm ashamed to tell it."

Don looked at Peter from the corner of his eye. He was a redder gold than usual.

"It happened through my wretched way of eating. They all warned me—my mother, my aunt, and my nurse—but I——"

"Your *nurse?*" demanded Don, in astonishment. "Who ever heard of a fish that had a nurse?"

"That was before I *was* a fish. It was when I was a boy."

"Were you a boy?" said Don, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Of course."

Peter spoke as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Well, what happened to you?"

"It was spilling that did it—spilling food on my napkin, you know."

"Why, a fish hasn't a nap—" Don began, but checked himself, remembering that Peter had not always been a fish.

"No, a fish *hasn't* a napkin, and that's just it!"

"Just what?"

"Just how I came to be a fish. It happened on the twenty-fourth of last December. They told me I ought to be kept in water. They told me I didn't deserve a lap. But I never thought I'd come to this. Oh, dearie me!"

"Don't you like to be a fish?" asked Don, curiously. "You don't have to go to school, you know."

Peter hesitated.

"Swimming was fun at first, but I'm awfully tired of it. The bowl's so round, you know; one side just like another. Then I miss my hands when my nose tickles. There's nothing to do except to watch the people in the room—that, and practise eating. Oh, but I'd like to have a lap and napkin!"

His lip quivered.

"I wish I could get you out," said Don, kindly. "But you'd flip around on the table and die, wouldn't you?"

"Yes. There's only one way."

"How?"

"A boy has to do it for me. It's very simple. All he has to do is to keep his napkin clean one week."

"A whole *week?*" gasped Don.

"Only a week. After that I'll be the boy's brother."

Don sighed.

"I can make box-kites."

Peter spoke enticingly.

"But—" began the boy, doubtfully.

"And we could dig caves, and keep rabbits, and get some garter snakes, and some——"

"I'll try!" exclaimed Don. "I'll try like everything!"

"Thanks!"

Peter sighed and lifted both his fins in relief. He turned, looked through the other side of the bowl at the calendar hanging on the wall, and continued:

"This is the seventeenth. You begin to-morrow morning, will you? You only have to keep your napkin clean until the twenty-fourth, and then—why, my scales! That will be Christmas Eve! How jolly!"

"If I should spot just once," Don asked, "would that——"

Peter quivered.

"Please don't speak of it! I'd not have another chance until this time next year. And, remember, you're not to tell. If you tell, the whole thing will be——"

"There you are!" cried the nurse. She was standing in the doorway. "You're supposed to be in bed! Now I'll have to go and tell your mother!"

Don turned and blinked at her in a dazed fashion. Then he arose, shuffled over to his bed, dropped his bath-robe on the floor, and tumbled in.

"The idea!" she went on. "You such a big boy and Christmas only a week off! I'll have to tell your mother!"

Then she crossed the room, turned off the light, and went back to her darning.

HIS THOUGHTS WERE CONSTANTLY WITH PETER AND THE DUTY THAT HE MUST PERFORM TO FREE HIM FROM THE BONDAGE OF THE BOWL.

The week dragged by. Even the Christmas preparations, the mysterious packages which arrived in such unwonted numbers, and the crackly, crinkly sound of wrapping-paper that he heard when he went to his mother's door and was told that he could not come in—even these things did not occupy the boy's mind as they had done the year before. His thoughts were constantly with Peter and the duty that he must perform to free him from the bondage of the bowl.

At first Don thought the simplest way around the trouble was to go without his meals; but this idea he soon abandoned. Nurse scolded him, for one thing, and then, besides, he got so hungry. But his whole thought at every meal was for his napkin. When there was meat with sauce or gravy, he cut it into little pieces with the utmost care, never allowing his knife or fork to slip and splatter. Then he took the little pieces on his fork, and saw that they were firmly fixed and that no gravy dripped from them, before he transferred them nervously across the perilous cavern of his lap, and to his mouth. He spread his jelly very thin upon his bread and butter, and saw to it that none was hanging to the edges. He pushed his glass of milk or water far back upon the table, and when he drank he took the very smallest swallows. As for soft, custardy desserts, he ate such little spoonfuls that Nurse could not believe her eyes, and wondered volubly "what ailed the child."

Oddly enough, the thing grew easier to Don as meals and days passed by. From thinking of it all the time, you see, he learned the little tricks one has to know to keep from making spots. But as the work grew easier, responsibility increased. Having gone successfully so far, he must keep on. Had he but known it, Don was learning at a very early age the lessons that his elders learn much later, through such things as books bought on instalments, and interest periods, and life-insurance premiums. But of course he didn't know that then, any more than he knew that he was building character and a reputation for good manners, so that the mothers of the other boys would presently be saying to them: "Goodness me! How I wish that *my* boy's table manners were as nice as Don Harman's!"

You see how things pile up?

A hundred times through that long week he went to Peter's bowl, when Nurse was absent from the room, and whispered reassuring words upon the surface of the water. But Peter never spoke again, although he looked at Don with sad, appealing eyes, especially at meals. At breakfast on the last day of the period, Peter seemed nervous; at luncheon more excited still; and when night came his tail and fins were all a-quiver.

This made it hard for Don. He tried not to watch poor Peter so intently. Once he made a slip with some potato but caught it in his hand before it reached his napkin. As this occurred, a great big bubble, like a sigh, left Peter's mouth and passed up through the water.

With the last spoonful of rennet, the boy gave a joyful, triumphant cry, removed his napkin, inspected it minutely, and raised it like a victorious banner.

"Look!" he cried. "A whole week, and not a single spot!"

"Now, I do declare!" exclaimed the nurse, who thought that Don was showing it to her. "How good little boys do get near Christmas, to be sure! It shows what you can do. Look at it! It's all clean and white! I'll have to show it to your mother!"

With this she put the napkin in the drawer, and, going to the other room, sat down and went to darning stockings.

Don placed his elbows on the table, rested his chin upon his palms, and gazed intently at the goldfish bowl, in which the flickering firelight stirred strange reflections that shone like burning colored jewels.

"Peter!" he whispered softly.

But Peter only swam about the bowl. Now he would nestle in a hollow cavern of weeds, now he would sail into his castle, and out again upon the other side. He was just as much a goldfish as he ever was.

Don was a little disappointed. He had rather hoped the thing would happen after supper, while Nurse was there to be surprised. He had fancied Peter rising from the water, changing shape, and dropping off his scales, until he stood upon the table a full-fledged boy. But though this did not happen, Don never lost his faith. He only wondered how and when the change would come. As he was wondering and hoping, he heard a shuffling in the other room.

"There you are!" cried the nurse, appearing in the doorway. "You're supposed to be in bed! Now I'll have to go and tell your mother!"

Don darted for the bed and leaped in.

"You see?" she said. "The idea! You such a big boy and this Christmas Eve, with your stocking hanging in the living-room! I'll have to tell your mother!"

Then she turned off the light and went back to her darning.

Don was awakened in the morning by a kiss. He turned over, and with eyes still heavy with the golden dust of dreams, squinted up into his mother's smiling face.

"Merry Christmas, dear!" she said.

Don sat up. Christmas! So it was!

"Merry Christmas!" he returned, looking quickly toward the goldfish bowl. His mother followed his gaze.

"Shoo!" she cried suddenly. "Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!"

The cat shot her a quick, guilty glance and, pouring herself, like liquid, from the table, glided with silent speed across the floor, and was gone through the doorway.

"Shoo!" cried Mrs. Harman after her. Then she hastened to the table and lifted the dripping castle gently from the water.

"Why!" she cried, then checked herself.

"Is Peter gone?" Don demanded eagerly, jumping out of bed.

"Never mind that now," his mother said. "Wait till you see all the things Santa has left down in the living-room! Get into your bath-robe and slippers. Hurry, son!"

She put an arm about his shoulder and drew him down the hall.

Just then Don heard the motor whir up to the front door. The door slammed and he heard his father's voice.

"Dad, dad, dad!" he shouted, rushing down the stairs.

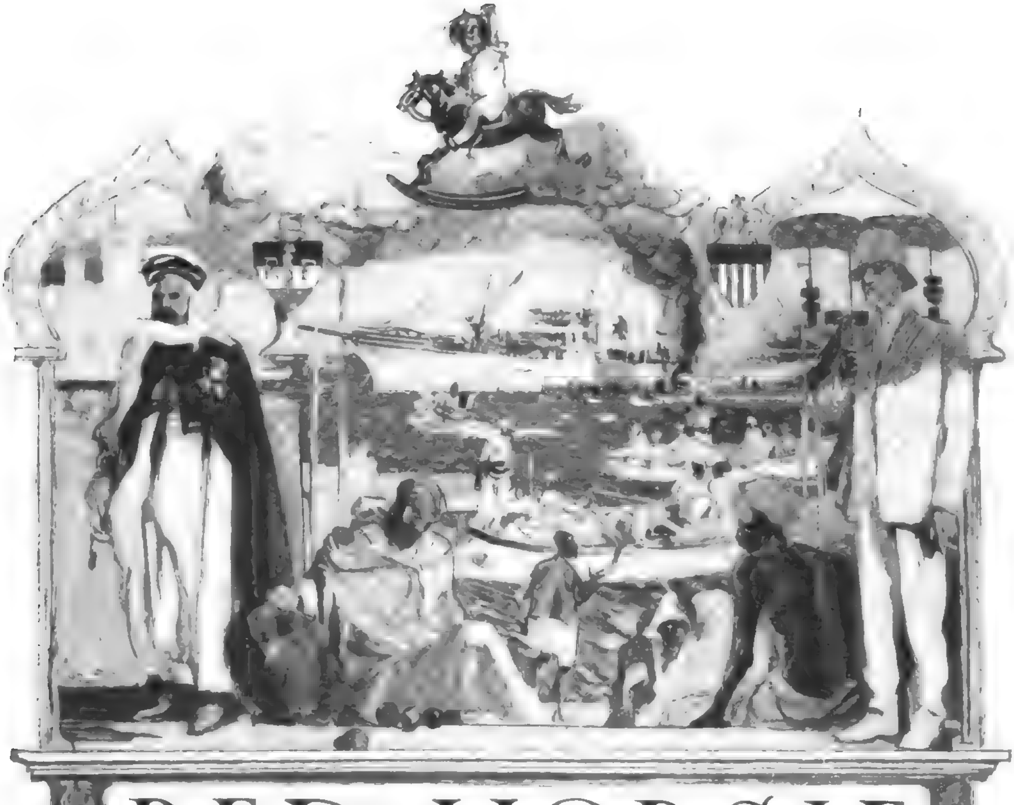
At the bottom he stopped abruptly in his tracks. His expressive little face was suddenly transfigured by an all-embracing smile; for there, holding tightly to his father's hand, stood another little boy—a boy just Don's size, who, as he grinned, showed lots and lots of teeth.

The two regarded each other for a moment.

Then Don spoke:

"We can make box kites and dig caves, and keep rabbits and——"

"—and get some garter snakes," put in the other boy.



RED HORSIE

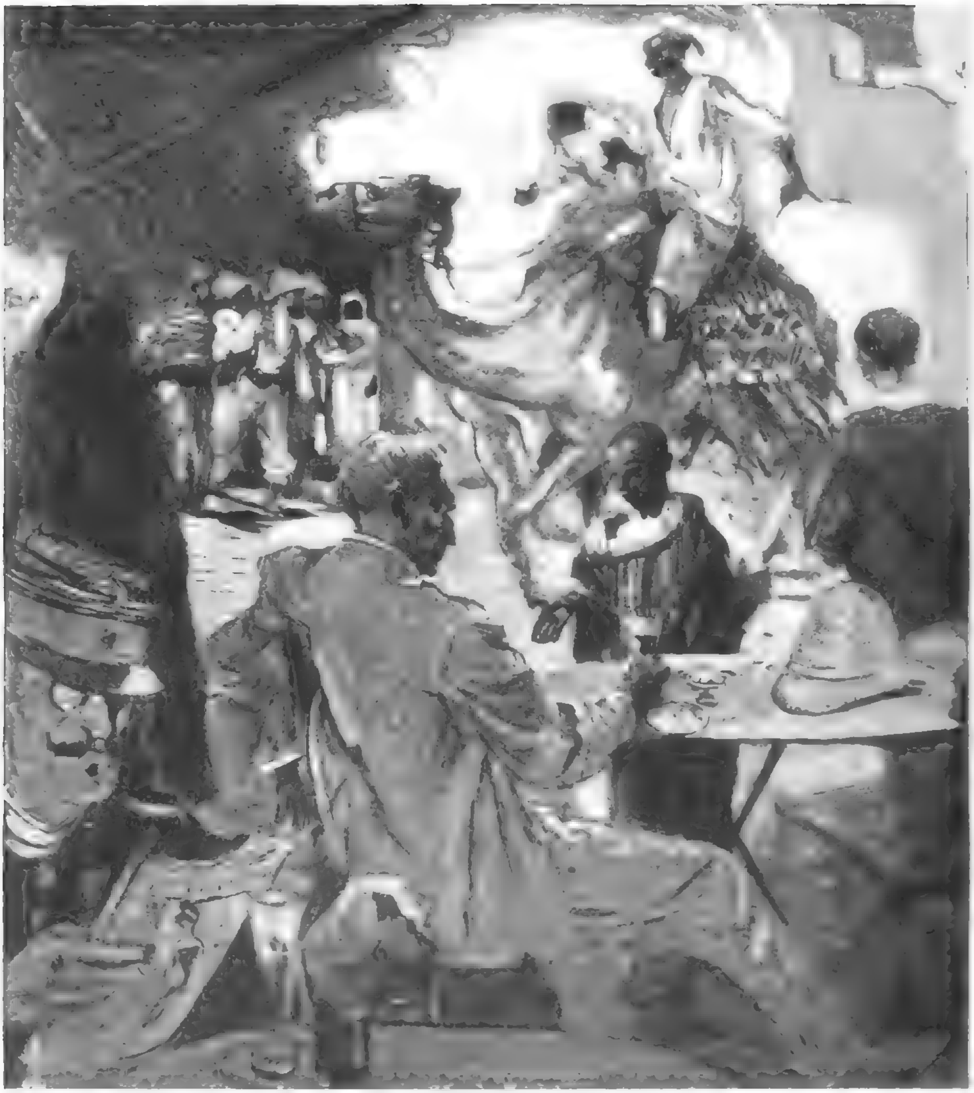
BY THOMAS P. BYRON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

SHE was like a phantom craft spun of the sunshine and golden gauze of the December day as she came in, taut and trim, her brass work glittering, and the porpoises playing under her graceful figurehead. Her hull was as white as the bulked clouds lying on the western horizon like puffballs of cotton. Only the smoke streaming from the funnel betrayed her kinship to the dingy West-African traders and the warships, sullen in their war-paint, that lay in the faint curve of the Casablanca roadstead.

For all the brilliant sunshine, there was a cold west wind blowing, and the surf was running tremendously high. The launches had ceased to discharge cargo, and there were hundreds of idle eyes to stare at the yacht and speculate; for she was a craft of at least a thousand tons, and she flew the American flag.

She had been seen from the housetops, too, and half the Europeans of the port were at the landing-place when she came to an anchorage between the *Kléber* and a German boat from Oldenburg. Immediately a gig dropped from her davits and came in smartly, and—poor boat though it was for surf-running—rode expertly in on the crest of a great breaker and discharged a single passenger on the wall without so much as splashing his spotless white flannels. It



COLBERT STARED MOODILY AT THE MUDDY STREAM OF LIFE THAT BRUSHED HIS

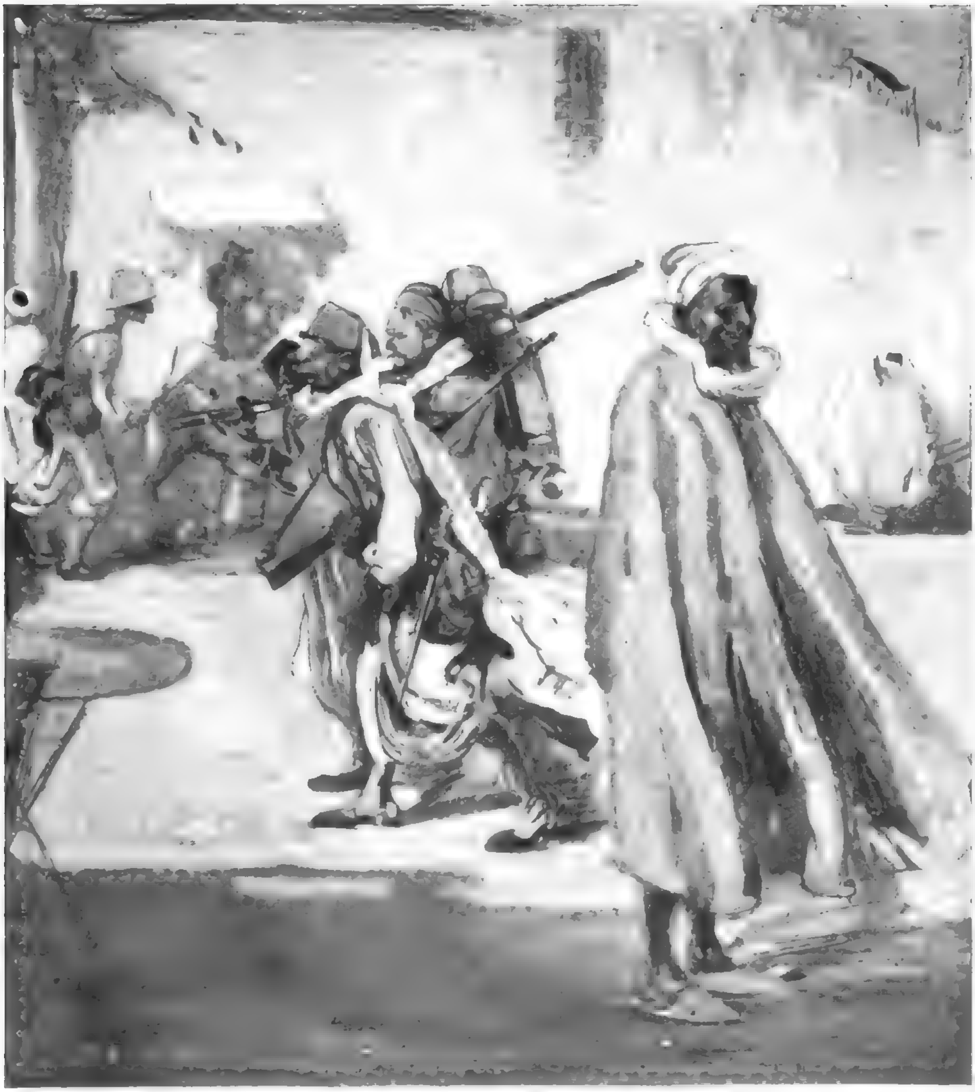
was sailor-like work, and Casablanca admired, reading the while the name on the gig's prow.

"The *Outalissi*," said a French officer. "That is the yacht of an American millionaire, M. Colbert. I have seen her at Algiers."

"And I at Nice," answered another. "What can she be doing in a hole like Casablanca? The day before Christmas, too!"

"I can't imagine," said the first. "This must be he, coming ashore. Perhaps he wishes to make himself emperor of the Sahara."

The gig went flying out again, and the passenger jumped lightly down from the wall, looking impersonally at the motley crowd. He was at least sixty-five, tall and



TABLE, IN PASSING, WITH ITS JETSAM OF SOLDIERS, MOORS, AND CIVILIANS.

thin and clean-shaven, with a restless, impetuous eye, and firm, rather hard features. A man of action, and of the impatience of youth in spite of his age.

An Arab pushed through the crowd and spoke to the stranger, doffing his tarboosh.

"You want a guide, sir?" he asked eagerly. "I am verree good guide, sir, from Villa de France Hôtel at Tangier. I come here with American newspaper gentleman. He go back to-morrow, so I free to serve you, sir. You American also. Verree fine countree, America. My brother go there to Saint Louis Exposition. I show much American naval gentleman Tangier. I have many letters. Read, sir, read!" He thrust a bundle of dilapidated letters into the stranger's hands. "I speak English, French, Spanish, German, and Moorish, sir. My name Mohammed el-Achiri, and I show you everything in Casablanca."

"Well, Mohammed," said the gentleman in a deep, harsh voice, "if you will clear a path through the crowd for me, we'll see what we can do."

"Yes, sir," cried Mohammed. "Imshi, Ouled—Imshi, Youdi," he sputtered at the crowd, pushing aside boys and Jews violently, but taking good care not to run afoul of a grown Moor or a soldier.

"Where to go first, sir?" he demanded.

"To the nearest café, where we can settle what to do."

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir."

Mohammed turned to revile a crowd of boys trailing after them, and was seconded by a stalwart, pockmarked Arab who gave Colbert a military salute.

"That is good man, sir," said Mohammed. "He is servant to chief of police. Before, he is sergeant of *tirailleurs*. The low people! They look at you much, sir, because you have not beard or mustache. All French and German and Spanish gentleman wear mustache or beard."

Mohammed fought a way for his patron through the crowded streets, swearing fluently in Moorish, French, and Spanish, until they came to the center of the town, where a thriving café thrust an advance-guard of tables out into the tiniest of triangular plazas. Colbert took a seat at one of them and called for *café au lait*.

"You go back to steamer to-night, sir?" asked Mohammed shrewdly. "You not bring luggage ashore. I fear no rooms at hotel, sir. All took. But can have dinner. Hôtel de France is best hotel, sir."

The guide pointed to a building where an officer and a couple of women sat on a sort of balcony overhanging the plaza.

"I will dine at the Hôtel de France, then, and go to the yacht after," Colbert assented.

"Verree well, sir. And where to go this afternoon? There is the market-place, sir —the Soko—just outside the wall. Verree interesting. You can see the *luttes*—the Arabs fight with sticks, and talk play, sir. And there is verree fine snake-charmer. If you like, can go to French camp—one mile. But best have horse. Shall I go for horse, sir?"

"Never mind the horse. We won't go to the camp this afternoon."

"All right, sir. I go at once tell hotel people about dinner," said the guide.

Mohammed ran up the stairs; and Colbert, left alone, stared moodily at the muddy stream of life that brushed his table, in passing, with its jetsam of soldiers, Moors, and civilians—Spanish mostly, these last, with a sprinkling of Germans; prosperous all, yet with the faint, inexpressible, unsavory stamp of the beach-comber and adventurer. Camels and donkeys passed close to him, and splendid stallions with sides bloodied by spurs that were spikes six inches long. The air was heavy with the East—with the harsh music of its jargon, with its overpowering odor, like a subtle and offensive perfume. Four Jews passed, staggering under the weight of a great box, carrying with them the uproar of a riot—toiling, humble creatures, black-clad, according to the law, and abject under the fierce glances of Moor and Christian. A troop of women followed, ghostlike, veiled up to the eyes, emitting blood-curdling screams that signified joy, and carrying images on long poles. They were escorting a seven-days' mother to the bath, as the law required.

But Colbert looked only at the soldiers.

Most of them were Mohammedans, some were Germans. Only the officers were all French—sun-tanned, grave, sphinx-like men with long mustaches, who sat somberly at the café tables in their bright uniforms and medals. There was none of the play-actor strutting that one sees at places like Gibraltar—the African service seemed to have erased their voluble Latin gaiety and given them a stamp of silence and reflection.

Colbert watched them covertly.

His only brother had been one of these—a soldier of France.

And Jacky, his grandson—Jacky, too, had wanted to be a soldier.

A soldier! A soldier! The eternal craving to be a soldier! Colbert could never understand it. To him the heart of a soldier was an insoluble enigma.

He remembered back in 1862—he had been twenty then, and John, his brother, only eighteen. John had been all for enlisting. His father and brother had told him that he was many times a fool. "Let the rabble, the good-for-nothing, and the foolish do the fighting," Colbert, Senior, had said, and his oldest son had seconded him. War was for the hopeless, not for those who had something to lose. But John had been obdurate, and at last the old man had cunningly sent him to Paris to gratify his darling wish—to study art.

Art had won the precedence over war, and John had gone. But when the civil disturbance was over, the old man had abruptly summoned him home, and told him it was time to give up the art nonsense and take a position in the bank. John had declared his unswerving allegiance to art; there had been a row, and the second son had gone back to Paris well-nigh penniless—to starve for art. His father and brother thought he would soon repent his foolishness and return. But John did neither.

In 1868 the old man had died, and in his bitterness he had disinherited John. William Colbert had written to his younger brother and made offers that were—well, hardly generous. He had thought that the letter would bring John home, angered and ready to fight for his share of the estate, and that then there would be a reconciliation. For Colbert had never meant to despoil his brother—only to wean him from his mistaken career.

In answer he had received a letter that lashed him with flails of scorn and contempt, and the breach had become complete. Colbert was wrong, but his pride had kept him from making overtures. Ten years later he had searched for John, to find that he had been killed at Sarrebruck.

If John had lived—if John had married—a son of his might have been sitting there at a table in that very café, a soldier of France like his father, and one to whom Colbert could pour out the heart that had been shut since he lost Jacky. For if the thought of his brother whom he had wronged was bitter, Colbert was prey to another remembrance that was bitterer still—bitterest of all on Christmas Eve.

He had thought to be in Paris for Christmas. But an accident to the engine had delayed the *Outalissi* at Las Palmas, and Colbert had found himself on the high seas and alone on *the* day of all days. It was a situation that was not to be endured, so he had sent for the captain of his yacht that morning at daybreak.

"How far are we off the coast?" he demanded.

"Perhaps ninety miles," answered the captain.

"Then run for the coast at full speed. I want to go ashore."

The captain looked at his employer's weary eyes and turned away. He knew the "old man's" dread of Christmas Eve and the reason for it.

"We ought to be directly off Casablanca, sir," he said. "Shall I run for there?"

The old man nodded. All morning he had sat on deck and stared until the sunshiny haze suddenly lifted like a great drop-curtain and disclosed the wide curve of pink- and white-washed houses, with the black West-coast traders and the gunboats lying off them like buzzards watching a piece of carrion.

And here, as elsewhere, he had found neither distraction nor relief, but only soldiers—soldiers—soldiers—who reminded him of his brother John—and of Jacky, his grandson.

The voice of the guide broke in upon Colbert's reflections.

"I have arranged for dinner, sir. You look at people? Verree interesting. . . . All Moors here rich men and fat, sir—merchants, or else very poor—beggars."

Some jet-black, brown-clad negro soldiers passed, carrying their arms. They were tall and slim, and each of them had his cheeks marked with three parallel gashes. Black women followed them, carrying infants slung on their shoulders and dragging children by the hand, chattering volubly with profuse gestures.

A boy among them, naked save for a breech-cloth, his projecting pot-belly making him look like a manikin, caught a gleam of interest in Colbert's eye and, wrenching loose from his mother's hand, ran up to him.

"A gift, m'sieu," he begged. "I am a little French soldier—give me a little gift."

At the piping boyish accent Colbert rose to his feet so suddenly that he nearly overturned the table. He tossed the boy a coin.

"Senegalese *tirailleurs*, sir," explained Mohammed. "They bring their families here from Senegal. Verree black, ugly people."

"Let us go to the market-place," said Colbert harshly.

II

COLBERT wandered listlessly about the market. The *luttes*, the plays of the Arabs, the clamor of buyers and venders, the trained cobras and hideous feats of the snake-charmer failed of interest—even of distraction; and he watched them dully, heedless of the verbal feats and flights of his guide. Disappointment fell like a wet blanket on Mohammed's garrulity.

"Not interesting, sir?" he said. "Verree sorry. To-night we can go to *cafés chantants*. French girls sing, Spanish girls dance the 'fango,' and French tenor sing soldier-songs. Am sorry can not go in mosque. Not allowed, sir, in Morocco. You want I explain people to you? All Moorish people wear blue tassel on tarboosh—what you call fez, sir. Algerian people wear short black tassel. My tarboosh have long black tassel—Tunisian tarboosh. Algerian soldiers verree rough with Moors, sir. I wear Tunisian tarboosh to have respect."

Colbert listened to his chatter wearily. "Let us walk through the streets, Mohammed," he said. "I wish to keep moving about."

Mohammed led him here and there through the narrow streets already shadowed with the coming dusk. In the windows of some of the tiny shops were hung a few gaudy toys. Even in Casablanca one could not forget that it was Christmas Eve.

They passed a blind beggar led by a boy of some six years. The child's burnoose was in tatters, and through its rents his thin, ill-nourished body could be seen. His head was shaved and covered with scabs, for he suffered from that head-disease so common in Morocco that is conveyed by unclean razors; and on the right side in the back he wore a tiny queue of hair like a bull-fighter's *coleta*. To stare in the window of the tiny shop he lingered and held back the blind man, who whimpered complainingly.

Colbert followed the boy's gaze. The window was hung with tinsel gimcracks of Christmas toys, and the centerpiece was a small wooden hobby-horse of a hideous, impossible red.

"That beggar-boy," explained Mohammed, "is from Riff country. He wear his hair that way so he not go crazy."

But Colbert had fled from the horrible red horse and the dazzled look on the little beggar's face as from the plague. He did not stop nor answer his guide until he had reached the tiny "place" that was the heart of the town, and had seated himself at a café table.

He poured a drink of cognac with a trembling hand.

Once upon a time Jacky had lisped that he would be a soldier, as had the naked little Senegalese; once upon a time Jacky had stared at a hideous red hobby-horse with the enraptured glance of the little beggar.

The most sterile of hearts must have its green oasis. In Colbert's there had flourished a wonderful harvest of love for Jacky. What dreams he had dreamed for the lad! What joys he had planned! The heart that had never thrilled to love of fellow man, of country, of other kindred, he had given into Jacky's fragile hands as a plaything.

The iron rules that had guided his own life and by which he had reared his own son were never meant for Jacky. Colbert's son had been like his father, but feebler in body and in brain. He had inherited all of Colbert's cold relentlessness, none of his energy. Between such a father and such a son affection had been a frigid and eminently controllable emotion. But Colbert's love for Jacky had swept all bounds. The boy had been left an orphan at two years of age, and his grandfather had been both father and mother to him. Business had been neglected for Jacky; all Colbert's universe had revolved about Jacky—who had been like neither his father nor his grandfather.

The old man remembered the day he had bought the red horse. It was a week before Christmas, and a whole hoard of wonderful, carefully-selected toys was already laid away to surprise the little man. But a hobby-horse of an exotic shade of red had caught the boy's eye from a show-window. It was cheap and hideous, but Jacky's heart had gone out to it. His pale cheeks flushed; the rapture of his gaze thrilled the old man; and he had whispered timidly, with imploring eyes: "Grandfather, buy Jacky the red horsie." He was such a fearful, sensitive lad, even with the one who was his slave.

So Colbert had bought it, the footman had lugged the hideous thing out to the carriage, and they had ridden home with it, Jacky's frail fingers on Red Horsie's neck, his great eyes like stars with joy.

In the play-room Colbert had lifted the lad to the saddle, and Jacky had rocked in wild delight, but carefully, fearsomely; and he had played that he was a soldier. Such a shrinking, timid little soldier!

And that night Red Horsie had been tied

to Jacky's cot, where he would catch the boy's last glance at night, his first in the morning.

Commonly Jacky threw the most wonderful playthings aside in an hour—he tired of everything so quickly. It seemed that he had already run the gamut of earth's pleasures in his six years and was yearning for something beyond. But Red Horsie did not pall. Jacky curried him carefully, and wept over the red paint that came off in the process, but never did he spur him nor rock him boldly. Jacky was not of those who spur or ride hard. "Jacky don't want to hurt Red Horsie," was his excuse.

The third day he had not ridden at all.

"Red Horsie tired," he said.

Alas, it was not Red Horsie that was tired!

That night Jacky had to be put to bed before time, and there followed days when Colbert was a fixture at the little white cot, telling the most marvelous fairy tales to the boy, who listened dreamily, and to Red Horsie, who harked also, standing silent and intelligent as an Arab steed, with a debonair air of equine comprehension that was fairly captivating. And at times Jacky leaned over and whispered to Red Horsie things that his quavering little soul shrank from telling even to grandfather. Red Horsie understood so much better than folks!

But the pink vanished from the boy's cheeks as vanished Red Horsie's unique and shameless coloring.

On Christmas Eve, the wonderful hoard of toys, brought out early, to plead for a smile from the little man, was pushed feebly aside, and Jacky called in fright for grandfather, who hung over Jacky's cot, but was most strangely invisible.

"Here, Jacky, here," Colbert whispered brokenly.

"Red Horsie," murmured the lad faintly, and Colbert put the tiny hand gently in Red Horsie's crinkly mane and watched the look of relief and love that came over the shrunken face. And then Jacky had gone to sleep—his frail fingers twisted in Red Horsie's mane.

Red Horsie stood there yet—tied to the cot with the same wise air of equine wisdom, and waiting always. Everything in the room was just the same—nothing had been moved or touched since.

And that was twelve years ago—twelve years of lonely days and lonelier nights. The door of Colbert's heart had been shut for good when Jacky left. Jacky would have been eighteen now—and here was he—Colbert—an old man, broken and alone, with phantoms of enraptured boys staring at horrible red horses floating about him in a filthy African town of savages and beggars, of heathen and vermin, and of soldiers—soldiers such as his brother John had been—such as timid and gentle little Jacky would have been.

It was dark. The crowd thickened in the "place"—miserable wretches, hungry, tired slaves—yet any one of them was happier than Colbert. The café lamps had a dull glare, like the smile of one despairing. Casablanca was dismal and sordid, and yet a sort of enchantment hung over it. The uniforms and white burnooses slipped by like phantoms, to disappear in the narrow streets, and overhead the cloudless sky was fairly ablaze with stars.

III

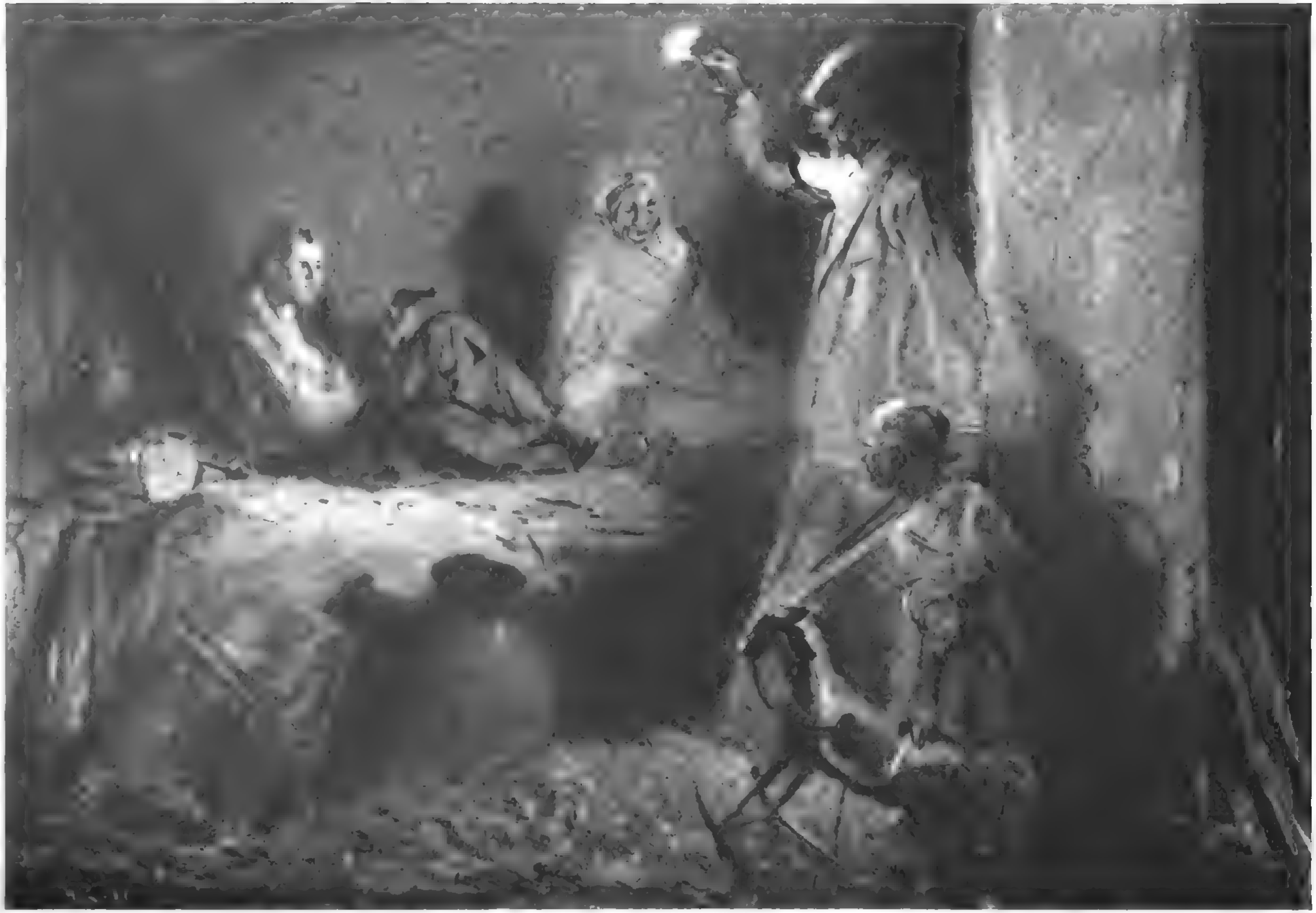
THE air of the *café chantant* was thick with tobacco-smoke and heavy with din. A hard-faced girl, who had just been singing, pushed her way about with a tambourine, calling, "*Je vous prie, messieurs,*" and at the table where Colbert sat with an officer of the Premiers Chasseurs d'Afrique, with whom he had chanced to dine at the hotel, she drank at a single draft a glass of the vile "one-franc-a-glass" champagne.

Yet among all the mob of soldiers there was no drunkenness, although Christmas Eve was well-nigh spent. Colbert commented upon it.

"Most of them are Mohammedans, and then, again, drunkenness is hardly the vice of '*le petit soldat français.*' We have no conscripts here, you see," explained the chasseur. "We are purely an expeditionary force, recruited by voluntary enlistment. But the order in the town is remarkable, and it is due to the severe discipline. What trouble there is generally comes from the legionaries."

"They are a nondescript crowd, I have heard—composed of all nations," said Colbert.

"Well—at least half of them are Germans; after that come the Belgians, and then all the countries of the world. Eng-



COLBERT STRUCK ANOTHER MATCH. AGAINST THE WALL SAT THE BLIND BEGGAR; ON THE FLOOR LAY A YOUNG FRENCH SOLDIER, WHO STROVE WITH FEEBLE HAND TO POINT A REVOLVER AT HIM.

lish and Americans are very rare. But I remember at Beni-Ounif there was a negro of the Foreign Legion who was said to be an American. They are rough fellows—great scoundrels, some of them. You have heard of the row of day before yesterday?"

"No."

"A legionary—a lad of not more than twenty years—mutinied and almost killed his officer in a fit of rage. He escaped, and although he was wounded they can not find him anywhere in Casablanca."

"Could he have escaped to the country?"

"Perhaps. Like many others of our soldiers, he speaks fluent Arabic, they say."

"And if he is taken?"

"He will be shot."

Colbert fell silent, and in a few moments they rose and left the place. "Your guide is waiting for you at the hotel," said the officer politely. "If you like I will accompany you thither."

"Thank you," said Colbert, "it is unnecessary. The way is short, and I can not miss it. I wish to thank you for an evening that I feared would be dull and that you have made very interesting."

The chasseur bowed, they shook hands, and parted.

Colbert watched him until he had got beyond the radius of the café lamps, and then he turned into a street that led away from the hotel. Before he left Casablanca he knew that he must go again to look at the red horse; for it was there that the soul of Jacky seemed to have spoken to him through the eyes of a little Moorish beggar.

The street was quite deserted, yet a light came from the window of the tiny shop. And before it was a figure that the old man knew.

Colbert trembled. The Moorish lad had slipped from some hole where he lived to look again, and alone, at night, on the wonderful horse.

Colbert hesitated. Should he go and look at the boy—see that look which reminded him of Jacky? No, he could not! But his feet took him slowly down the street.

The little Moor turned at his approach and looked up at him. The moon, swinging high over the city, illumined the lines of dirt on his face, the scabs on his head, his ridiculous little queue. There was wonder in the glance that he gave Colbert, and the same timid shrinking that had been Jacky's. His eyes had black rings about them, and they were too large for his pinched face; and the face was too large for his body, which shook visibly, under his burnoose, from the cold.

"Would you like to have the horse?" said Colbert.

The child stared at him silently.

"Come!" said the old man. He took the child's hand in his. The clammy fingers quivered for a moment, but curiosity conquered fear, and the boy followed willingly as Colbert opened the shop door.

From dark depths, unprobed by the single lamp in the window, came an old, bent Spanish Jew. His vulture face was white, and he rubbed his trembling hands together. Colbert designated the red horse, and held out a handful of coin. "*Combien?*" he demanded.

Avarice gleamed in the shopkeeper's eye. "*Cuarenta francos,*" he whimpered hesitatingly.

Colbert dropped two louis in his claw and went out.

He put the horse on the ground and the little Moor's hand in the horse's mane.

"Backsheesh!" he said, over and over again. "Backsheesh! Backsheesh!"

The boy understood slowly—that the red horsie was the backsheesh and that it was for him. A thin arm slipped naked from out his burnoose and crept about the red horse's neck, and over his face came a look of rapture. Such joy! His eyes became starry, and in their glance the soul of the bruised little mite of humanity went out to Colbert in a flash of adoration.

"Backsheesh," he whispered, and he buried his face in the crinkled mane.

The old Jew peered out through his dirty window, wondering. The boy strove with frantic efforts to lift and carry away his treasure. Colbert understood. The lad feared it might be taken from him before he had dragged it away and concealed it. The old man picked it up himself.

"Backsheesh," he kept repeating. The boy understood and darted away like a tiny ghost, Colbert following with the horse in his arms. They passed through a number of deserted streets, and at last turned into one that was crooked, dark, narrow, and unlighted. The ground was sticky with muck, and the air was foul with evil smells. Colbert could see vague forms lying motionless in the doorways. Here and there blind alleys opened off the street. It gave the old man the impression of a sewer where a sluggish stream was dammed up and stagnant—a stream of humanity.

The little Moor turned into an *impasse* where the moon peeped between the houses and threw her light on a low door in a wall. Colbert lowered his head and followed the boy into the hole unhesitatingly.

He struck a match. It was a sort of roofed yard or stable. There was refuse on the ground, and the walls were green with damp slime. The boy began to cough in the musty air of the place. There was a narrow stair at one side, and the lad climbed it, chattering in his shrill voice. Colbert squeezed after him with the red horse.

There was a whimpering answer in Arabic to the boy's speech, and then a rough voice called out:

"*Qui êtes-vous?*"

Colbert struck another match. He was in a small room, windowless, and foul. Against the wall sat the blind beggar; on the floor lay a young French soldier. He was pale; his baggy red trousers were covered with mud; his blue tunic had a red stain on its side, and he strove with feeble hand to point a revolver at Colbert.

"Who are you?" he demanded huskily. "You are not military. I beseech you, monsieur, do not betray me!"

The match burned Colbert's fingers and went out. "Who are you?" he whispered hoarsely. "What is your name?"

"Jean Colbert," came the hesitating answer from the darkness.

Two white faces stared at each other by the light of another match.

"Who are *you?*" asked the soldier, feebly.

"What was your father's name?" demanded Colbert.

"Jean Colbert also."

"I thought he was killed at Sarrebruck. I never knew—" said Colbert wildly.

"That was my grandfather. But you—who are you?"

"I am your granduncle, lad," said Colbert brokenly, "and Jacky and the red horse have led me to you."

"My granduncle! I have never heard of you. My grandfather was killed a month after my father was born. My granduncle! Then you will not betray me! You will save me?"

"I never knew!" said Colbert. "I never knew! Yes, I will save you. It was you who assaulted the officer of the Foreign Legion?"

"Yes. I almost killed him. But it was beyond endurance. If I am taken I will be shot. You must save me. I am wounded—alone. These beggars have hidden me—given me food. They have not betrayed me."

"I will save them, too. I am rich, lad—a millionaire. My yacht lies in the harbor now. Have you strength to go aboard of her if I bring you some clothes?"

"Aye," said the soldier. "That can I."

His hand and Colbert's met in the darkness.

IV

EARLY the next morning, the smart gig of the *Outalissi* carried a blind beggar and a little Moorish lad out to the yacht. Those at the landing-place stared in amazement. Truly the ways of American millionaires were beyond understanding! But charity is a virtue among any people. Colbert watched the gig as it was pulled up to the davits. A mist passed before his eyes at the sight of the little beggar holding tight to his red horse. Then his gaze went to the French-looking lad, trim and neat in white linen, who sat in a great deck chair piled with cushions.

The boy was John himself—Quixotic, windmill-fighting, rainbow-chasing brother John! A mutineer! An insurgent! He would be a wild youth, beyond a doubt, and give the old man many anxious moments. There would be times when he would yearn for the old life and for the hard-fighting ruffians that he had just quitted. No office or smug respectability would ever do for a lad like him! Well, let him yearn for adventure! A fast, trim yacht like the *Outalissi* could run it to earth in the four corners of the globe. One can always hunt big game—or explore.

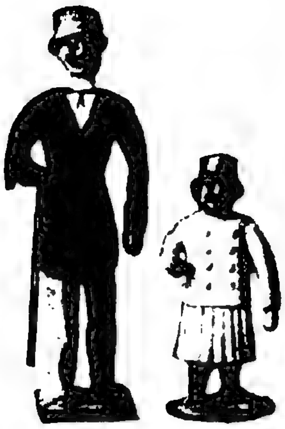
So the *Outalissi* lifted her anchor and steamed away into the golden haze of the Christmas morning—toward the white continent of clouds that lay along the horizon; and beyond them Colbert seemed to see the pale face of Jacky, leading the way on Red Horsie.

And Colbert felt that some day he would overtake the little lad.

Citizens of Toyland

by

H. G. WELLS



Author of
"THE NEW MACHIAVELLI,"
"TONO BUNGAY,"
etc.

Editor's Note:—*When Mr. H. G. Wells publishes a novel in England, it is a national event. Men take sides; for whatever else you may do about Mr. Wells, you can not possibly ignore him. There he is—the keenest, most critical mind in England—a mind to which nothing human is foreign. Probably no man in the world has a greater genius for seeing things as they are, a more vivid, concrete sense of what things might be like.*

When such a man joins his little sons to play games on the floor, with the spirit of youth enthroned, the result is certain to be fine for the boys—for all boys and their parents. He teaches the boys to get more fun out of their toys, teaches them to play new games, with a new appeal. If there are any fathers who don't just know how to play with the youngsters, they will find a charming example in this picture of a great man in the nursery.

And if Mr. Wells also tells how, in romping with the children, he helps them to learn some of their future as citizens, and how, with building-blocks and toy soldiers and toy civilians, to plan what cities and civilization might be like, it is a further proof of his genius.

I

THE TOYS TO HAVE

THE jolliest indoor games for boys and girls demand a floor, and the home that has no floor upon which games may be played falls so far short of happiness. It must be a floor covered with linoleum or cork carpet, so that toy soldiers and such like will stand up upon it, and of a color and surface that will take and show chalk-marks; the common green-colored cork carpet without a pattern is the best of all. It must be no highway to other rooms, and well-lit and airy. Occasionally, alas! it must be scrubbed—and then a truce to floor games!

Upon such a floor may be made an infinitude of imaginative games, not only keeping boys and girls happy for days together, but building up a framework of spacious and inspiring ideas in them for after life. The nation will gain new strength from nursery floors. I am going to tell of some of these games and what is most needed to play them; I have tried them all and a score of others like them with my sons, and all of the games here illustrated have been set out by us. I am going to tell of them here, because I think what we have done will interest other fathers and mothers and perhaps be of use to them (and to uncles and such like tributary sub-species of humanity) in buying presents for their own and other people's children.

Now the toys we play with time after time and in a thousand permutations and combinations belong to four main groups:

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We have (1) SOLDIERS, and with these I class sailors, railway porters, civilians, and the lower animals generally, such as I will presently describe in greater detail; (2) BRICKS; (3) BOARDS AND PLANKS; and (4) a lot of CLOCKWORK RAILWAY ROLLING-STOCK AND RAILS. Also there are certain other minor objects—tin ships, Easter eggs, plasticine, and the like—of which I shall make incidental mention, that, like the kiwi and the duck-billed platypus, refuse to be classified. These we arrange and rearrange in various ways upon our floor, making a world of them. In doing so we have found out all sorts of pleasant facts, and also many undesirable possibilities; and very probably our experience will help a reader here and there to the former and save him from the latter.

For instance, our planks and boards and what we can do with them have been a great discovery. Lots of boys and girls seem to be quite without planks and boards at all, and there is no regular trade in them. The toy-shops do not keep anything of the sort. (We don't, as a matter of fact, think very much of toy-shops. We think they trifle with great possibilities. We consider them expensive and incompetent, and flatten our noses against their plate glass perhaps, but only in the most critical spirit.) Our boards, which we had to get made by a carpenter, are the basis of half the games we play.

The planks and boards we have are of various sizes. We began with three of two yards by one, made with cross-pieces like small doors; but these we found unnecessarily large, and we would not get them now after our present experience. The best thickness, we think, is an inch for the larger sizes, and three-quarters and a half inch for the smaller; and the best sizes are a yard square, thirty inches square, two feet, and eighteen inches square—one or two of each, and a greater number of smaller ones, 18 x 9, 9 x 9, and 9 x 4 1-2.

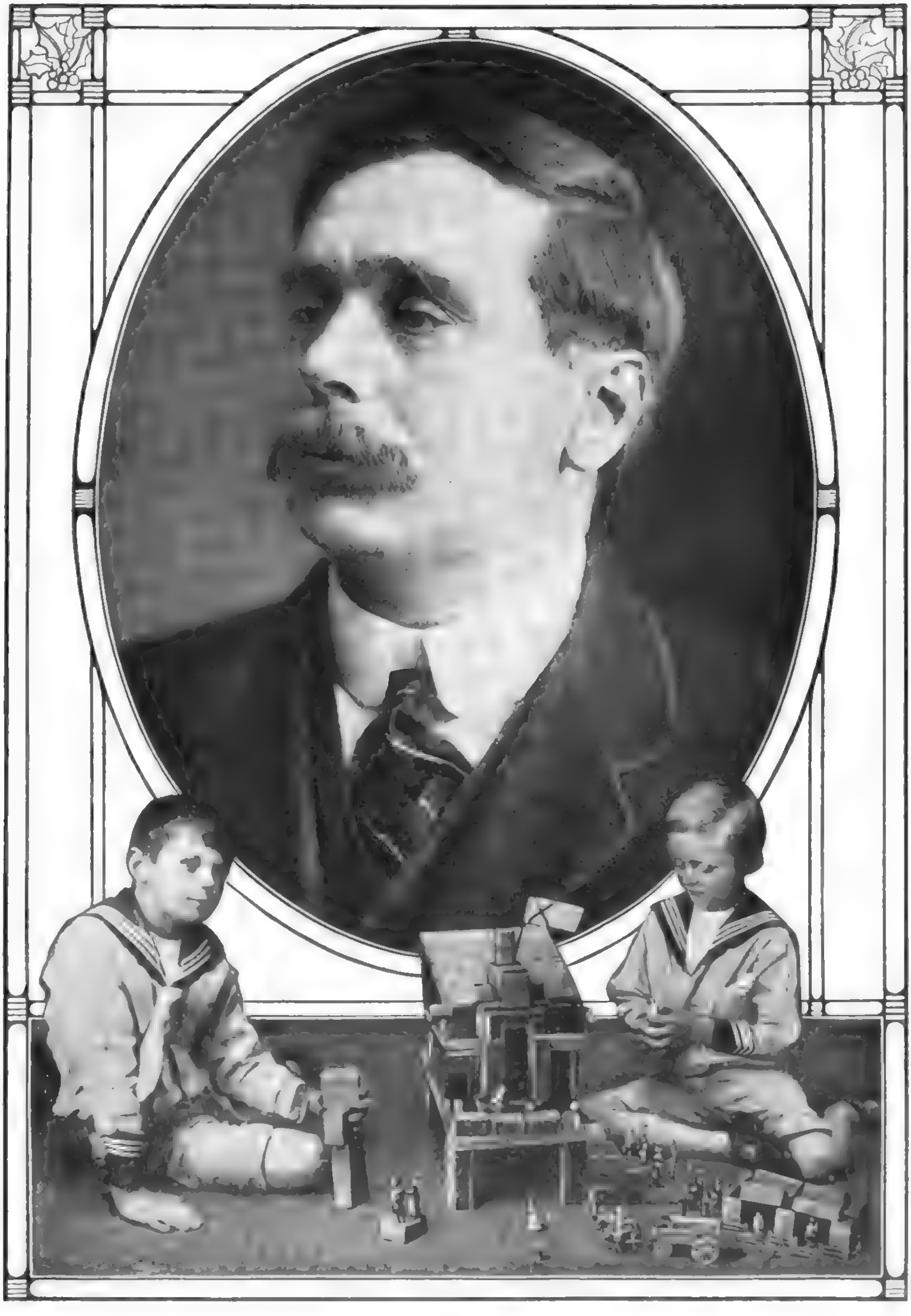
With the larger ones we make islands and archipelagoes on our floor, while the floor is a sea; or we make a large island, or a couple on the Venice pattern; or we pile the smaller on the larger to make hills when the floor is a level plain; or they roof in railway stations or serve as bridges, in such manner as I will presently illustrate. And these boards of ours pass into our next most important possession, which is a box of bricks.

(But I was nearly forgetting to tell this —that all the thicker and larger of these boards have holes bored through them. At about every four inches is a hole, a little larger than an ordinary gimlet hole. These holes have their uses, as I will tell later; but now let me get on to the box of bricks.)

This again wasn't a toy-shop acquisition. It came to us by gift from two generous friends, unhappily growing up and very tall at that; and they had it from parents who were one of several families that shared in the benefit of a good uncle. I know nothing certainly of this man except that he was a Radford of Plymouth. I have never learnt or cared to learn of his commoner occupations, but certainly he was one of those shining and distinguished uncles that tower up at times above the common levels of humanity. At times, when we consider our derived and undeserved share of his inheritance and count the joys it gives us, we have projected half in jest and half in earnest the putting together of a little exemplary book upon the subject of such exceptional men. "Celebrated Uncles," it should be called; and it should stir up all who read it to some striving, at least, toward the glories of the avuncular crown.

What this great benefactor did was to engage a deserving, unemployed carpenter through an entire winter making big boxes of wooden bricks for the almost innumerable nephews and nieces with which an appreciative circle of brothers and sisters had blessed him. There are whole bricks 4 1-2 x 2 1-4 x 1 1-8 inches; there are half bricks 2 1-4 x 2 1-4 x 1 1-8, and there are quarters—called by those previous owners (who have now ascended to, we hope but scarcely believe, a happier life near the ceiling) "piggys." You note how these sizes fit into the sizes of our boards; and of each size—we have never counted them—we must have hundreds. We can pave a dozen square yards of floor with them.

How utterly we despise the silly little bricks of the toy-shops! They are too small to make a decent home for even the poorest lead soldiers; even if there were hundreds of them—and there are never enough—never nearly enough, even if you take one at a time and lay it down and say: "This is a house"— even then there are not enough. We see rich people, rich people out of motor-cars, people rich be-



H. G. WELLS AND HIS CHILDREN

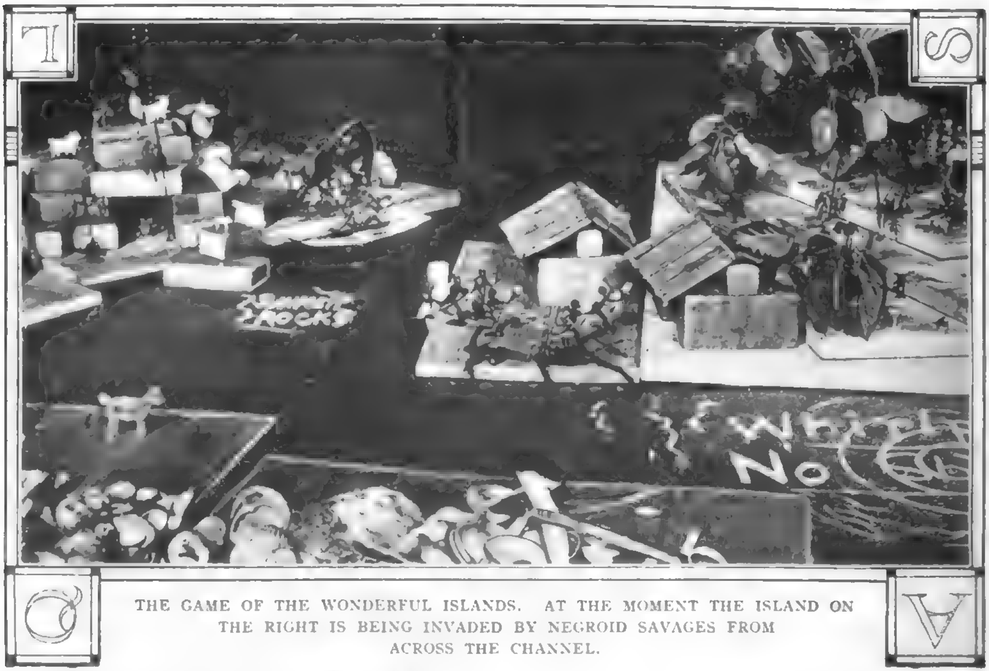
yond the dreams of avarice, going into toyshops and buying these skimpy, sickly, ridiculous pseudo-boxes of bricklets, because they do not know what to ask for, and the toy-shops are just the merciless, mercenary enemies of youth and happiness—so far, that is, as bricks are concerned. Their unfortunate, under-parented offspring mess about with these gifts, and don't make very much of them, and put them away; and you see their consequences in after-life in the weakly-conceived villas and silly suburbs that people have built all round London.

Such poor, under-nourished nurseries must needs fall back upon the Encyclopædia Britannica, and even that is becoming flexible and on India paper! But our box of bricks almost satisfies. With our box of bricks we can scheme and build, all three of us, for the best part of an hour, and still have more bricks in the box.

So much now for the bricks. I will tell later how we use cartridge-paper and card and other things to help in our building, and of the decorative use we make of plasticine. Of course, it goes without saying that we despise those foolish, expensive, made-up wooden and pasteboard castles that are sold in shops; playing with them is like playing with somebody else's dead game in a state of *rigor mortis*. Let me now say a little about toy soldiers and the world to which they belong.

Toy soldiers used to be flat, small creatures in my own boyhood, in comparison with the magnificent beings one can buy to-day. There has been an enormous improvement in our national physique in this respect. Now they stand nearly two inches high and look you broadly in the face, and they have the movable arms and alert intelligence of scientifically exercised men. You get five of them mounted or nine afoot in a box for tenpence halfpenny. We three like those of British manufacture best—other makes are of incompatible sizes. And we have a rule that saves much trouble—that all redcoats belong to G. P. Wells, and all other-colored coats to F. R. Wells—all gifts, bequests, and accidents notwithstanding. Also we have sailors; but, since there are no red-coated sailors, blue counts as red.

Then we have Beef-eaters, Red Indians, Zulus, for whom there are special rules. We find we can buy lead dogs, cats, lions, tigers, horses, camels, cattle, and elephants of a reasonably corresponding size, and we have also several boxes of railway porters, and some soldiers we bought in Hesse-Darmstadt that we pass off on an unsus-



THE GAME OF THE WONDERFUL ISLANDS. AT THE MOMENT THE ISLAND ON THE RIGHT IS BEING INVADED BY NEGROID SAVAGES FROM ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

THERE ARE FOUR ISLANDS IN THIS NURSERY-FLOOR ARCHIPELAGO. NOTE THAT THE ISLAND WHICH WOULD NOT GO INTO THE CAMERA APPEARS AT THE LEFT OF THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

pecting home world as policemen. But we want civilians very badly. We found a box of German civilians once in a shop in Oxford Street near the Marble Arch, the right size but rather heavy, and running nearly to twopence halfpenny apiece (which is too dear): gentlemen in tweed suits carrying bags, a top-hatted gentleman, ladies in gray and white, two children and a dog, and so on—but we have never been able to find any more. Will toy manufacturers please note? I write now as if I were British Consul-General in Toyland, noting new opportunities for trade.

Consequent upon this dearth, our little world suffers from an exaggerated curse of militarism, and even the grocer wears epaulettes. This might please the War Department, but it certainly does not please us. I wish indeed that we could buy boxes of tradesmen: a blue butcher, a white baker with a loaf of standard bread, a draper or so, boxes of servants, boxes of street traffic, smart sets, and so forth. We could do with a judge and barristers, or a box of vestrymen. It is true that we can buy Salvation Army lasses and football players, but we are cold to both of these. We have, of course, boy scouts. With such boxes of civilians we could have much more fun than with the running, marching, swashbuckling soldiery that pervades us. They drive us to reviews, and it is only emperors and kings and very silly small boys who can take an undying interest in uniforms and reviews.

And, lastly, of our railways let me merely remark here that we have always insisted upon one uniform gauge. We have adhered rigidly to gauge o, and everything we buy fits into and develops our existing railway system. Nothing is more indicative of a wambling sort of parent and a coterie of witless, worthless uncles, than a heap of railway toys of different gauges and natures in the children's play-room. And so, having told you of the material we have, let me now tell you of one or two games (out of innumerably many) that we have played. Of course in this I have to be a little artificial. Actual games of the kind I am illustrating here have been played by us, many and many a time, with joy and happy invention and no thought of publication. They have gone now, those games, into that vaguely luminous and iridescent world of memories into which all love-engendering happiness must go. But we have tried our best to set them out again and recall the good points in them here.

II.

THE GAME OF THE WONDERFUL ISLANDS

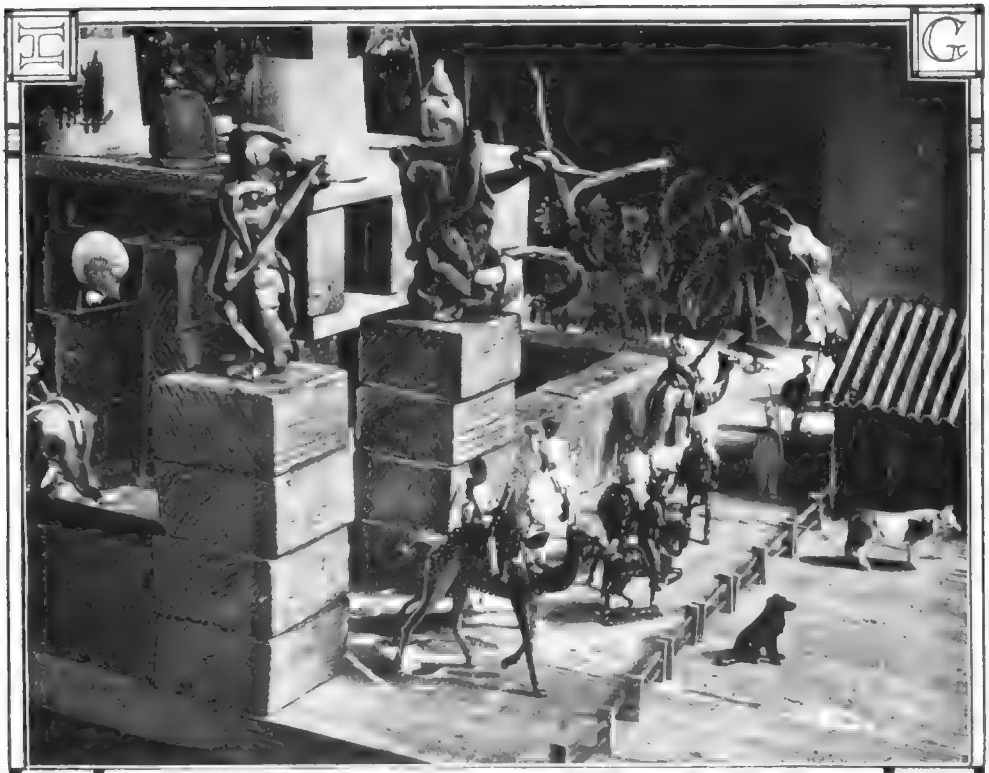
IN THIS game the floor is the sea. Half—rather the larger half, because of some instinctive right of primogeniture—is assigned to the elder of my two sons; he is, as it were, its Olympian; and the other half goes to his brother. We distribute our boards about the sea in an archipelagic manner. We then dress our islands, objecting strongly to too close scrutiny of our proceedings until we have done. Here in the illustration (page 746) is such an archipelago ready for its explorers, or rather on the verge of exploration. On the whole, it is Indian in character—comprehensively Indian, East and West and red Indian, as befits children of an imperial people.

The northern island to the right (page 747) is most advanced in civilization, and is chiefly temple. That temple has a flat roof diversified by domes made of half Easter eggs and those card things the cream comes in. These are surmounted by decorative work of a flamboyant character in plasticine, designed by G. P. W. An Oriental population crowds the courtyard and pours out upon the roadway. Note the grotesque plasticine monsters who guard the portals, also by G. P. W., who had a free hand with the architecture of this remarkable specimen of eastern religiosity. These figures are clearly seen in the larger picture we made of the temple (page 749). They are nothing, you may be sure, to the gigantic idols inside, out of the reach of the sacrilegious camera.

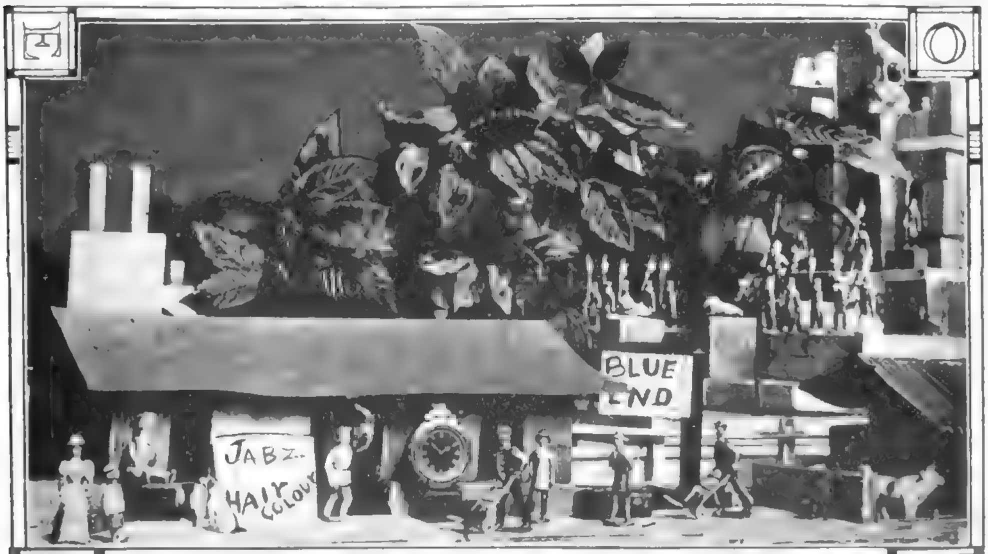
To the right is a tropical thatched hut. The thatched roof is really that nice ribbed paper that comes round bottles, a priceless boon to these games; all that comes into the house is saved for us. The owner of the hut lounges outside the door. He is a dismounted cavalry-corps man, and he owns one cow. It cost ninepence halfpenny—a monstrous sum. If the toy-soldier manufacturers had the sense to sell boxes of cows and pigs, his farm, poor dear! would be better stocked. But they haven't; they just go on making soldiers. His fence, I may note, belonged to a little wooden farm we bought in Switzerland. Its human inhabitants are scattered; its beasts follow a precarious living as wild guinea-pigs on the islands to the south.

Your attention is particularly directed to the trees about and behind the temple, which thicken to a forest on the island to the left (page 747). These trees we make of twigs taken from trees and bushes in the garden, and stuck into holes in our boards. Formerly we lived in a house with a little wood close by, and our forests were wonderful. Now we are restricted to a Hampstead garden, and we could get nothing for this set-out but jasmine and pear. Both have wilted a little, and are not nearly such spirited trees as you can make out of tamarisk, euonymus, fir, ilex, or may. It is for these woods chiefly that we have our planks perforated with little holes. No tin trees can ever be so plausible and various and jolly as these. With a good garden to draw upon, one can make terrific somber woods, and then lie down and look through them at lonely horsemen or wandering beasts.

That further island on the left is a less settled country than the island of the temple. Camels, you note, run wild there; there is a sort of dwarf elephant, similar to the now extinct kind of which one finds skeletons in Malta, pigs (or rather, confound these unenterprising tradesmen!—one costly inadequate pig), a red parrot, and other creatures of lead and wood. The pear-trees are fine. It is those which have attracted white settlers (I suppose they are) whose thatched huts are to be seen both upon the beach and inland. By the huts on the beach lie a number of pear-tree logs; but a raid of negroid savages from the adjacent island to the south is in progress,



A CLOSE VIEW OF THE GROTESQUE PLASTICINE IDOLS THAT GUARD THE PORTALS OF THE ISLAND TEMPLE.



THE RAILWAY STATION AT BLUE END. TO THE RIGHT RISES THE TERRACED HILL ON WHICH STANDS THE TOWN HALL. AS THE PHOTOGRAPH IS BEING TAKEN, THE TOWN GUARD IS PARADING UP THE STEPS.

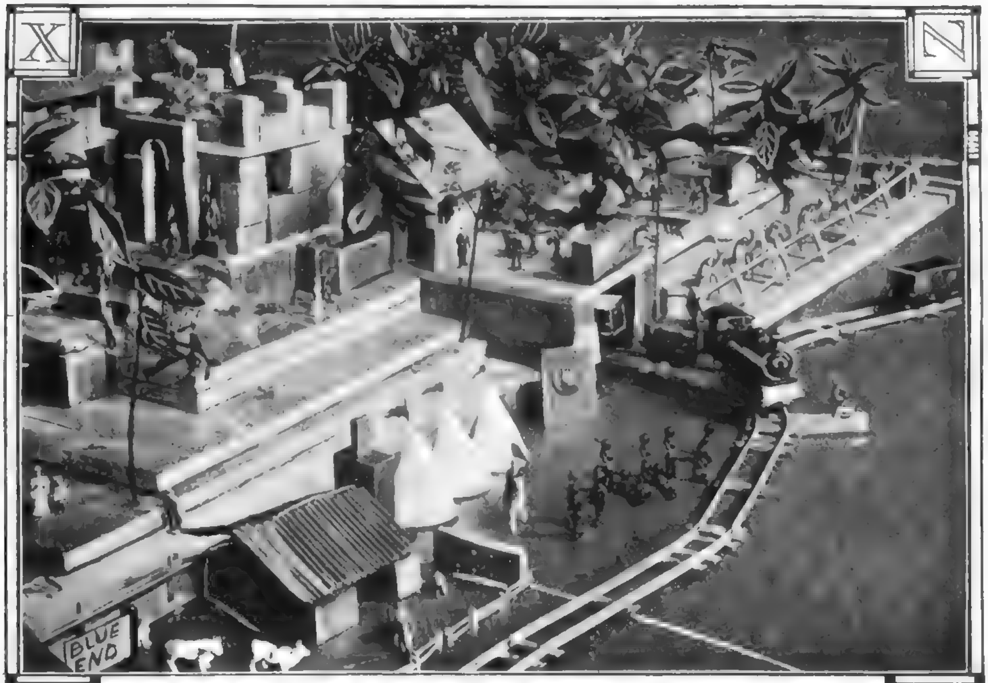
A CITY CAN'T BE PRECISELY DIVIDED INTO HALVES BY A CAMERA; BUT, ROUGHLY, THIS SHOWS BLUE END, WITH RED END ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. YOU CAN GET YOUR BEARINGS FROM THE RAILWAY STATION IN THE FOREGROUND.

and the only settler clearly visible is the man in a rifleman's uniform running inland for help. Beyond, peeping out among the trees, are the supports he seeks.

These same negroid savages are as bold as they are ferocious. They cross arms of the sea upon their rude canoes, made simply of a strip of cardboard. Their own island, not visible in this photograph, but shown at the left of page 746, is a rocky wilderness, containing caves. Their chief food is the wild goat, but in pursuit of these creatures you will also sometimes find the brown sixpenny bear, who sits—he is small, but perceptible to the careful student—in the mouth of his cave. Here, too, you will distinguish small guinea-pig-like creatures of wood—in happier days the inhabitants of that Swiss farm. Sunken rocks off this island are indicated by a white foam which takes the form of letters, and you will also note a whirlpool between the temple island and the one with the huts.

Finally comes the island nearest to the reader on the left (page 747). This also is wild and rocky, inhabited not by negroid blacks but by red Indians whose tents, made by F. R. W. out of ordinary brown paper and adorned with chalk totems of a rude and characteristic kind, pour forth their fierce and well-armed inhabitants at the intimation of an invader. The rocks on this island, let me remark, have great mineral wealth. Among them are to be found not only sheets and veins of silver paper, but great nuggets of metal, obtained by the melting down of hopelessly broken soldiers in an iron spoon. Note, too, the peculiar and romantic shell beach of this country. It is an island of exceptional interest to the geologist and scientific explorer. The Indians, you observe, have domesticated one leaden and one wooden cow (see remarks above on the dearth of lead animals).

This is how the game would be set out. Then we build ships and explore these islands, but in these pictures the ships are represented as already arriving. The ships are built out of our wooden bricks on flat keels made of two wooden pieces of 9 x 4 1-2 inches, which are very convenient to push about over the floor. Captain G. P. W. is steaming into the bight between the eastern and western islands. This ship barely



RED END HAS THE CITY HALL AND THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. NOTE THAT THE DETAILS OF THE EXTREME LEFT OF THIS PHOTOGRAPH DUPLICATE THE EXTREME RIGHT OF BLUE END. BLUE END EXTENDS TO THE WHITE MARK.

shows at the extreme left of the picture. He carries heavy guns; his ship bristles with an extremely aggressive soldiery, who appear to be blazing away for the mere love of the thing. (I suspect him of Imperialist intentions.) Captain F. R. W. is apparently at anchor between his northern and southern islands. His ship is of a slightly more pacific type. I note on his deck a lady and a gentleman (of German origin) with a bag—two of our all-too-rare civilians. No doubt the bag contains samples and a small conversation dictionary in the negroid dialects. (I think F. R. W. may be a Liberal.) Perhaps he will sail on and rescue the raided huts; perhaps he will land and build a jetty and begin mining among the rocks to fill his bag with silver. Perhaps the natives will kill and eat the gentleman with the bag. All this is for Captain F. R. W. to decide.

You see how the game goes on. We land and alter things, and build and rearrange, and hoist paper flags on pins, and subjugate populations and confer all the blessings of civilization upon these lands. We keep them going for days. And at last, as we begin to tire of them, comes the scrubbing-brush, and we must burn our trees and dismantle our islands and put our soldiers in the little nests of drawers and stand the island boards up against the wall and put everything away. Then perhaps after a few days we begin upon some other such game, just as we feel disposed. But it is never quite the same game—never. Another time it may be wildernesses, for example, and the boards are hills, and never a drop of water is to be found except for the lakes and rivers we may mark out in chalk. But after one example others are easy, and next I will tell you of our way of making towns.

III.

OF THE BUILDING OF CITIES

WE ALWAYS build twin cities, like London and Westminster, or Budapest, because two of us always want both of them to have mayors and municipal councils, and it makes for local freedom and happiness to arrange it so. But when railways or tramways are involved, we have our rails in common; and we have an excellent law that rails must be laid down and points kept open in such a manner that any one feeling so disposed may send a through train from his own station back to his own station again, without needless negotiation or the personal invasion of anybody else's administrative area. It is an undesirable thing to have other people bulging over one's houses, standing in one's open spaces, and in extreme cases knocking down and even treading on one's citizens. It leads at times to explanations that are afterward regretted.

We always have twin cities, or at the utmost stage of cooperation, a city with two wards, Red End and Blue End; we mark the boundaries very carefully, and our citizens have so much local patriotism (Mr. Chesterton will learn with pleasure) that they stray but rarely over that thin little streak of white that bounds their municipal allegiance. Sometimes we have an election for mayor; it is like a census, but very abusive, and red always wins. Only citizens with two legs and at least one arm and capable of standing up may vote, and voters may poll on horseback; boy scouts and women and children do not vote, though there is a vigorous agitation to remove these disabilities. Zulus and foreign-looking persons, such as Indian cavalry and Red Indians, are also disfranchised. So are riderless horses and camels; but the elephant has never attempted to vote on any occasion and does not seem to desire the privilege. It influences public opinion quite sufficiently as it is by nodding its head.

We have set out, and I have photographed, one of our cities to illustrate more clearly the amusement of the game. Red End is to the reader's right (page 751), and includes most of the hill on which the town stands, a shady zoological garden, the town hall, a railway tunnel through the hill, a museum, a church, a rifle-range, and a shop. Blue End (page 750) has the railway station, four or five shops, several homes, a public-house, and a thatched farm cottage close to the railway station. The boundary drawn by me as overlord (who also made the hills and tunnels and appointed the trees to grow) runs irregularly between the two shops nearest the cathedral, over the shoulder in front of the town hall, and between the thatched farm and the rifle-range.

The nature of the hills I have already explained, and this time we have had no lakes or ornamental water. These are very easily made out of a piece of glass—the glass lid of a box, for example—laid upon silver paper. Such water in a corner becomes very readily populated by those celluloid seals and swans and ducks that are now so common. But on this occasion we have nothing of the kind, nor have we made use of a green-colored table-cloth we sometimes use to drape our hills. Of course, a large part of the fun of this game lies in the witty incorporation of all sorts of extraneous objects. But the incorporation must be witty, as you may soon convert the whole thing into an incoherent muddle-heap of half-good ideas.

I may perhaps adopt a kind of guide-book style in reviewing the principal features of the city: I begin at the railway station. I have made a rather nearer and larger photograph of the railway station (page 749), which presents a diversified and entertaining scene to the incoming visitor: porters (out of a box of porters) career here and there with the trucks and light luggage. Quite a number of our all-too-rare civilians parade the platform: two gentlemen, a lady, and a small but evil-looking child are particularly noticeable; and there is a penny wooden sailor with jointed legs, in a state of intoxication as reprehensible as it is nowadays happily rare. A virtuous dog regards his abandon with quiet scorn. The seat on which he sprawls is a broken piece of some toy whose nature I have long forgotten; the station clock is a similar fragment, and so is the metallic pillar which bears the name of the station. So many toys, we find, become serviceable only with a little smashing. There is an allegory in this—as Hawthorne used to write in his diary.

The fences at the ends of the platforms are pieces of wood belonging to the game of matador—that splendid and very educational construction game, hailing, I believe, from Hungary, which is slowly but surely making its way to the affections of English children. There is, I regret to say, a blatant advertisement of "Jabz Hair Colour," showing the hair. This is by G. P. W., who seems marked out by destiny to be the advertisement-writer of the next generation. He spends much of his scanty leisure inventing and drawing advertisements of imaginary commodities. Oblivious to many happy, beautiful, and noble things in life, he goes about studying and imitating the literature of the hoardings and tube lifts. He and his brother write newspapers almost entirely devoted to these annoying appeals.

There is placed, also, at the mouth of the railway tunnel, a placard urging the existence of Jinks' Soap upon the passing traveler. The oblong object on the placard represents, no doubt, a cake of this offensive and aggressive commodity. The zoological garden flaunts a placard, "Zoo, 1d. pay," and the greengrocer's picture of a cabbage with "Get Them" is not to be ignored. F. R. W. is more like the London County Council in this respect, and prefers bare walls. You will, I hope, be able to read his notice on the Inn: "£5, who sticks bills here."

"Returning to the station," as the guide-books say, and "giving one more glance" at the passengers who are waiting for the privilege of going round the circle in open trucks and returning in a prostrated condition to the station again, and "observing" what admirable platforms are made by our 9 x 4 1-2 boards, we pass out to the left into the village street. A motor omnibus (a one-horse hospital cart in less progressive days) stands waiting for passengers; and, on our way to the Cherry Tree public-house, we remark two nurses, one in charge of a child with a plasticine head. The landlord of the inn is a small, grotesque figure of plaster; his sign is fastened on by a pin. No doubt the refreshment supplied here has an enviable reputation, to judge by the alacrity with which a number of riflemen move toward the door. The inn, by the by, like the station and some private houses, is roofed with bottle-paper.

These bottle-paper roofs are one of our great inventions. We get thick, stiff paper at twopence a sheet and cut it to the sizes we need. After the game is over, we put these roofs inside one another and stick them into the bookshelves. The roof one folds and puts away will live to roof another day.

Proceeding on our way past the Cherry Tree, and noticing the cozy invitation of its portals, we come to the shopping quarter of the town. The stock in the windows is made by hand out of plasticine. We note the meat and hams of "Mr. Woddy," the cabbages and carrots of "Tod and Brothers," the general activities of the "Jokil Co. Shopmen." It is *de rigueur* with our shop assistants that they should wear white helmets. In the street, boy scouts go to and fro, a wagon clatters by; most of the adult population is going about its business, and a red-coated band plays along the roadway. Contrast the animated scene with the mysteries of sea and forest, rock and whirlpool, in our previous game.

Farther on is the big church or cathedral. It is built in an extremely debased Gothic style; it reminds us most of a church we once surveyed during a brief visit to Rotterdam on our way up the Rhine. A solitary boy scout enters its high portal. Passing the cathedral, we continue to the museum. This museum is no empty boast; it contains mineral specimens, shells—such great shells as were found on the beaches of our previous game—the Titanic skulls of extinct rabbits and cats, and other such wonders. The slender curious may lie down on the floor and peep in at the windows.

"We now," says the guide-book, "retrace our steps to the shops, and then, turning to the left, ascend under the trees up the terraced hill on which stands the town hall. This magnificent building is surmounted by a colossal statue of a chamois, the work of a Wengen artist; it is in two stories, with a battlemented roof and a crypt (entrance to right of steps) used for the incarceration of offenders. It is occupied by the town guard, who wear Beef-eater costumes of ancient origin."

Passing in front of the town hall, and turning to the right, we approach the zoological gardens. Here we pass two of our civilians: a gentleman in black, a lady, and a large boy scout—presumably their son. We enter the gardens, which are protected by a bearded janitor, and remark at once a band of three performing dogs; who are, as the guide-book would say, "discoursing sweet music." In neither ward of the city does there seem to be the slightest restraint upon the use of musical instruments. It is no place for neurotic individuals.

The gardens contain the inevitable elephant, camels—which we breed, and which are therefore in considerable numbers—a sitting bear brought from last game's caves, goats from the same region tamed and now running loose in the garden, dwarf elephants, wooden nondescripts, and other rare creatures. The keepers wear a uniform not unlike that of railway guards and porters. We wander through the gardens, return, descend the hill by the school of musketry, where soldiers are to be seen shooting at the butts, pass through the paddock of the old thatched farm, and so return to the railway station, extremely gratified by all we have seen, and almost equally divided in our minds between the merits and attractiveness of either ward. A clockwork train comes clattering into the station, we take our places, somebody hoots or whistles for the engine (which can't), the signal is knocked over in the excitement of the moment, the train starts, and we "wave a long, regretful farewell to the salubrious cheerfulness of Chamois City." . . . .

You see now how we set out, and the spirit in which we set out, our towns. It demands but the slightest exercise of the imagination to devise a hundred additions and variations of the scheme. You can make picture-galleries—great fun for small boys who can draw; you can make factories; you can plan out flower-gardens—which appeals very strongly to intelligent little girls; your town hall may become a fortified castle. Or you may put the whole town on boards and make a Venice of it, with ships and boats upon its canals, and bridges across them. We used to have some very serviceable ships of cardboard with flat bottoms; and then we used to have a harbor, and the ships used to sail away to distant rooms and even into the garden, and return with the most remarkable cargoes—loads of nasturtium-stem logs, for example. We had sacks, then, made of glove-fingers, and several toy cranes. I suppose we could find most of these again if we hunted for them. Once, with this game fresh in our minds, we went to see the Docks, which struck us as just our old harbor game magnified.

"I say, daddy," said one of us in a quiet corner, wistfully, as one who speaks knowingly against the probabilities of the case, and yet with a faint, thin hope, "couldn't we play just for a little with these sacks . . . until somebody comes?"

Of course, the setting-out of the city is half the game. Then you devise incidents. As I wanted to photograph the particular set-out for the purpose of illustrating this account, I took a larger share in the arrangement than I usually do. When the photographing was over, matters became more normal. I left the schoolroom, and when I returned I found that the group of riflemen which had been converging on the public-house had been sharply recalled to duty, and was trotting in a disciplined, cheerless way toward the railway station. The elephant had escaped from the Zoo into the Blue Ward, and was being marched along by a military patrol. The originally scattered boy scouts were being paraded. G. P. W. had demolished the rifle-range, and run a small branch of the urban railway up-hill to the town-hall door and on into the zoological gardens.

This was only the beginning of a period of enterprise in transit, a small railway boom. A number of halts of simple construction sprang up. There was much making of railway tickets, of a size that enabled passengers to stick their heads through the middle, and wear them as a Mexican does his blanket. Then a battery of artillery turned up in High Street, and there was talk of fortifications. Suppose wild Indians were to turn up across the plains to the left, and attack the town! Fate still has drawers untouched. . . .

So things will go on until putting-away night on Friday. Then we shall pick up the roofs and shut them among the books, return the clockwork engines very carefully to the boxes—for engines are fragile things—stow the soldiers and civilians and animals away in their nests of drawers, take down the trees again—this time they are sweet-bay; and all the joys and sorrows and rivalries and successes of Blue End and Red End will pass, and follow Carthage and Nineveh, the empire of Aztec and Roman, the arts of Etruria and the palaces of Crete, and the plannings and contrivings of innumerable myriads of children, into the limbo of games exhausted . . . it may be, leaving some profit, in thoughts widened, in strengthened apprehensions. It may be leaving nothing but a memory that dies.

IV.

FUNICULARS, MARBLE TOWERS, CASTLES, AND WAR GAMES, BUT VERY LITTLE OF WAR GAMES.

I HAVE now given two general types of floor game; but these are only just two samples of delightful and imagination-stirring variations that can be contrived out of the toys I have described. I will now glance rather more shortly at some other very good uses of the floor, the boards, the bricks, the soldiers, and the railway system—that pentagram for exorcising the evil spirit of dulness from the lives of little boys and girls. And first there is a kind of lark we call Funiculars. There are times when Islands cease somehow to dazzle, and Towns and Cities are too orderly and uneventful and cramped for us, and we want something—something to whiz. Then we say: "Let us make a Funicular. Let us make a Funicular more than we have ever done. Let us make one to reach up to the table."

We dispute whether it isn't a mountain railway we are after. The bare name is refreshing; it takes us back to that unforgettable time when we all went to Wengen, in the Alps, winding in and out and up the mountainside—from slush to such snow and sunlight as we had never seen before. And we make a mountain railway. So far, we have never got it up to the table, but some day we will. Then we will have a station there on the flat, and another station on the floor, with shunts and sidings to each.

The peculiar joy of the mountain railway is that, if it is properly made, a loaded truck (not a toy engine; it is too rough a game for delicate, respectable engines) will career from top to bottom of the system and go this way and that as your cunningly arranged points determine; and afterward—and this is a wonderful and distinctive discovery—you can send it back by 'Lectric.

What is a 'Lectric? You may well ask. 'Lectrics were invented almost by accident, by one of us, to whom also the name is due. It came out of an accident to a toy engine—a toy engine that seemed done for, and that was yet full of life.

You know perhaps what a toy engine is like. It has the general appearance of a railway engine: funnels, buffers, cab, and so forth. All these are very elegant things, no doubt; but they do not make for lightness, they do not facilitate hill-climbing. Now, sometimes an engine gets its clockwork out of order, and then it is over and done for; but sometimes it is merely the outer semblance that is injured; the funnel bent, the body twisted. You remove the things, and behold! you have bare clockwork on wheels, an apparatus of almost malignant energy, soul without body, a kind of metallic rage. This it was that our junior member instantly knew for a 'Lectric, and loved from the moment of its stripping.

(I have, by the by, known a very serviceable little road 'Lectric made out of a clockwork mouse.)

Well, when we have got chairs and boxes and bricks, and graded our line skilfully and well, easing the descent and being very careful of the joining at the bends, for fear that the descending trucks and cars will jump the rails, we send down first an empty truck, then trucks loaded with bricks and lead soldiers, and then the 'Lectric. And then afterward the sturdy 'Lectric hauls up the trucks again to the top, with a kind of savagery of purpose and a whiz that is extremely gratifying to us. We make points in these lines; we make them have level crossings at which collisions are always being just averted; the lines go over and under each other, and in and out of tunnels. . . .

The marble tower, again, is a great building on which we devise devious slanting ways down which marbles run. I do not know why it is amusing to make a marble run down a long, intricate path, and dollop down steps, and come almost but not quite to a stop, and rush out of dark places and across little bridges of card: it is, and we often do it.

Castles are done with bricks and cardboard turrets and a portcullis of card, and drawbridge and moats; they are a mere special sort of city-building, done because we have a box of men in armour. We could reconstruct all sorts of historical periods, if the toy-soldier makers would provide us with people. But at present, as I have already complained, they make scarcely anything but contemporary fighting men.

And of the war game I must either write volumes or nothing. For the present let it be nothing. I set out merely to tell of the ordinary joys of playing with the floor, and to gird improvingly and usefully at toymakers. So much I think I have done. If one parent or one uncle buys the wiselier for me, I shall not altogether have lived in vain.

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

Uncle Sam, Wall Street & Co. open a Spanish-American Branch

BY
HENRY M. HYDE

***Editor's Note:**—No one pretends that the problem of our attitude toward the Spanish-American Republics is a simple one, though some details of the situation are easy enough to state: In addition to a benevolent desire that peace, justice, and prosperity shall reign everywhere, we have the same right to protest against disorder and oppression among these southern republics that we have to object when next-door neighbors are disorderly—even to the point of interference. Our Monroe Doctrine denies to the European powers the right to interfere in the guise of peace officers and bill collectors. The converse of this, alleged by Europe, is that if we are going to be Big Brother to mischievous bad boys, we ought to be willing to do some necessary spanking ourselves. But, strange as it may seem, the boys are quite willing to have us be Big Brother for purposes of protection, but not for spanking. Indeed, they have actually begun to distrust our motives. The story of Dollar Diplomacy, as sympathetically told by Mr. Hyde in this and a succeeding article, will help to show why.*

In so far as we are protecting weaker neighbors against aggression; preserving order among their people; assuring that the money they borrow goes into national betterments, instead of fattening the purses of fugitive dictators; actually helping them toward stable self-government, our righteousness is clear. If, in doing this, we incidentally extend our markets and open opportunities to Americans, this, too, is good. But let us look to our motives and our methods. If in our century of Big Brothering—chasing France out of Mexico, England from Venezuela, Spain from Cuba—we have bred only antagonism and distrust in our Spanish-American neighbors, perhaps there's something wrong with us. If our Government has gone into partnership with Wall Street to exploit the republics, there's certainly something wrong. It is worth while to see just how far we are really going, and in what direction. Mr. Hyde has gone deep into the subject, and his articles anticipate inquiries that Congressional Committees may be expected to make this winter.

THE State Department at Washington has a new policy. It is called Dollar Diplomacy. Under the administration of Secretary Knox, the Department—so long the haunt of the traditional Diplomat in Shirt-Sleeves—has put on its coat for good. It has packed its suit-case and started out on the road as an international bond salesman, drummer, and collection agent for Wall Street. It is arranging great bond deals and selling steel rails and other goods abroad for the same syndicates and trusts, whose legality Congress and the courts are investigating. It is using the power and prestige of the national government to induce unwilling nations to borrow money and buy goods from the same men whose unrestrained wealth and power is the greatest present menace to the people of the United States. And it reserves the right, in diplomatic language, to enforce the collection of debts so made, by putting the army and navy behind the Wall Street agent to such an extent "as it may find requisite."

As a matter of fact, there is nothing new about this policy but its name. It is, when carried out to its natural conclusion, the same formula which strong and greedy nations have always used—at least since financiers took the place of feudal barons—to exploit the people of weaker countries. The steps in its progress are simple:

1. Buy up the national bonds of the weaker nation.
2. Secure concessions covering the forests, mines, railroads, waterways, and great natural resources of the weaker nation.
3. Take as much money out of the country as possible in the quickest time.
4. When and if the people of the weaker nation, finding themselves impoverished, oppressed, and robbed of their birthright, rise in revolt and demand that they be allowed to work out their own salvation, throw in sufficient armed force to conquer them and take possession of their country, either as a province or a dependency.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS

Of course the program is not always carried to such tragic conclusion, and in various events the official share in activities may be greater or smaller. Sometimes private capitalists carry the whole scheme, and Government steps in only as a collection agency. Filibustering expeditions and local revolutions sometimes are actually the expression of real patriotism. Not always are they financed by syndicates or stimulated by alien statesmen. But in its general application the formula outlined above is the whole International Gospel of Get-Rich-Quick. Secretary Knox deserves credit as a discoverer only so far as he has been esteemed the first Secretary of State bold enough—or wise enough—to preach at least its opening chapters, and apply them in the dealings of the United States with its weaker brothers to the south and east.

Quite naturally, this is not the view which the administration at Washington takes of Dollar Diplomacy, nor the definition found in any Government lexicon. That tripping title, originally suggested by the newspaper critics of the Taft régime, has been proudly adopted by its authors, and the policy has been ably defended not only by subordinates of the State department, but by Secretary Knox and by President Taft himself.

"Dollar Diplomacy," says Assistant Secretary Wilson, "means using the capital of the country in the foreign field in a manner calculated to enhance fixed national interests. It means the substitution of dollars for bullets. It means the creation of a prosperity which will be preferred to predatory strife. . . . It means taking advantage of the interest in peace of those who benefit by the investment of capital. It recognizes that financial soundness is a potent factor in political stability; that prosperity means contentment and contentment means repose."

"I suppose it is a departure," says Secretary Knox, "from our policy of aloofness from participation in the internal affairs of other countries, but if this government can help to upbuild its neighbors and promote the thought that the capital of the more advanced nations of the world would be better employed in assisting the peaceful development of those more backward than in financing wars, it is such a deviation from traditions as the American people will approve."

President Taft, speaking before the Americus Club in Pittsburgh, said: "In pursuit of such policy it is often desirable that the loan of American capital to a foreign government be made. The government measures its support of the enterprise for which the loan is made, not by the profits of our capitalists, but by the broad national advantages to be expected. It is easy, in such cases, for the Department of State to secure conditions which will insure the benefit to this country, as, for example, if the loan be for public works, in stipulations for the purchase of materials in the United States."

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

One of the first great achievements under this policy was the forcing of China—which had made arrangements elsewhere—to borrow eight or ten millions of dollars from J. P. Morgan and his associates, and to turn over to them for construction with American materials a large section of the railway which the Chinese government is planning to build as a part of its new internal policy. As for the "contentment" and "repose," the "peaceful development" which Mr. Wilson and his chief, Secretary Knox, predict as a result of Dollar Diplomacy, it is sufficient to call attention to the fact that in September a revolution broke out in the Chinese province of Szechuen, involving to a greater or less extent some seventy millions of people; that these riots were due to the foreign-railroad policy of the government, and that the trouble started in the town of Chengtu, headquarters of the local or Chinese company that had begun the construction of the railroad line which, under the beneficent operations of Dollar Diplomacy, has now become the American section. To make the "contentment" and "repose" still deeper, Admiral Murdock was ordered to rush warships from Shanghai to protect the American interests.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS

Another great triumph of Dollar Diplomacy was the securing from the Argentine Republic of contracts for the building and equipping in American shipyards of the two greatest battle-ships afloat—both of the monsters having been launched during the past summer. It is provided in the agreement between the two nations that the United States shall have the first call on the purchase of the two ships in case they are ever disposed of. To secure these contracts the State Department—at the request of Charles M. Schwab's Bethlehem Steel Works—turned over to private contractors and to the Argentine navy—under certain restrictions—practically all of the highly prized and carefully guarded secrets of the Navy Department in the way of construction, mechanism, and armament, even going so far as to have certain portions of the equipment built at the Washington Navy Yard. Whether it is justifiable to exchange for contracts for Schwab and the ship-builders government secrets which a Department draftsman might be imprisoned for revealing, is a question which the sober patriotism of the country may take its time to answer.

But the one feature of Dollar Diplomacy in which the people of the United States have, or should have, the greatest interest, is its application to the struggling republics of Central America. In Honduras, for instance, the plan—so far happily blocked by the Senate—is to sell to a syndicate composed of J. P. Morgan & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., The National City Bank and The First National Bank, all of New York, a ten-million-dollar issue of five-per-cent. forty-year bonds of the Honduran Republic at a price which will net about 88, less expenses that amount to five hundred and forty thousand dollars. By way of security, the custom-houses of Honduras would be turned over to an agent of the Morgan syndicate, who would have charge of the collection of all revenues. The only railroad in the country would also be put into the hands of an agent or lessee approved by the Morgan syndicate. The Morgan party would thus have absolute control of the finances and transportation of the republic.

In Nicaragua a similar arrangement is in prospect, except that the name of Morgan is not mentioned. With Guatemala, also, negotiations are under way.

Indeed, to the critical eye it appears that the general plan is to turn over to Mr. Morgan and his associates the financial control and management of most of Central America, which carries with it such possibilities for the profitable "development" of the vast natural riches of the country as to make even Alaska look like a picked bone.

WE RECOMMEND THE DIAZ BRAND

Yet it is exactly in regard to Central America that the advocates of Dollar Diplomacy are able to make the best defense of their policy. The relations between the United States and the Central American republics are so intimate; the conditions in those republics have been for years so intolerable, that any policy which seems to promise peace finds plausible and doubtless sincere defenders. How far the Diaz brand of Dollar Diplomacy served to enhance the permanent welfare and prosperity of the Mexican people, conditions revealed during the recent successful revolution make sufficient answer.

The Diaz régime produced the "financial soundness" and "political stability" of which Mr. Wilson speaks; but it produced also slavery and incredible poverty and ignorance among the people, together with a considerable number of foreign and native multi-millionaires. After thirty-four years of Secretary Knox's brand of "peaceful development," more than eighty-four per cent. of the Mexican people were still unable to read or write, a free press was unknown, and Diaz held his power by a system of bribery and assassination. In Mexico the foreign bond-holders and financiers had no contractual relations with a strong foreign government. When the storm of revolution broke they were forced to make the best of it. In Central America the State Department proposes to insure "financial soundness" and "political stability" by putting the authority of the national government behind the agent of Wall Street.

But before one can understand either the good or the bad points of Dollar Diplomacy as applied to Central America, it is necessary to get a clear idea of the Central American situation. It is a situation for which the people of the United States are morally responsible. It is a situation which involves the honor of the American people. And unless the proper steps are taken to give the unhappy people of Central America a fair chance to work out their own salvation, it will remain a lasting disgrace to the greatest of republics.

A SELF-MADE MAN

Once there was a Central American President who was on the square—at the start. He was a brown native—a peon—by birth. His parents lived in a mountain valley, far up in the cool highlands of the interior. Part of the time his father kicked breakfast and dinner out of the fecund black earth with his toes; part of the time he picked them from the trees; rarely he killed a sheep and dragged the carcass back to the straw hut to be dressed and eaten. It was a misdemeanor to set out crops; a high crime to accumulate property—certain to be found out and promptly punished by the *jefe politico*. On the old man's back were thirty crossed scars where, in the time of his own father, he had been whipped with a wet rope-end because he could not give up certain imaginary pieces of silver which the family was suspected of hiding. So nobody worked very hard; nobody went to school; yet they were all fairly happy.

In one corner of the hut there was a little shrine of the Virgin. In the earth under the shrine the boy's mother had hidden a tiny gold image of a heathen god, which had come down in her family for hundreds of years. When it was only a small favor she wanted, his mother prayed to the Virgin; but when one of the children lay ill or some great danger impended, she dug up the golden god and prayed to him.

So the boy grew up to be seventeen, and there was somehow implanted in his character the traditional honesty of his race, which is a trait so true and lasting that even to-day it is far safer to trust a considerable sum of money to any barefooted mountain Indian than to the average member of a Central American President's cabinet—as this story will demonstrate.

One day, with much shouting and firing of guns, an army appeared in the mountain village. The army consisted of three generals and four privates. The privates were armed with muskets; the commanding general carried an American revolver; he did not think it wise to allow the other generals to bear arms, so they simply wore uniforms and served on his staff. The staff general who had the most influence with the commander was a Gringo, a blue-eyed American, who had silver pieces and certain bits of paper in his pocket and grinned a great deal.

The army caught the boy's father in the woods and marched him home with a musket stuck against the small of his back. The general commanding was tired of walking. He had heard that the boy's father had a small gray donkey, and he came to get it. Incidentally, he took the boy's father along to groom the donkey, and added the boy, armed with a machete, to the rank and file of his forces.

The boy's mother had stood perfectly still while the donkey and her husband were taken; but when her son was ordered into line she ran into the hut and came back holding up her little gold god as ransom for his rescue. The commanding general laughed and snatched the trinket from her outstretched hand. Then the army marched on down the valley, picking up all the men and boys that lived on the way.

The boy's father was old. He grew faint, stumbled, and fell out of the line to one side. The general commanding gave an order. There was a shot, and the boy presently marched on past the writhing body with a rage in his heart he has never lost.

THIS PLACE HAS CHANGED HANDS

Ten years later the grown-up boy started a revolution of his own. He had learned meanwhile that gold is of all things best worth having, and several other equally fundamental facts. So, after he had shot with his own hand the general who was responsible for his father's death, had forfeited the mining concession which the Gringo general had secured, and had had his three chief rivals nicely assassinated, he settled down to be President as long as he could hold the job.

Then—though he was forced to associate officially with the lame-duck politicians and devious promoters whom the United States had sent to represent them in a diplomatic way—the racial trait of honesty, which was a part of his birthright, began to assert itself in a queer and crooked way. He had heard somewhere that a gold reserve was a fine thing for a government to have about the house. So he decided to accumulate one. He put taxes of three or four hundred per cent. on everything that came into the country and even heavier taxes on everything that went out. He accepted bribes from gentlemanly adventurers from the States and elsewhere who wanted exclusive, tax-free concessions to "develop" the natural resources of the country. He put all the rich men he could catch into jail and let them out when they paid the price.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

And practically all the proceeds he turned into gold coin, which was safely deposited in a vault with as many keys as there were members of his cabinet. It was necessary to have all these keys in use at once, together with the master-key, which he held himself, to open that vault. And the President sincerely believed that when he got that big room full of gold, his little country would automatically command the respect and admiration of all the other civilized nations of the world.

Presently, when there was more than five hundred thousand dollars in the gold reserve, the President fell desperately ill. The cabinet gathered in a lower room of the palace to hear the news from the sick-chamber. "His Excellency is dying," was the message. "He can not last out the afternoon." Whereupon the Secretary of the Treasury, carrying an empty suit-case in his hand, slipped up-stairs, and stole the master-key out of the presidential trousers pocket. He was accompanied by the other members of the cabinet, each of whom also carried an empty suit-case, and who stood outside in the corridor, with the door to the sick-room ajar, to make sure that their colleague did not descend by the open window. Then, in a body, they tiptoed downstairs, inserted the keys into their respective locks, swung open the door of the vaults, and filled their suit-cases with rolls of double-eagles.

Perhaps it was the sturdy constitution which he had inherited from his Indian forebears; at any rate the President miraculously rose from his sick-bed. One of the first things he did was to send the presidential bodyguard out to escort the members of the cabinet to the palace. This action was so speedy and unexpected that he caught them all before the first steamer sailed for Europe. After they were all assembled, the administration marched down, still under guard, to inspect the national treasure. When he saw the empty vault the President smiled grimly.

"Since I am to have the name of a thief," he said, "I may as well have the money."

He allowed each member of the cabinet to keep ten thousand dollars as a souvenir of his recovery, and with the remainder he started a rainy-day fund for his own use in Paris. By way of speedily swelling this fund to handsome proportions, he sent the Secretary of the Treasury abroad to sell an issue of seven million dollars in national bonds. The bonds carried ten per cent. interest, and they sold in London, Berlin, and Amsterdam at sixty cents on the dollar, the net proceeds being about three million five hundred thousand dollars.

WE HAVE MOVED TO BETTER QUARTERS

Of this amount the Secretary of the Treasury and the loan brokers divided half a million; as much more was used in paying some mining claims which the State Department of the United States declared must be settled; the President added an even million to his own account in Paris; and the rest went into laying thirty miles of iron rails over the bare ground and buying two wood-burning locomotives, three second-hand freight cars, and a couple of discarded passenger coaches. All the rolling-stock was purchased for a lump sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, from a gentleman from New York who represented the sincere wish of the American people to assist in the orderly development of our brother republics to the south.

When the calendar showed that it was

time for the next revolution to start, the President issued a proclamation which began: "O Mother Country of Mine! You have presented your bosom to your children and they have plunged a dagger into that sacred wound!" In the last paragraph he resigned his office and took a steamer for Europe, which sailed the same afternoon.

Central America is full of just such absurd and amusing stories, as every newspaper reader knows. But the newspapers do not print so many of the revolting and terrible details of these bloody international jokes. Nor are they careful to point out that for four hundred years the joke has always been on the brown Indian native—the peon. He stands to-day the most tragic and appealing figure in modern history.

The greatest joke of all is the mental confusion which contemptuously throws together in one group the red savages of North America and the brown people of Central America and Mexico. Before the coming of Columbus, the ancestors of the present peons had built high up on their beautiful hills great cities of monumental architecture, the almost unstudied ruins of which are as wonderful as those of Egypt. They belonged to an ancient and highly organized civilization, with their own long-established forms of government and religion, and a considerable knowledge of art and letters.

The Spanish conquistadores came in shining steel armor, preaching the gospel of Christ, capturing slaves, burning the chiefs alive, stringing the ears of the peons on their sword blades, looting their treasure.

ALL OTHERS ARE BASE IMITATIONS

The Spaniards did their extremely capable worst. All the accumulated property which was not nailed down was shipped back to help corrupt and demoralize their motherland. The peons were given their first crude and bloody lesson in the gospel of Get-Rich-Quick. But still their spirit was not entirely broken.

They took inspiration from the example of the great republic to the North, founded on the ideal that all men are entitled to equal opportunities. A wave of revolt swept half the continent, and Spain lost her last foothold on the mainland.

The Holy Alliance of Europe had just finally defeated Napoleon. But the Corsican had permanently shattered the ancient theory of the Divine Right of Kings, and the trembling allies, anxious to preserve what was left of the fiction, practically announced that they would oppose by force of arms the establishment of the new republics on American soil. That meant the sailing of allied fleets, and England saw in that movement a threat against her sea power. She proposed that, with her backing, the United States should throw its protection around these new-born children of its parentage. Finally the frightened Monroe was persuaded to sign his name to the great jingo doctrine of the century.

MONEY TALKS

The peoples of Central America read the Monroe Doctrine with mingled gratitude and suspicion. They were glad to have a strong Big Brother, but—like a high-spirited young man just come of age—they desired that he should not interfere with the working out of their own individual destiny. On the whole, they were willing to believe that the Colossus of the North intended to exercise his power unselfishly.

At the start the revolted provinces formed themselves into a confederation of states and—in the first flush of gratitude—modeled their constitution on that of their great protector. Instead of a president, they put a triumvirate at the head. The triple division of authority was impossible. It broke up presently into many fighting factions. Five republics, which still exist—Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica—were born in the welter of revolution.

During thirty years of bloody and terrible burlesque the peon got his first idea of some of the crimes which are committed in the name of liberty. He was forced to fight, unwillingly, first in one army and then in another. His sons were butchered, his daughters made the prey of wandering guerrillas. In his utter poverty he was forced to pay taxes which even New York would revolt against.

In 1849 two important events happened: Gold was discovered in California, and Nicaragua recognized the Monroe Doctrine. All at once, and for the same gilded reason as before, the troubles of Central America redoubled. In 1851 old Commodore Vanderbilt—lone forerunner of Big Business, crying in the wilderness—got a concession to carry California gold-seekers across the Isthmus of Nicaragua to the Pacific. For that purpose his American Transit Company was given the exclusive right to run steamboats on the rivers and lakes of the country. But within a year Great Britain and the United States made a treaty in which they took the liberty of arranging the boundaries between Nicaragua and Costa Rica to suit themselves, and put the Mosquito coast of the former country under a sort of protectorate.

That outraged the new-born sense of Nicaraguan nationality. Gratitude was forgotten and suspicion grew into a certainty that behind the apparent magnanimity of the Monroe doctrine were hidden projects of aggression. The concession of the American Transit Company was denounced, and a revolution was started. But the founder of the Vanderbilt fortunes was never famous for his willingness to let go of a good thing. Presently there appeared in Central America a blue-eyed filibuster named William Walker. Behind Walker and his band of adventurers from the States was the political, and apparently, the financial influence of the American Transit Company.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

Walker was a terror. He set an example of bloodthirsty and ferocious guerrilla fighting which a whole succession of local aspirants have been trying to equal ever since. He forced hundreds of barefooted, half-armed peons to fight in his army of invasion. He burned cities, confiscated the property of those who dared to fight against him, seized the supreme power, appointed himself provisional president, and was promptly recognized by the minister of the United States.

Strangely enough, the people of Central America seemed to find in these proceedings positive proof that Uncle Sam was not exactly the generous, disinterested, benevolent old gentleman he had pretended to be.

Walker's ambition was to make himself master of the whole country between Mexico and the isthmus. He brought over twelve hundred adventurers from the States to help him put the fear of God into the hearts of the peons. But the people of Costa Rica, coming to the aid of their Nicaraguan brothers in the name of common opposition to foreign conquest, put an army into the field which whipped Walker in several hard-fought battles, burned the property of the American Transit Company, and finally drove the Gringo leader back to the States.

Walker came again and again to start new trouble. But each time, in spite of strong backing from home, both in men and money, he was defeated. Fifty years have passed since he was finally backed up against a 'dobe wall and shot to death; but he is still the bogy-man whose name is used to frighten the brown babies of the Indian villages into good behavior. He taught the people both to hate and to fear the Gringos from the North; and that hatred and fear—with very good reason—have been growing stronger ever since.

COMPETITION IS THE LIFE OF TRADE

After the Civil War came an era of tremendous business development and expansion in the United States. A generation of able and far-sighted men threw themselves into the exploitation of the almost incredible natural resources of half a continent. The passion and violence of war had somewhat weakened the moral fiber of the people. The bribery of public officials was common. Competition between rival firms and corporations equaled in bitterness the struggles between opposing armies.

Central America offered to the exploiter and corruptionist an even richer field, though smaller in its extent. When the Spaniard was driven out, he left behind him a wretched and poverty-stricken people, stripped of their last possession. But the country was, and is, incredibly rich in its natural resources—gold, silver, and pearls; whole ranges of iron ore; wide forests of mahogany, rosewood, and rubber; high, cool mountains, rising from blue bays on the two great oceans; vast stretches of wet, lowlands, miraculously fertile.

From all over the world the promoters and adventurers came flocking, hoping to secure by favor and bribery what they were forbidden by the Monroe Doctrine to conquer by the sword. Germans, French, and English were in the flock, but the most numerous and the most persistent were the Gringos from the States. Accustomed, as many of them were, to the corruption of legislators and executives at home, they found the temporary presidents of these small republics easy prey. They dazzled the eyes of half-breed revolutionary chiefs with the promise of a share in quick and easy wealth, and secured concessions which would have been worth millions if they could have been made permanent. So, under conditions of unrestrained and shameless corruption and competition, the commercial conquest of Central America began.

One man would secure the exclusive right to all the gold and silver mines in a republic larger than Pennsylvania. Presently his angry rival would finance a new revolution, which, after a more or less prolonged struggle, in which hundreds of peons were slain, would seat a new president on the throne, bound to forfeit the first concession and give to the second promoter the same rights. In some cases concessions covering the same ground have been granted by three or four successive presidents to as many rival claimants. Men acquainted with the facts say that a majority of the Central American revolutions of recent years have been supported on one side or the other—and often on both—by the influence and money of corporations from the States.

WE WILL GUARANTEE YOUR TITLE

The archives of the State Department at Washington are crowded with the claims of individuals and corporations that have thus been violently ousted from the possession of what they call their vested rights. Much of the indecision and vacillation shown in dealing with Central American problems is due to the inofficial knowledge of the State Department of the methods in which certain of these concessions have been obtained, and to their suspicion as to others. The Department is embarrassed between its desire not to offend the sensibilities of Central American authorities and its equally strong anxiety to see that really just claims are fairly settled.

Caught and killed in repeated armed conflicts, for which American business interests are often responsible; taxed in large sums to pay American claims which often originate in the notorious corruption of their own officials, the people of Central America find fresh cause for their hatred and fear of the Gringo invader. This feeling is deepened by the fact that in the past they have had small reason to feel any confidence in the justice or honesty of the men sent by the people of the United States to represent them in diplomatic and consular capacities. It is the current report in Central America that one minister was in the pay of the then ruling tyrant; and there are a number of ex-diplomats, from Mexico southward, who have taken advantage of their official positions to get a permanent share in the exploitation of the country and its people.

There is another element of distrust of our motives. Central Americans have taken note of the fact that with many of the concessions granted by their presidents the names of men prominent in our national government are closely associated.

WE DEAL IN SAFE INVESTMENTS

While Charles Warren Fairbanks was Vice-President of the United States, a concession was negotiated with the republic of Honduras for the building of a railroad from Truxillo on the north coast to Tegucigalpa, the capital. Shortly afterward, an elaborate stock-selling prospectus was issued in Chicago, bound in a reproduction of the national flag of Honduras. L. M. Fairbanks of Mansfield, Illinois, brother of Charles Warren Fairbanks, appears in this prospectus as president of the ten-million-dollar company. Among the directors of the corporation are William D. Fairbanks of Decatur, another brother of the Vice-President; A. C. Shallenberger, former member of Congress and, 1909-1911, Governor of Nebraska; two other men who are said to be relatives by marriage of the former Vice-President, and Señor Dr. Miguel R. Bustillo, at that time Secretary of the Treasury of Honduras.

After painting the "material resources of Honduras and the fabulous possibilities that go with her soil and climate" as surpassing the possibilities of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, the prospectus goes on to the following effect:

> The company is given one million acres of land along the proposed route of the road, three-quarters of which is covered with huge pine and mahogany forests; free right of way through all public lands, towns, and cities; the unrestrained right to make all freight rates, which are never to be lower than twenty-five per cent. above the cost of transportation; the

right to give rebates to favored patrons; the right of cutting timber on the public lands for railroad and other enterprises; the use of water powers for thirty miles on each side of the proposed road; the free use of coal and petroleum found along the route of the road, ten cents a ton royalty to be paid on such products sold to outside parties; the ownership of all mines found within eighty meters of the railroad; the right to establish banks; and finally, exemption *in perpetuity* from all taxes, national, municipal, or special assessment, together with free entry into the country for all materials and supplies which the company or its subsidiaries may desire to import; and half the net revenue from the dockage fees at Truxillo, the ocean terminus of the road.

Former Vice-President Fairbanks has denied that he has any financial interest in this extremely valuable concession; but the crushed and outraged people of Honduras may be forgiven if they feel that the influence of the Fairbanks family with their government was greatly increased by the fact that its most prominent member served in the second place of authority in the government of the United States.

The alluring prospectus declares that "investments and property are as safe in Honduras as they are in the United States." Since it was issued, President Davilla has been overthrown by a revolution headed by General Manuel Bonilla, who is now a temporary exile in Salvador, while provisional President Bertrand occupies the palace, and "General" Lee Christmas, an American adventurer and soldier of fortune, is in chief command of the Honduran army. I shall recur to the interesting causes and results of these successive revolutions in their relation to Dollar Diplomacy in a further chapter of this presentation.

GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR

In May last, announcement was made in the New York papers that President Cabrera, of Guatemala, had signed a concession which turned over to an American syndicate for "development" a great share of the public lands of the republic, together with mining and waterway rights, and certain franchises for the building of railroads, bridges, and telegraph lines. It was stated that former Governor A. E. Spriggs of Montana—who is also interested in the development of Alaska—was at the head of the syndicate and that among his associates were former United States Senator Clark, of Montana, and certain capitalists closely identified with the Guggenheims. Congressman William Sulzer, one of the Tammany members from New York City, was also mentioned as having an interest in the concession. In Washington, Congressman Sulzer is Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, a committee which passes on all matters relating to Guatemala and other foreign countries.

Mr. Sulzer denies that he has any interest in the Spriggs concession. He admits that his law office in New York adjoins that of Mr. Spriggs, with whom he is intimate, both as friend and attorney; that he is familiar with the terms of the Spriggs concession, and that before it was signed by President Cabrera he visited the capital of Guatemala, where he met and had conferences with the President. Since his return to the United States, Congressman Sulzer has been an ardent defender of President Cabrera, whom he declares to be a much slandered and misunderstood man. In this he differs from most observers who have spent any length of time in the country.

WE ARE PRACTICAL MEN

Old residents assert that the little Indian dictator of Guatemala has created a reign of terror under which he himself and every one of his political enemies are in constant peril of their lives. On paper, he has established a liberal constitution, made education compulsory and free, abolished the peonage system, and done much for the welfare of the people. In practise, his methods are those of a tyrant of the Dark Ages. Men and boys suspected of plotting against him have been flogged to death. Under the *repartimiento* system his subordinates send out their soldiers to bring in as many laborers as are wanted, keeping perhaps half the scanty wages paid to feed the troops. And probably more than ninety per cent. of the total population can not read or write. The country is infested with an army of presidential spies, and the tyrant himself rarely appears on the street for fear of being assassinated. The paper dollar of Guatemala is worth from five to seven or eight cents in United States money.

But Cabrera is cunning enough to heed most of the suggestions of the State Department at Washington. He rarely quarrels with the powers that be. He spends large sums in the entertainment of visiting foreigners of prominence. He plays—as did Diaz—the game of the foreign capitalist who wishes to exploit the resources of his tremendously rich country and its unfortunate, poverty-stricken inhabitants.

In most of these respects he differs from Zelaya, lately the "Tiger of Nicaragua," who was driven into exile by the action of the United States Government after seventeen years of unrestrained and incredible tyranny. Zelaya is a man of unmixed white blood and was highly educated in Europe. Perhaps because of these advantages, he was able to surpass all his rivals in the invention of new and horribly ingenious methods of torture and corruption. He insisted on the lion's share in every corrupt concession and tax. His attitude toward the world outside is shown by his answer to a Peruvian, who was summarily banished from Nicaragua: "I ridicule the United States, laugh at Germany and spit on England. What do I care for your beggarly little Peru?"

Yet Zelaya, Cabrera, and all their brethren have always been, in a very real sense, the wards of the government of the United States and of its people. Under the protection of the Monroe Doctrine they have been safe from foreign invasion and punishment, while the Government at Washington, until very recently, has not seen fit to interfere in the internal affairs of these grotesque "republics."

It has been this sense of security from foreign chastisement that has made the successive tyrants of Central America so quick to borrow vast sums of money in Europe, whenever investors could be found foolish and greedy enough to be tempted by high rates of interest and low prices for bonds. In the sixties, Honduras issued thirty million dollars in bonds at an average price of eighty cents on the dollar, the interest on more than half of the issue being ten per cent. Out of the small per cent. of the proceeds which ever reached the public treasury, fifty-seven miles of ramshackle railroad were constructed. No interest has been paid on any of these bonds since 1873. The total debt, including interest, now amounts to the enormous sum of one hundred and twenty-four million dollars. Some time ago the foreign bond-holders offered to accept five million dollars in full settlement of all their claims.

Guatemala's present gold debt is fourteen million dollars, its currency debt seventy-two million dollars more. Nicaragua owes approximately ten million dollars; Salvador fifteen million dollars, and Costa Rica upward of sixteen million dollars.

This vast debt—as great per capita as that of Great Britain—represents the capitalized greed and corruption of successive presidential tyrants and foreign loan-brokers. Heaped upon the original principal is the defaulted interest of many years. The Monroe Doctrine stands as a barrier against the enforced collection by foreign warships of these grotesque claims. If the shadow of equity in the huge mass of wrong could be ascertained and settled, it would relieve the United States of the burden of constantly standing guard against armed collectors. To that end the first moves in the new game of Dollar Diplomacy are directed. But they carry with them overwhelming disadvantages.

For forty years the control of the finances and the transportation facilities of Honduras are to be turned over to Mr. Morgan and his associates. Giving full credit to the high sense of honor and the public spirit of Mr. Morgan, what, during that long period of occupancy, is to become of the people of Honduras? What, in the natural course of events, will become of their vast and undeveloped resources? And the same questions may be asked as to the other Spanish American republics, with which similar arrangements are pending.

At the bar of international justice stands the brown peon of the South—for four centuries the victim of successive agents of the gospel of Get-Rich-Quick. Since 1820 the people of the United States have been largely responsible for his condition. Are we to answer his appeal by putting him and his fabulously rich country into the direct control and practical possession of the same great interests which now almost monopolize the natural resources and the transportation facilities of the United States? And if he rejects and fights against our efforts, are we to force him to become Morganized?

The concluding instalment of "**Dollar Diplomacy**" will appear in the January number.

The PICK-UP

by WELLS HASTINGS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

ALTHOUGH she would have been the last person in the world to believe it, Miss Jennie Blent was still pretty. The very distant relatives she had met at the funeral said so. This had been their exact and quite unconscious comment, and they used the qualifying adverb, not because she was old—she was only thirty-two, to be exact—but because she came from New England and was unmarried; because the census man wrote her spinster, and her townsfolk had already dropped into the habit of referring to her as an old maid. Nobody knows why a single lady of thirty-two is called an old maid in certain parts of the country, where her twin brother would be referred to as "that young feller." It is an interesting psychological problem, but entirely irrelevant. Miss Jennie had no young fellow to call brother, nor indeed any young fellow at all. Which fact, instinctively realized, filled with puzzlement and wonder a sunburned young giant who sat across the aisle.

He had got on at Helena, and rolled up to his seat carrying a stack of magazines and with a box of cigars under each arm. In his wake a staggering porter had borne a mammoth bag of sole-leather, the jaws of which were fringed with stray, pinched ends and tags of wearing apparel. For an hour he had fidgeted among the disordered heaps of his belongings. Then he had walked the length of the train and back, snatched up one of his boxes of Havanas, broken into it in the smoking-car, and smoked until his throat ached. Finally, in desperation, he had come back again to his seat, to brood moodily upon the days of travel and confinement before he reached Chicago.

He had looked about him drearily, in a half-hearted hope of finding some one of his own kind who might help him beguile the journey's rigors, when his eye fell for the first time on Miss Jennie—who was not his own kind at all. She was dressed in black serge, with a little white collar and little white cuffs, and she was finishing her two-thousandth yard of tatting. It was a moment she had looked forward to, only to find it in accomplishment less soul-satisfying than she had expected. It was even cold comfort to realize that all the tatting she had done would reach from her home in Bow Mills, New Hampshire, to the capital city of that state. She had grown up on cold facts and, in her heart of hearts, felt distinctly tired of them.

In the first ocular shock of discovery, he had leaped to the conclusion that she was a widow; but after another moment's consideration, he had decided with finality that she was not. Much of his life for the past five years had thrown him back upon his instincts, and though he had been too far away from society in general, and the society of women in particular, to recognize that her mourning held none of the close and personal quality of widowhood, it needed no glance at the pretty hands which held the tatting to tell him that Miss Jennie had never been married. To him her face itself proclaimed the fact clearly enough. Her firm but gently curved red lips silently whispered it to him. She had, he considered, an unkissed look. He flushed at the coarseness of his own mental phrasing; but, nevertheless, defiantly repeated it to himself with a certain unreasonable satisfaction.

A sudden, vivid memory of his childhood came back to him. He saw himself a long-legged, awkward boy, straddling a dusty beam above the haymow, continually shifting, that he might hold in the shaft of dancing, moted sunlight the book of fairy tales he was ashamed to read in any more public place. He glanced across the aisle again at Miss Jennie. Here at last was the Sleeping Princess in very life. He had often thought of the story on the lonely, starlit nights when he rode herd. But although, then, he had figured himself in a leading part, now his imagination went no farther than her identification. "She is a nice, pretty little thing," he told himself, sanely, "and she doesn't know a man from a Mexican."

He contemplated her speculatively for the better part of an hour. This, he found, must be done with caution; for early in the proceeding she had looked up, and, finding him staring, had been manifestly uncomfortable. At the end of the hour, he came to a decision. For her own good something should be added to her education. Besides, she was the only person of any possible interest in the train, and it wasn't in human nature to expect an active man to sit scrooged up all the way to Chicago. He took his feet down from the seat opposite, glancing up and down, around and about, as if in search of something.

"I might offer her a magazine," he thought; "she can't want to sew on that string forever. Still, maybe she would think that was fresh."

He passed his hand over his chin reflectively, then glanced at the hard palm with satisfaction. "The very thing!" he said, half aloud.

Miss Jennie looked up with a little, fluttered gasp, to find him standing awkwardly in the aisle beside her. He himself found it harder than he had expected; but he had made his determination, and, though he stammered until he longed for an opportunity to swear at himself, he stuck to it.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, formally, "but would you be kind enough to lend me a needle?"

Miss Jennie's pretty brows went up in a manner that smoothed away the fine, almost imperceptible line which an abandon of tatting and her New England spinsterhood were commencing to set between them.

"A needle?" she repeated, blankly, with much the same gentle surprise with which she would have said, "A derrick?" She felt herself blushing, and the irritation steadied her a little. She glanced at his coat—the buttons seemed to be all in their proper place. In spite of herself, she repeated the question.

Her embarrassment seemed contagious. At any rate, "Yes, ma'am, a needle," he said, and, finding himself at a loss for further words, stretched his big hand, palm up, in front of her.

It could not be said of Miss Jennie that she was unsympathetic. The appeal of pain was always certain of her attention. She uttered a little, pitying "Oh," and turned out her work-bag for him.

The long sliver had been in his hand for two or three days, and he had utterly forgotten about it; but now he took the largest needle he could find, and sat down shamelessly in the seat opposite her. This, however, was as far as his bravado went. Strangely enough, he could find no words. Miss Jennie contemplated him with furtive interest, as he bent his close-cropped head over his maladroit efforts. He was certainly very clumsy. She squirmed in vicarious agony at the undeft way in which he dug at the splinter. At last she could stand it no longer.

"Perhaps," she ventured, timidly—and she felt as if the whole car could hear her, and was turning interested eyes upon her—"perhaps I could—could help you."

"I believe you could, ma'am," he said. "You see, I have to use my left hand, and I am mighty afraid of breaking your needle."

He stretched the injured hand out to her, and she held it with a touch that she tried to make coldly and professionally impersonal. He felt it, however, far more than he had ever felt the splinter. If Miss Jennie had completed her ministrations with a table-knife, he would not have minded.

As it was, she made a long job of it, in spite of a certain natural dexterity, for her hand trembled in spite of her, and she had never imagined human cuticle capable of such stubborn resistance.

"There," she said at last, "it is out, but I am afraid I have hurt you dreadfully."

"Hurt me!" he laughed. "Why, you didn't touch me any harder than a butterfly. I'm sure I'm much obliged to you."

Then silence fell between them. Miss Jennie put away her needle and rearranged all her work-bag. Was the man going to sit there forever? Evidently he was, for after a while he coughed politely and observed:

"Snowy, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Miss Jennie, and took up her tatting with determination.

He threw one leg across the other, and then uncrossed them with an apology. "I suppose," he said, desperately, "that you have a good deal of snow in New England."

She evidently had to make some answer. "Yes," she said, "a great deal, in winter," and could have bitten her tongue at the inanity.

"That's when we have it," he observed, with courteous solemnity.

With a flash of anger, Miss Jennie raised her eyes to his face, but there she read no guile.

"We sometimes have drifts as much as twenty feet deep," he ventured politely.

Local pride was part of Miss Jennie's creed. "I have known deeper drifts than that in New Hampshire," she said.

"Ah, then you *are* from New England," he laughed, in such a boyish triumph that Miss Jennie, completely disarmed, forgave him.

They slipped, then, into a discussion of the relative merits of the East and the West, of the little wonders of New Hampshire and the towering miracles of Montana; until, quite insensibly, as people will, they came to their own little personal affairs, the tiny, really absorbing things of life. She even told him that this was the first time she had been outside her Eastern boundaries; and of the distant Oregon relatives and the death of the unknown uncle, whose last illness had drawn her on her ocean-to-ocean trip. She omitted only to tell him of the legacy, for Miss Jennie's fine code decreed it indelicate to talk of money.

She went to bed that night with her head in a whirl, her imagination breathless with the heroic, uncouth marvels she had heard. "Really, ma'am," she remembered he had said, "you should have stopped off for a little look at Montana. It would have been a pleasure for a young lady whose father used to keep five cows, to see a matter of ten thousand of them all grazing together." She felt, as she went to sleep, that she had seen the greater marvel, the man himself. Still, she wished she had stopped off for a look at Montana. That new ranch of his would certainly have been an interesting sight. Her precise and orderly judgment found him rough, and by the standards of her exact education he was somewhat careless. But if he was barbaric, she was fain to admit that he was splendidly so, and, with all his roughness, incongruously gentle. She had imagined a cowboy long-fringed as to head and trousers, a drunken, huge-spurred fellow who, with simultaneous revolvers, shot cigars out of Eastern gentlemen's mouths or the solid earth from beneath their feet. She had found him a boyish giant, with queer, unexpected ambitions and a generously large business grasp. Her dreams that night were of vistas of pasturage, a tight little log camp in the foot-hills, and the rolling eyes and tossing horns of innumerable steers.

She woke next morning to find the train at a standstill. Her raised curtain revealed to her dimly a high palisade of snow, barely distinguishable through the hurrying veil of the storm. All the world seemed dimly illuminated with a strange and foreign light, an eery, cold, and unfamiliar luminosity that brooded over the train like a shadow of violet, as if the universe had been sunk in some infinite lake. Sudden gusts of wind blew whirls of fine, sifting drift against her window, where they whispered with brittle crispness. It frightened her as she hurried with her dressing.

She found the aisle still gas-lit and the rancher disgustedly thumbing a magazine. But he smiled as he tossed it aside at her shy nod of good morning.

"Well," he laughed, "just *like* Dakota, isn't it? They always manage to keep you here on some pretext or other. I've always suspected their census man had some hand in stalling the trains."

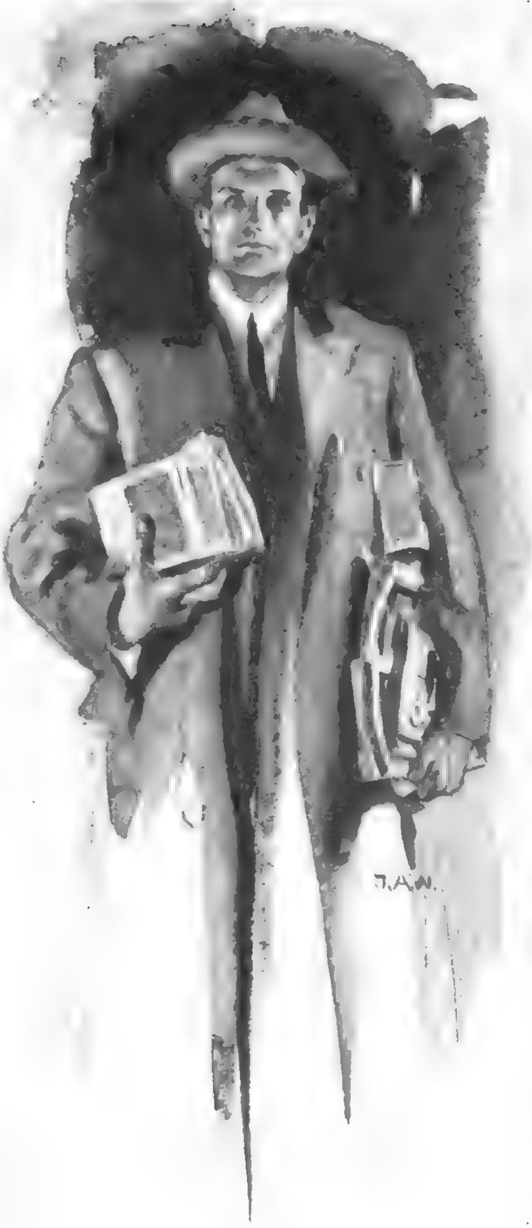
"Are we stalled?" she asked, with a little hesitation on the unfamiliar word.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "snowed in. Don't you worry; they'll have us dug out in an hour or so. They're trying to pretend that this is a blizzard."

"Where are we?" she asked.

"About ten miles east of Medora," he replied. "There is a cut here and the snow has drifted into it."

He made the thing seem commonplace somehow, a casual mischance, to be viewed almost as a lark. She realized this the more after he left her. With several other men he bundled himself up and went forward to give what assistance was possible to the train crew. He left her tucked up in his ulster, for the car was growing cold; and he had transferred his pile of magazines to her section.



HE HAD GOT ON AT HELENA, CARRYING A STACK OF MAGAZINES AND A BOX OF CIGARS UNDER EACH ARM.

For a while she amused herself by looking at the pictures; this morning her tatting did not appeal to her. At first she found the pictures interesting. The magazines which she had occasionally seen were sober ones, illustrated with a grave dignity—when they were illustrated at all. This pile of his was a new and amazing miscellany. She lingered guiltily over full-page portraits of ladies who seemed to be of the theatrical profession, glowing, full-pulsed creatures, even in monotone. Their bare shoulders often shocked her; but there was something in their expressions, an alert and vivid comprehension, a keen and merry courageousness, that stirred deep in her a certain envious wistfulness, a shamefaced, half-admitted revolt and discontent. When she laid them aside, she realized how lonely she was.

There were two other women and an old clergyman there, but she drew no comfort from their presence. In spite of the howl of the wind outside, the silence and the strange light cloaked her like a pall. At home she had been proud of her reputation for "handiness," efficiency. Here, she was helpless, almost afraid. She shivered under the big ulster. Once she found herself stroking its roughness for the rasping comfort of the thing, and was as overwhelmed in embarrassment as if some one had made the discovery. She drew her hand away and folded it in the other, beneath it; after some moments, she brought it defiantly forth again and ran her fingers with speculative deliberation over the rough warp. She felt it unmaidenly, but she did not care. And at last, when he burst open the door and came down the aisle, stamping the snow from his feet, she practised her first deception—she pretended she was asleep.

He had started to speak; but, seeing her eyes closed, had checked himself abruptly. She could feel the crisp cold that radiated from him, a lively, bracing cold, with a sense of warmth behind it, not at all the deathly thing that had brooded in the car.

"Poor little thing!" she heard him mutter, or thought she did.

"Poor little thing, indeed!" Her dark eyes opened, suddenly and wide, and she sat up very straight. "Are we going to go on pretty soon?" she asked.

"No," he said, "I'm afraid that we're not. The conductor and two or three of the others have gone back to telegraph for the snow-plows; but we're snug enough here. You're not cold, are you?"

"No," said Miss Jennie. Nevertheless, she shivered a little.

He pulled down the upper berth above him, straddling the seats to do so, and dragged out an armful of blankets, wrapping her up and tucked her in as if she were a baby.

"Heater's broken down," he explained, briefly. "Stick your feet out and I'll wrap up your legs."

Miss Jennie obeyed, although, in her part of the country, legs, for some unexplained reason, were rarely mentioned.

"There," he said, "that's better. Now we can wait in peace for the snow-plows. A cup of hot coffee wouldn't be so bad, would it?"

She thought it annoyed her that he looked at her so anxiously. Then, quite consciously, and as if it were an active adventure, she gave herself up to the feeling of being petted. One of the actresses, she remembered, had been swathed in sables—although what that had to do with it she did not try to fathom. She smiled to herself at his efforts to entertain her. He had already told her his name—Bradley Carter—"Brad" Carter. It had seemed to her at once distinguished and comfortable. Now in his efforts he was driven back, as most men are in times of such extremity, to talking about himself. He had a naive and wholesome manner of confidence that she liked, a view of himself and of life in general that was at once serious and humorous. His ambition, she found—an ambition for which he had planned through all his years of ranching—was to see Paris. He could not explain it, except to say vaguely that he expected Paris to be "different." But she thought she knew the feeling, and sympathized with it. Paris, of course, was the modern Babylon, a gay and dissolute place where people danced in the streets; but it had a saving educational quality, which had always redeemed it for her. In a panic she found herself wondering what it would be like to dance in the street. The thought struck her dumb, in a pleasant and guilty horror.

The door opened to admit the half-frozen conductor. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in the pompous official way common to conductors, "we have telegraphed for the snow-plows and they should be here before evening. In the meantime"— and he unbent somewhat— "there is a farmhouse about a mile from here. If any of you should care to go there, I think you will find it warmer."

The passengers shivered and looked hopelessly out of the windows. The men who had been working with the crew evidently felt themselves too tired for any further venturing.

"Well," said Carter, "what do you think about it?"

In her turn Miss Jennie glanced out of the window. "It's a dreadful storm," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "and it's getting dreadfully cold in here. What do you say to trying it?"

As he was already unwrapping the blankets, Miss Jennie felt that the decision had been made for her. She was tired of making decisions, anyhow.

"That coat won't do," said Carter, feeling the thin stuff of her traveling cloak between appraising finger and thumb. He picked up his ulster and threw it tentatively about her shoulders. Miss Jennie almost bent with its weight, and its skirts spread out ridiculously on the floor about her.

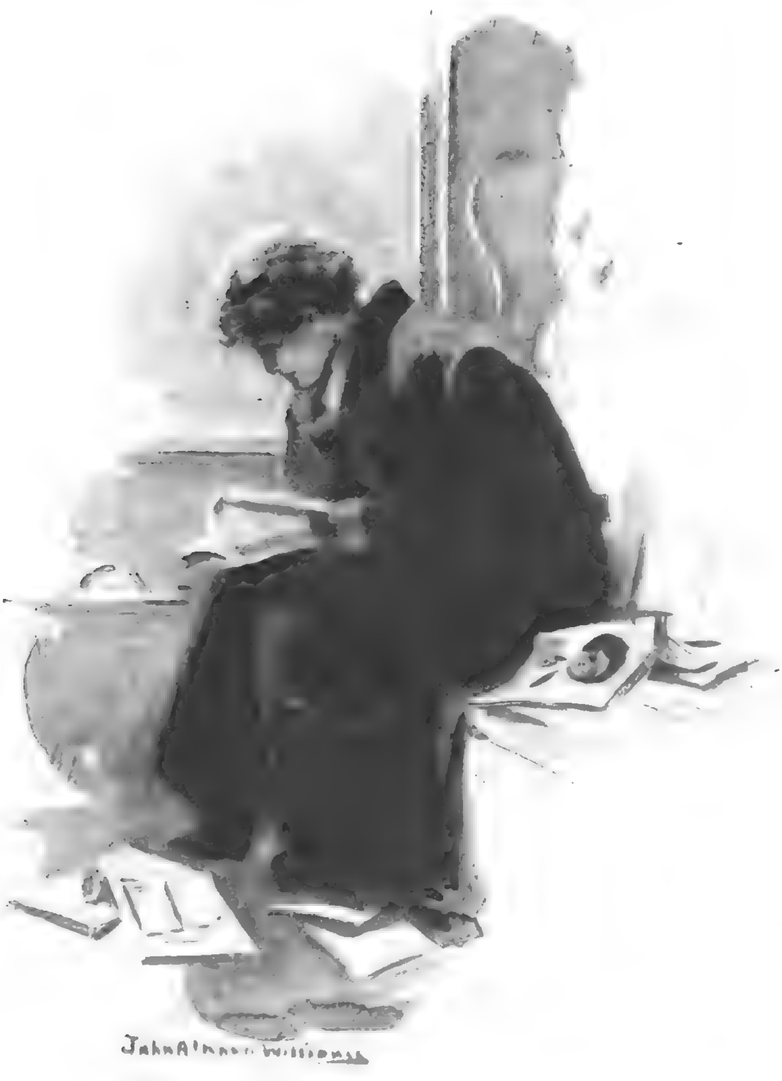
The rancher laughed. "It makes you look like a tiger-lily upside down," he said. "I'll tell you what. You wear this." And he began stripping off his short, leather-lined pea-jacket.

"But you?" protested Miss Jennie.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said. "I'll wear the ulster."

He found for her in his bag a fur cap with ear-tabs, and pulled it down over her black hair, latching the strap under her chin. A puff of icy wind met them at the door, wrapping her skirts in tangling fashion about her. She reached out a sleeve-lost hand to steady herself. He hesitated a moment, then—"I guess I'll have to carry you till we get up the bank," he said, and without more ado swung her up into his arms and floundered down into the waist-high drift before them. It was hard going, even for him, but at last they reached the

SHE HELD THE INJURED HAND WITH A TOUCH THAT SHE TRIED TO MAKE COLDLY AND PROFESSIONALLY IMPERSONAL.



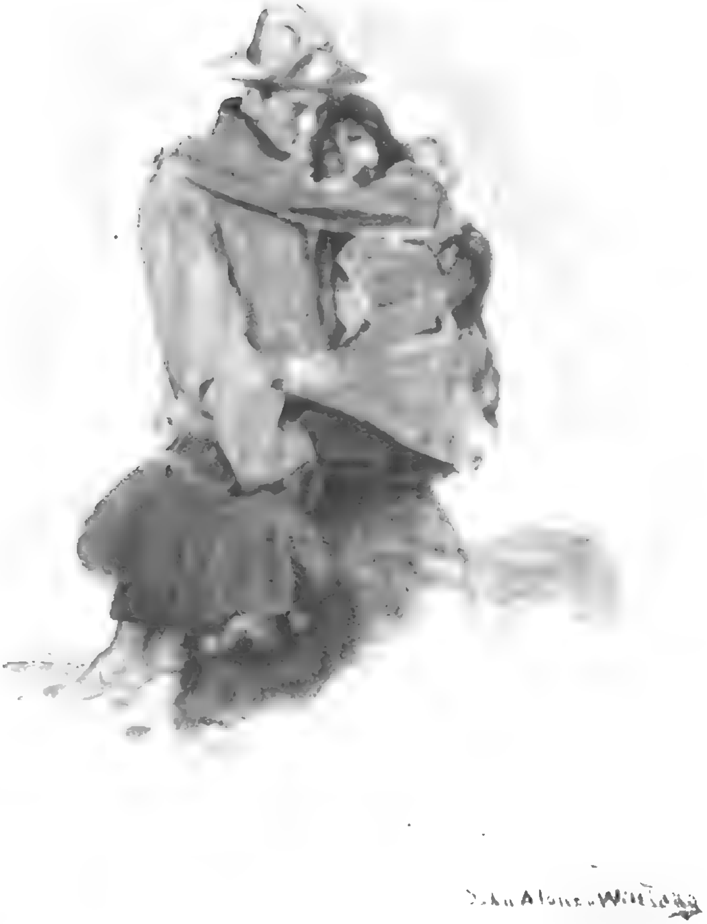
SHE LINGERED GUILTILY OVER FULL-PAGE PORTRAITS OF LADIES WHO SEEMED TO BE OF THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.

top, and Miss Jennie breathlessly protested that he should carry her no farther.

"All right," he said, "we'll try it for a while, anyhow. I'll go ahead and be snow-plow, and you can pick up your skirts and come along."

He started ahead, making a path for her through the snow, and Miss Jennie, after two or three unsuccessful attempts to make headway against the wind and the snow, followed his advice, and, gathering her skirts knee-high, came twinkling fearfully after him. They floundered in and out of drifts, up and down gentle, snow-buried undulations, and in spite of the cold, Miss Jennie, swaddled in the leather-lined jacket, began to glow warmly. Once in a while one of them would stumble and fall; and once, when she had completely disappeared in an unusually large drift, and he had hauled her out by the shoulders, and dusted off the dry snow, and set her on her feet, she found herself laughing aloud at his anxiety, until he laughed with her.

It was as if they were alone in a world of their own—a great, beautiful, soft, white world, fresh and pure and virginal and difficult, like the world at the beginning; a horizon-bounded plain stretched for their human struggle, a merry place of toil without code or convention. The crisp air rang with their laughter. He shouted with mirth like a schoolboy, and Miss Jennie laughed with him, a tinkling silver peal of happiness. They trotted across the wind-swept places and labored heroically in the depths, he with a strength which seemed to Miss Jennie colossal and heroic; and she with a new-found vigor and vitality, which kept up with her quickened heart-beats as



"WILL YOU MARRY ME?" HE WHISPERED. "DON'T YOU AND I NEED EACH OTHER?"

she filled her lungs with the snow-pure air and her whole being with the heady, intoxicating joy of life. The last half of a mile of going was the hardest. The sun had come out and was sparkling about them in a blinding glory, and they could see the farmhouse on the crest of a hill before them, the thin smoke blowing and whirling from its twin chimneys, and wafting toward them, until it almost seemed as if they could catch a whiff of the hearty food and comfort awaiting them. But the snow had grown so deep that Miss Jennie by herself could go no farther.

"I am afraid," she faltered, "that—" and paused with her frost-pink cheeks still redder.

"—that I'll have to carry you?" the rancher supplied, smiling provokingly down at her from his great height.

Miss Jennie dropped her eyes "—that you will have to help me a little," she amended for her own satisfaction.

Again she felt his arms about her. The exertion had been unusual, and now she was conscious that she was tired.

"It will be a little easier," he said, gently, when he had floundered a while in silence, "if you hold on to me."

She had been silly, and she knew it—hanging, a dead weight, in his arms, when he most needed all his strength. She meekly put one arm about his neck.

"That's better," he said, shifting her a little higher. With a laugh he bent his head to the wind and plowed forward again. He seemed utterly absorbed in his labor. She was being carried like a child, one arm about her back and shoulders, the other beneath her knees; and, like a weary child, she held her head no longer stiffly away from him, but with a little sigh let it fall upon his shoulder. She felt drowsy with the cold and exertion, happily lapped in a comfort but dimly comprehended. Her eyes must have closed, for at the uproarious barking of a dog she opened them, to see the farmhouse only a few rods away. She struggled a little to be put down, but he said "No," and she relaxed again. They were, she knew, coming back into the world of people, and she wished rebelliously that it were not so. She had been thrown by chance into a different world—a gladsome place of life, foreign to her training, but recognized instinctively as right, and, since she must lose it, poignantly dear.

"Now," he said, "I am going to put you down."

But he made no move to do so. Instead, she found his brown face bending over her and his honest eyes looking into her own.

"Look at here," he said roughly; "what is the use of it, what is the use of it all?"

Miss Jennie knew well enough what he meant, and her heart leaped with the surprise and gladness of it; but, like other women in the world, she made her protest.

"I thought you were going to put me down," she said.

"Do you want to be put down?" he asked.

"Yes," said Miss Jennie stoutly. She thought she read pain in the honest blue eyes, and in spite of herself closed her own before them.

He laughed tenderly above her, and she felt his great body vibrate and thrill with his laughter until she herself tingled helplessly to her finger-tips. Now she knew she must make her struggle. She felt the warmth of his breath upon her face.

"Miss Jennie," he whispered, "will you marry me?" Then, quite simply: "Don't you and I need each other?"

Miss Jennie raised frightened eyes to his. "Marry you?" she whispered. "Why, I've only known you——"

"That has nothing whatever to do with it," he said, and deliberately bent his head and kissed her.

The dog was barking furiously, and they heard the rattle of a door-chain. He put her down and steadied her as she leaned dizzily against him.

"We'll drop off the train at Medora," he said. "You are coming with me, aren't you, dear?"

"Yes," said Miss Jennie, "yes, yes." She glanced up at him, smiling at him. "Yes," she said, "for always. And—and I will dance in the streets of Paris with you if you like."

MY COUSIN AV THE CITY

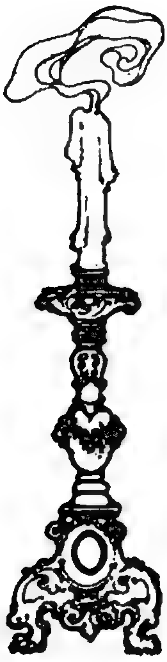
BY ARTHUR STRINGER

HE'S a corsair, that cousin av mine,
Wid a cab for a sloop in the town;
Wid a crack av the whip and a shmile av the lip
He thrundles the gurls up and down!

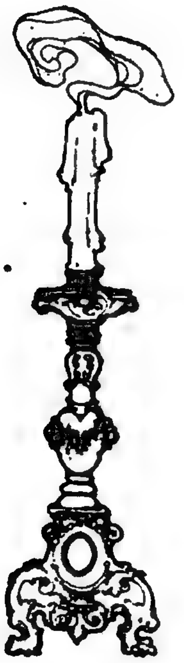
'Tis the aisiest kind av a toime,
To go cruisin' the streets in a lark;
From his perch in the air, faith, to pick up a fare
And be whiskin' thim off to the Park!

He's a pirate who thravels to rob,
A dacoit to the end av the day;
And the lads and the gurls that he gathers and whirls
To the Inns av the Glimmerin' Way!

But if wanst I was drivin' that cab,
Och, I'd fill the ould tub on the trot
Wid those butterfly faces and ribbons and laces,
And go drivin' away wid the lot!



The LIGHT in the LANTERN



BY ETHEL STEFANA STEVENS

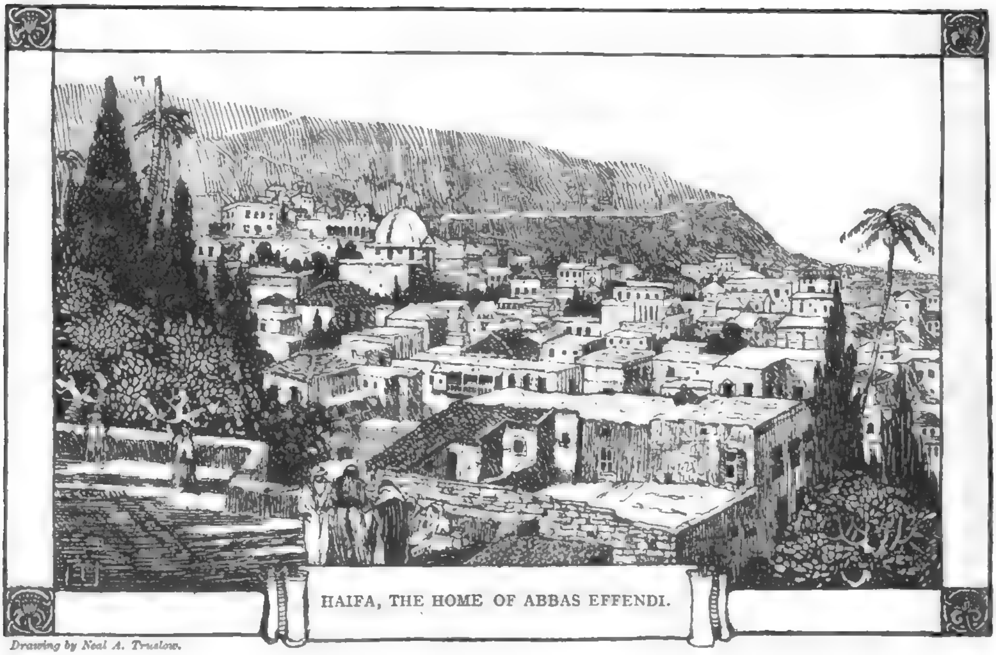
Editor's Note:—For seventy years a religion without church, priest, creed, or fixed form of worship has been spreading through the Orient, claiming converts and martyrs by thousands. Love and Unity are its sole principles; and on this broad program believers in various faiths can unite. This movement, called Bahaism, has also extended to Europe, Great Britain, Hawaii, and the United States. In this country the Bahais number thousands, with large assemblies in Boston, New York, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Oakland, Seattle, and Kenosha, Wisconsin. The Mashrak-el-Askar (literally, the Dawning Place of Mention), a great temple where all races and creeds may worship, is about to be built in Chicago. Miss Stevens's thrilling story of Bahaism in its years of persecution, and her sympathetic interpretation of the movement, gather an additional interest from the fact that the Bahai leader, Abd-ul-Baha Abbas, is now making a visit to the Western world. Her acquaintance with Abd-ul-Baha in his Oriental home makes her story authoritative—a first-hand, intimate study.

A YOUTH, green-turbaned and white-robed, knelt in the sun-baked execution place of Tabriz. Ringed about him stood the silent onlookers, row on row of sullen, swarthy faces under high caps of astrakhan. The executioner, baring his hairy arms, swung up his simitar for the blow. A groan ran through the ring of spectators, and the headsman momentarily faltered; then, like an arrow of light, his sword-blade whistled down. But it needed not the startled gasp of the onlookers to show him that it was the victim's turban, and not his head, which rolled in Tabriz square. Recovering his poise, said the youth in purest Persian:

"*Happy he whom Love's intoxication*
So hath overcome that scarce he knows
Whether at the foot of the Beloved
It be head or turban which he throws."

Again the simitar swung upward, again it poised and turned and flashed, but this time the brightness of its steel was quenched in scarlet. One more recruit had gone on to join the martyr army of a religion for which, in the past seventy years, more than twenty thousand zealots have sacrificed their lives.

Its founder was a Persian youth of noble birth, who, in his native market-place of Shiraz, announced that he was The Bab, or Gate of Knowledge, whose coming Mohammed had foretold in that passage of the Koran which reads: "I am the City of Knowledge and Ali is its Gate." It was a healthy enough doctrine which this young dreamer preached, for he proclaimed the advent of a purer religion than the degraded Mohammedanism that his people knew; he pleaded for a worthier conception of private religion and public duty; like a trumpet-call rang out his summons to throw off



HAIFA, THE HOME OF ABBAS EFFENDI.

Drawing by Neal A. Truslow.

the priestly yoke. But always he spoke of one to come after him, to whom the divine truth should be confided in a fuller degree; one who would be a lantern to illumine not only the Persian nation, but the world.

That the preaching of such a doctrine promptly aroused the bitter hostility of the orthodox *mollahs* goes without saying, and attacks that had begun in jeering cynicism ended in fanatical persecution. But though his priestly enemies, with the whole weight of the state religion behind them, readily obtained an order from the government confining The Bab to his house and forbidding him to teach, doors and shutters could not restrict the new faith, which gained converts by leaps and bounds, among them a woman—a remarkable circumstance in the East—known as "Consolation of the Eyes" because of her surpassing loveliness.

When Nasr-ed-Din ascended the peacock throne, tolerance for the Babis, as the members of the new faith were called, grew still fainter. The Bab was seized, and after two years of chains, darkness, and torture, according to the pleasant Eastern custom, he was shot in the market-place of Tabriz.

Comes on the stage, then, Baha Ullah, who, while in exile with the Babis in Bagdad, announced that he was the Knowledge of which The Bab had been but the Gate. Undiscouraged by their prophet's tragic end, the Babis' acceptance of the new leader was prompt and joyous, the converts being known thenceforth as Bahais or "Followers of Baha." Under the leadership of Baha, the new religion spread among the credulous and fanatic Persians like fire in the autumn forest. Its startling increase in power so alarmed the government that when one member of the sect attempted to assassinate the Shah, there was an outburst of fanatical ferocity, whooped on by *mollahs* and officials, in which hundreds of Bahais, among them the beautiful "Consolation of the Eyes," were sent to join the goodly fellowship of martyrs by the various ghastly routes known to Eastern executioners.

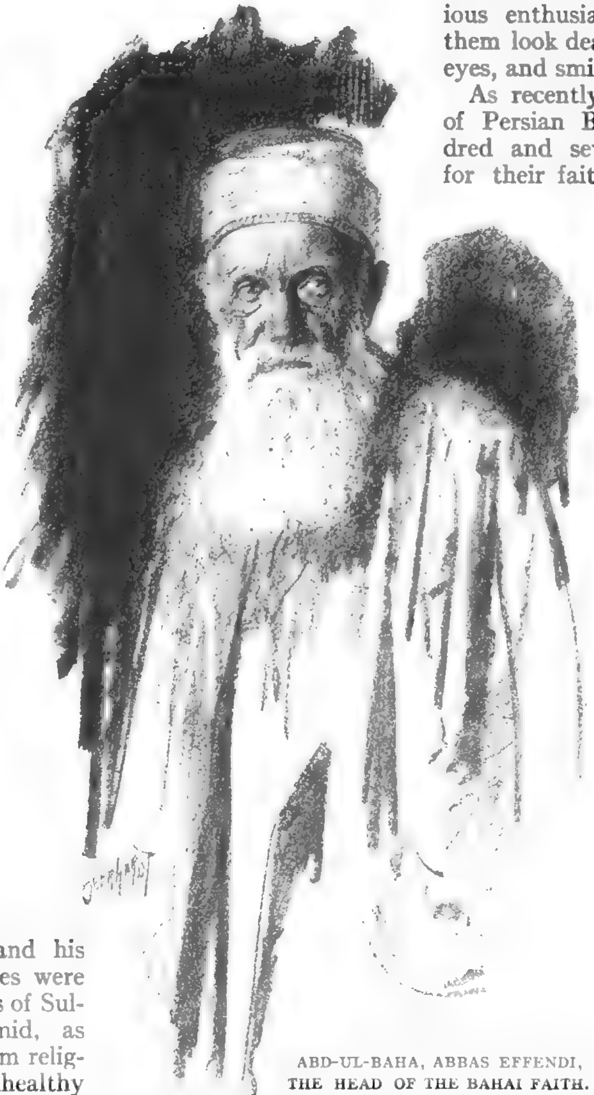
Thenceforward the Bahais were driven from pillar to post, being deported in turn from Bagdad to Constantinople, Adrianople, and finally to Acre, a fever-stricken penal colony on the Syrian littoral, where they were imprisoned for more than two-score years, and where Baha Ullah died and is buried. Here, too, Abd-ul-Baha, his eldest son, and the recognized head of the religion throughout the world, was trained to become the head of the movement.

This Abd-ul-Baha, or Abbas Effendi, as he is more generally known, is truly a remarkable man. That he is the greatest power for good among the two hundred millions of the Moslem world, there can be but little doubt. The success of his proselytism among people whose orthodox Mohammedanism is bred in the bone has been absolutely astounding. Already he has converted to his creed a third of the Persian nation, and in Asia, Europe, America, all the world around those who revere him as the True Light are numbered by the tens of thousands.

But it has been no gentle path his feet have trod. For forty years, he and his handful of disciples were confined, by orders of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, as head of the Moslem religion, within the unhealthy confines of the convict-colony at Acre, tantalized always by the sight of Haifa's cool white houses and the green slopes of Car-mel across the bay. Every indignity that his Turkish jailers could devise was heaped upon him, but still from every quarter of the Oriental and Occidental worlds the eager pilgrims came.

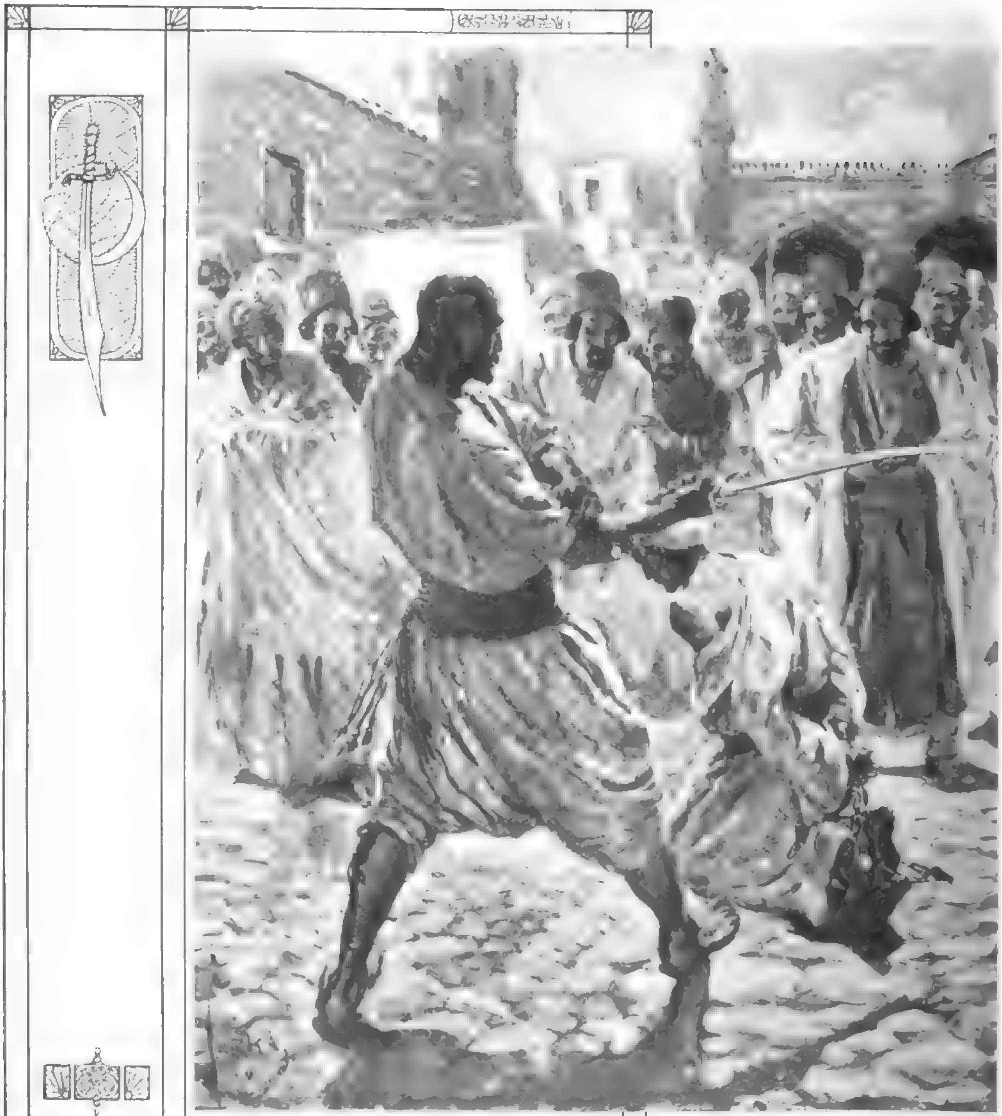
Some went back to sow on cultivated and receptive ground the seed which he had given them; while others, like the disciples of Galilee, went back to torture and to death. As the smoker of hashish becomes oblivious to pain, so do the followers of Baha become intoxicated with a religious enthusiasm which makes them look death squarely in the eyes, and smilingly.

As recently as 1901, a band of Persian Bahais, one hundred and seventy in all, died for their faith in the execution place of Yezd. One of them, a boy of fourteen, had been arrested with his father upon their return from a pilgrimage to Acre. Even the Persian officials were softened by the extreme youth and beauty of the lad. "You are too young to die," said they, "and we will pardon you. Merely as a matter of form, curse the name of Baha and you shall be set free." But the boy refused point-blank, saying that he much preferred his faith to his life. (Does not the scene, with the calm, childish face so bravely confronting those lean and thin-lipped *mollahs*, recall that other picture, in Rouen, five hundred years ago, when another child serenely faced her priestly persecutors and likewise refused to make a recantation?) So they signaled to the executioner, who cut the lad's throat, according to the Persian custom, before the eyes of his father.



ABD-UL-BAHA, ABBAS EFFENDI, THE HEAD OF THE BAHAI FAITH.

Drawing by William Oberhardt from a photograph. Copyright by the Pictorial News Co.

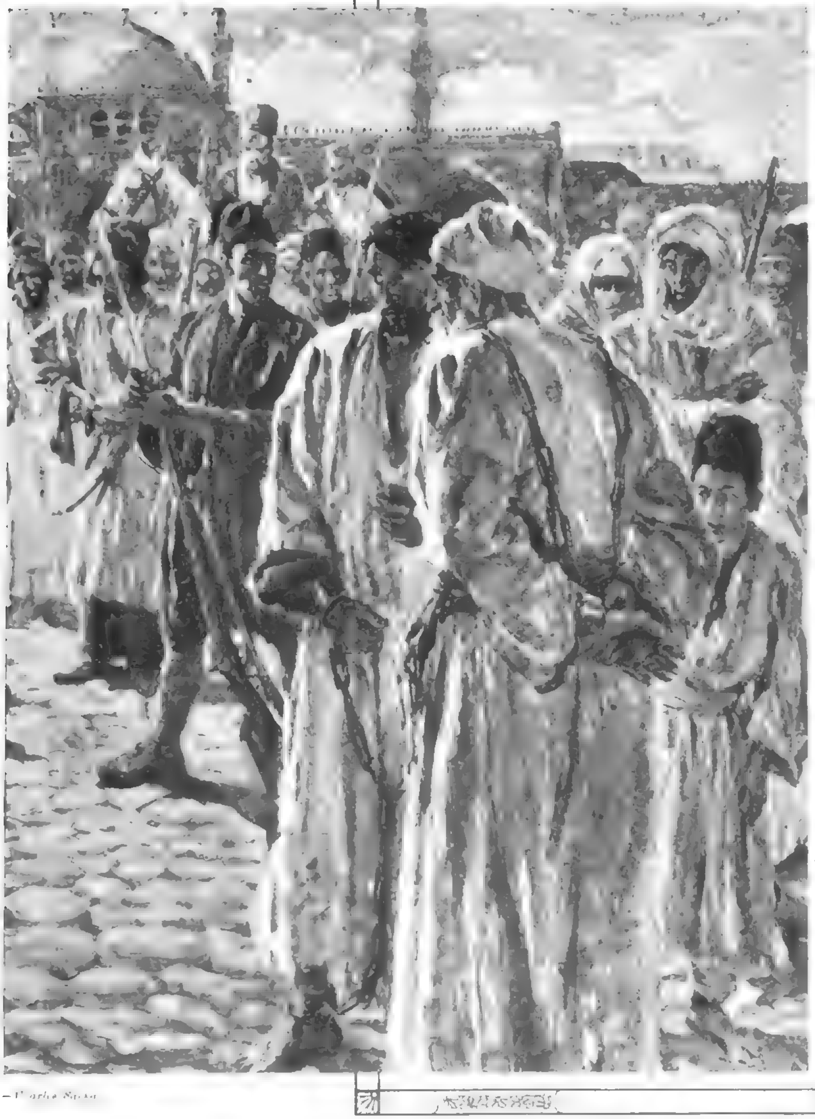


Drawing by—

THERE WAS AN OUTBURST OF FANATICAL FEROCITY, WHOOPED ON BY MOLLAHS AND—

But in 1908 the body of the cruel Muzaffer-ed-Din, who had succeeded Nasr-ed-Din as Shah, was borne by caravan across eight hundred miles of scorching desert, and laid beside his fathers in the great mosque at Kerbela the Holy; and, under the Russian protection which ensued, the persecutions of the Bahais ceased. A few months later, that other evil old man, whom some called the Sick and others the Damned, was deposed from his unstable throne and imprisoned in a Salonikan villa. With the fall of Abd-ul-Hamid and the proclaiming of the Turkish constitution, Abbas Effendi and his disciples, with thousands of other political prisoners, were set free and, crossing the bay of Acre, took up their residence on the cool slopes of that sacred mountain toward which they had gazed so yearningly and so long.

Almost any afternoon you can see him for yourself if you will stroll in the streets



—Charles Sarka

—OFFICIALS, IN WHICH HUNDREDS OF BAHAIS WERE SENT TO JOIN THE FELLOWSHIP OF MARTYRS.

of Haifa, that half-Syrian, half-Teutonic village, where ragged Turkish roustabouts load cargo from a pier which was built for the German emperor to land on, and where the shriek of the Mecca mail train echoes over the very slopes where once the Saviour trod. This servant of Baha is a man with shrewd, kindly, courteous eyes that seem to look into you instead of at you, but that instinctively make you like them and all that goes with them. A keen, sun-tanned, friendly face framed as in silver by his long, white hair and beard; an expression that is alert, intelligent, and serene; a walk that is dignified without being conscious; a carriage that is peculiarly commanding. In him you see an Old Testament patriarch personified. Always he wears the snowy turban, the robe of plain white linen, and the gray wool overgarment peculiar to all Persians of high standing, while behind him, at the distance prescribed by respect, walks a group of his disciples with folded hands.

Regard him well, my friends, for in him you behold one of the most significant figures in the religious world to-day; one who is perhaps doing more for the uplifting of the Oriental than any other force; one who has actually suffered for his faith; one whom nearly two millions of people hold in greatest reverence as the Light in the Lantern, the Knowledge within the Gate.

Come with me now to the Master's home in Haifa, that you may hear from his own lips the simple tenets of the Baha faith. We shall have scant trouble in finding it, for every dragoman, cab-driver, and street urchin in the town will vociferously urge his services as guide to the residence of the Persian Prophet, as Abbas Effendi is locally called. The hour when the sun sinks behind the Samarian hills is his time for receiving visitors; and, however long and tiring his day's work has been, he never refuses to admit and talk with those who have any just claim upon his time, though no Bahai would presume to visit Haifa without first obtaining his permission.

His white-walled, red-roofed, rose-smothered house, different in no respect from the dwellings of the Saviour's day, is as simple within as without, for he lives, though wholly without affectation, in the utmost plainness. Leaving our shoes without the door, after the Oriental fashion, we enter a reception room, spacious, airy, and spotless, its woodwork and undecorated walls painted white, and the low divans that encircle it covered in unpretentious linen. It is a room with many windows, and jars of blushing roses stand on every table, for, as a result of his long imprisonment, perhaps, Abbas Effendi requires a wealth of light and flowers.

Just at sunset, the pilgrims and disciples enter with bent heads and folded hands and seat themselves silently about the room. For each man as he enters, Abbas Effendi has a kindly greeting, a tactful remark, a personal inquiry, or sometimes a humorous sally, which brings a flittering smile to the grave faces—for with these pilgrims this is a solemn and impressive moment. Most of them have suffered for their faith, and many of them have traveled far for this meeting with the Master.

This lean-faced convert at our right is a Fire-Worshipper from the shores of the Caspian; beyond him, he of the yellow skin and silken coat is a Sart from Samarkand; over there is a hungry-looking Parsee from the Punjab, and, in the corner, a keen-faced Japanese. And for each of them the Baha has ready sympathy and sound, comprehensible advice. And therein lies his power. He possesses to a positively miraculous degree the faculty of interesting himself in every human soul that asks his spiritual or material aid, and it is this very power which has made him so passionately beloved by his disciples. But above all, he possesses that subtler quality of spirituality which is felt rather than understood by those with whom he comes in contact. Gentle, genial, and courteous always, he receives, instructs, advises, and assists with unfailing tact and understanding the cosmopolitan stream of pilgrims which flows so steadily and so increasingly toward this little Syrian coast town.

The charities of Abbas are bounded by no horizon of race or creed. The thirty-odd Persian families who followed Baha Ullah into exile have more than once had his son to thank for the clothes they wore and for their daily bread. "Not a year passes," a Roman Catholic remarked not long ago, "that Abbas Effendi does not help our work among the poor, and"—she paused, for his charities are never open—"if I were only permitted to tell you of the secret good that he has done!" Question them, and the *imams* of the Haifa mosques and the pastor of the German Lutheran Church, the foreign consular agents and the resident manager of the Hedjaz Railway, will tell you the same.

If you go to Damascus and walk in that street which is called Straight, you may perchance have dealings with a certain Persian youth, who, if he learns that your face is set for Haifa, will salaam profoundly and beg that you convey his respectful greetings and a letter to the Master. On that spring day in 1909 when the bloody wave of Kurdish fanaticism broke over Adana, leaving forty thousand corpses in its wake, he saw his shop pillaged and burned down, and his family butchered, and he himself was left for dead under a heap of slain. It was Abbas Effendi, hearing of his sad case, who sent him monetary help, started him in business afresh, and wrote him kindly letters that gave him courage to face life again. Abd-ul-Baha takes a personal interest in every one of the Persians in Haifa, helping to educate them when they are unable to afford education for themselves, settling their quarrels, deciding their differences, and advising them in their material as well as their spiritual wants.

Religion aside, is it any wonder that a man with such sympathy for humanity has gained the blind faith and devotion of his people?

The Effendi himself, as I have said, lives in the utmost simplicity. His own bedroom is almost Spartan in its plainness. A bowl of soup and a dish of rice usually compose his heartiest meal, which is invariably concluded by the ceremonial washing of face and hands in water poured over them by a servant, according to the Eastern fashion. In deference to Turkish prejudice, his wife and three daughters still shroud themselves, when out-of-doors, in the black *feridjeh*, or hooded mantle, which covers them completely, the veil or *tcharchaff* falling like a curtain before their faces. Though his only son lies buried in the little white-walled cemetery outside of Acre, Abbas Effendi has never taken a second wife, as Persian custom would permit, for he holds that one marriage only, during life, is the highest conception of matrimony.

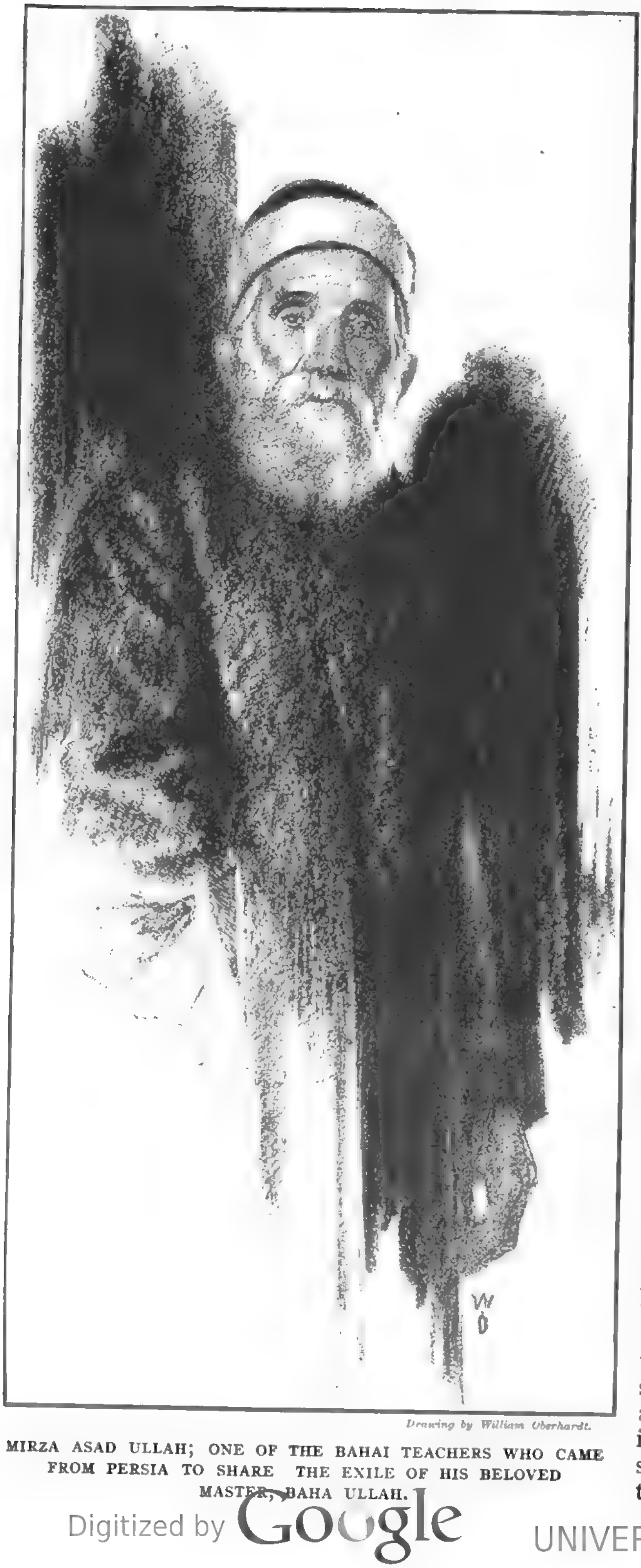
The lives of his womenfolk are not idle, for from early morning till late evening their services are required for the entertainment of many, and ofttimes distinguished, guests; as interpreters, should foreigners be among the visitors, for they are all accomplished linguists; and for the superintendence of a very busy and irregular household. Oriental hospitality is a duty, but when the visitors are as numerous and frequent as they are at Abbas Effendi's house, it becomes a duty not without its burdens.

"We never know how many people to prepare for when ordering a meal," the daughters will tell you smilingly, "and we have to be ready for any emergency. Sometimes, when a number of pilgrims arrive, we have as many as twenty unexpected guests at our evening meal."

"Love One Another" might well be the watchword of the Baha faith. Love, Abbas Effendi will tell you, is the beginning and end of all. With love triumphant, all disputes, racial or religious, political or personal, will disappear like darkness before the dawn. God has revealed His light many times in order to illumine for mankind the path which leads to the gateway of the true religion. Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Moses, Christ, Mohammed, Baha Ullah, were all gateways to a common garden of Love; all lanterns in which the Light of Truth was placed. *A humanity bound together by sympathy and unselfishness; a world in which there is neither intolerance nor war; a universal religion with but two essentials: love for man and love for God; a universal language and a universal educational system—such, in a nutshell, is the Baha creed.*

It is on the road to a practical realization of such an ideal that Abbas Effendi is setting the feet of his people. That his theories have worked out among those who follow him is evidenced by the dozen nationalities which often sit down at his table in utmost harmony; and this, remember, in a land where religion and fanaticism are all but synonymous; where a true believer will rarely consent to use the dishes that an infidel has handled, much less consent to eat beside him. The Effendi is a keen and clever controversialist; his verbal parries and thrusts are quick as rapier-strokes, as has been learned to their discomfiture by theologians of all creeds who have visited Haifa for the sole purpose of confuting him with their arguments. So highly is he respected, even among the most bigoted followers of Islam, that many Moslem ecclesiastics of note have stopped at Haifa to pay him a visit of ceremony on their way to the Holy Cities.

Nor does he confine himself to things spiritual and theoretical. He takes a lively interest in those political, social, and educational movements of the Western world which he holds to be the beginning of the fulfilment of the prophecies of Baha Ullah. With equal facility he discusses Esperanto, which may be destined, he says, to become the universal language predicted by his predecessors; the efforts of the peace conferences toward the abolition of war; and the great philanthropies of Europe and the United States. He speaks confidently of the day when chauvinism, that attempt to further the interests of one nation at the expense of another, which so often passes for legitimate patriotism, will be replaced by a wish to further the interests of humanity at large; of a time when a universal language will be taught in schools founded on an international educational system which shall have no religious bias, no racial bias,



Drawing by William Oberhardt.

MIRZA ASAD ULLAH; ONE OF THE BAHAI TEACHERS WHO CAME FROM PERSIA TO SHARE THE EXILE OF HIS BELOVED MASTER, BAHA ULLAH.

no political bias; of an era in the not far-distant future when the genius of inventors, instead of being directed toward the construction of engines of war and methods of destruction, will be exclusively devoted to the alleviation of mankind's miseries. He discusses, too, the scientific questions of the day, displaying as remarkable a familiarity with the discoveries of Curie, Edison, and Peary as with creeds, dogmas, and beliefs.

And this versatility, this capacity to reason and form suggestive theories on any subject, is all the more amazing when one remembers that Abbas Effendi, exiled to Bagdad with his father before he was six, and for forty years a jealously guarded prisoner at Acre, where he was wholly cut off from the world of culture, has never known a single year of schooling.

Along with his mental grasp and power, he has that inestimable gift of humor which brings priest, peasant, and prince on to a ground of common understanding. Always he clings to the Oriental habit of illustrating his teaching with stories, which are ofttimes of a delightfully ironical and amusing nature. As I sat with him one day in his garden, where the climbing crimson roses stood out like splotches of blood against the stucco wall, some turn in the conversation led us to a discussion of the ignorance and superstition of the Mohammedan officials. "I remember one day when I was calling on the Mutessarif of Acre," said Abbas, his eyes twinkling at the humor of the recollection, "a madman suddenly burst into the garden where we were all seated. Every one rose to his feet as soon as the man's insanity was realized—the Mutessarif even insisting that he should take the seat of honor; for the

Moslems, you know, regard madmen as sacred, and their utterances as directly inspired by Allah. Scarcely had the customary coffee been served when a mongrel street dog strayed in through the gate, which the madman had left open, and began to bark at the company.

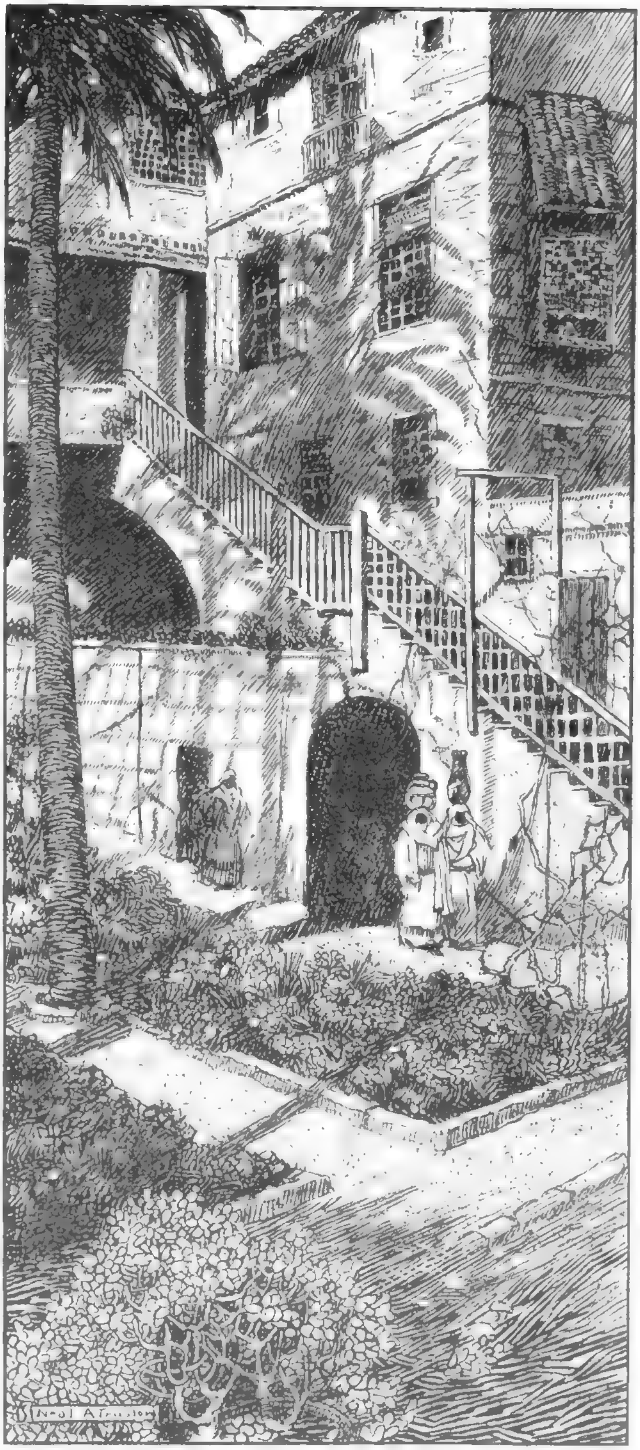
"'Pray tell us, Effendi,' said the Mutessarif to the madman, with great respect, 'what the dog is saying.'

"'I don't know what the dog is saying,' said the lunatic.

"'But surely the Effendi understands the language of dogs,' insisted the Mutessarif, who was a Kurd. 'I'm certain that if you wished you could translate for us what the dog is saying.'

"Quick as a flash the madman turned on his Kurdish questioner. 'Who told you that I could speak Kurdish, Excellency?' said he."

The philosophy of Abbas is essentially human, in the highest and broadest sense of the word, for he calls the attention of humanity not to the letter, but to the spirit, of religion. Having in mind the self-imposed deprivations of the monastic and the self-inflicted punishments of the dervish orders, I asked him one day whether, in his opinion, the crushing of the desires and needs of the flesh helped the soul to attain a spiritual state. "Asceticism is not necessary," he replied. "A soul grows by the exercise of human virtues, by the observance of human morals, and by divine favor. The extreme asceticism of the saints was only a form of superstition. The monasticism of the Christian Church was mistaken. St. Paul was responsible for much of this, for in one of his epistles he praised those who do not marry and prophesied that sects would arise, the members of which would practise celibacy.



Drawing by Neal A. Truslow.

THE STAIRS LEADING TO ABD-UL-BAHA ABBAS'S ROOM IN HIS HOUSE AT ACRE.

St. Paul disapproved of marriage; but God did not give us good gifts that we should spurn them. He created these forms of happiness that His people might bless Him."

Abbas Effendi denounces superstition and deprecates popular interest in miraculous phenomena as tending to divert the mind from the pursuit of real and practical religion. His eldest daughter once said to me: "We Bahais do not dwell upon the miraculous. A man wrote a book in which he enumerated the miracles of The Bab. Baha Ullah promptly burnt it lest it should prove a cause for later superstition. He even forbade his followers to talk about miracles, for he held that they tend to lower a religion and divert the thoughts of people to relatively unimportant things. Which is the more important, pray—the miracles or the life of Christ? And yet, because people have not been able to believe these miracles, they have doubted Christ's teachings."

The Bahai faith is unique in that it has no churches, no priests, and no fixed order of prayers. Every man is his own priest and is responsible for the growth of his own soul. It is true that Baha Ullah once wrote a book of prayers designed to fit the various needs which might arise, but no Bahai is obliged to use them. I asked Abbas Effendi if he considered prayer to be necessary, since God presumably knows, without being told, the wishes of all hearts. "If one friend loves another, is it not natural that he should wish to say so?" he replied. "Though he knows that that friend is aware of his love, does he still not wish to tell him of it? If there is any one whom you love, do you not seize all opportunities to converse with him, to write him, to bring him gifts? If you felt no such desires, it would be a sign that you did not love your friend. It is true that God knows the wishes of all hearts; but the impulse to pray is a natural one, springing from man's love for God.

"If there be no love, if you can find no pleasure or spiritual enjoyment in prayer, do not pray. Prayer should spring from love, from the desire of the person to communicate with God. Just as a lover can never talk enough with his beloved, so does the lover of God wish always for constant communication with the Deity. Prayer need not be in words, but rather in thought and action. But if this love and this desire are lacking, it is useless to try to force them. Words without love mean nothing. If a person talks to you as an unpleasant duty, finding neither love nor enjoyment in the meeting, do you wish to converse with him? So God regards those who pray to Him merely from a sense of duty. Learn to love Him first, and the prayers will take care of themselves."

"But how is this love to be cultivated?" I inquired. "How is a love for God to be obtained? There are many people who admit the existence of a Deity, but without feeling any emotion."

"Knowledge will bring love," said the Effendi. "Study, think, reason, try to comprehend the wisdom and the greatness of God. The soil must be fertilized before the seed is sown. When once you appreciate what He has done, you can not fail to love Him."

On another occasion, speaking of love, that watchword of the Bahai faith, he said:

"Love is unity, and unity is love. It unites in friendship the people of every race and every creed. Love in its highest form has no thought of the personal advantage which it may gain from the one who is beloved. If you love truly, your love for your friend will continue even though he should ill-treat you. A man who really loves God will not let sadness or illness or misfortune weaken his love for Him. You do not love God because He created you—for your life may be filled with miseries and dissatisfactions. You do not love God because He has given you health and wealth, for these may disappear at any moment. You do not love God because He has given you the strength of youth, for old age will surely come upon you. No, you love Him not for these outward manifestations, but because of His perfections and because He is perfection. A moth loves the light, and, though its wings are singed, it throws itself against the flame. It does not love the light because it has conferred some benefit upon it, but because it *is* the light. So the true lover of God loves Him for Himself alone, not for what he can obtain from Him."

It is this mystical fervor, these high spiritual ideals, which constitute the real life of Bahaism. "When true knowledge begins, earthly knowledge drops away," a Bahai said to me one day, speaking with some amazement of the habit which many of the Europeans who visit the Effendi have of asking purely psychological questions. To the Bahai mind such questions are unnecessary and futile. To endeavor to explain the riddle of the universe by any philosophical theory seems to them absurd. The spiritual life, once entered upon, is beyond reason, for Baha Ullah wrote:

> When the fire of love is become ablaze
> The harvest of reason will be wholly consumed.

The aim of the Bahais, briefly put, is to establish an earthly kingdom of Love; a kingdom whose only law shall be the Golden Rule. "The religionists of the world," Abbas Effendi remarked one day, "have abandoned the essence of their faiths and hold only to the letter. Picture the students in a university wrangling and disputing with each other as to which professor was the best, instead of attending to the lessons given them by those professors, and you have a parallel of the conditions which prevail in the world to-day. The religious conceptions of every creed presume the existence of a medium between God and man. The spiritual teachings of these divine mediums, whether Hebrew, Moslem, or Christian, have been essentially alike; the Word of God, whether transmitted by Moses, Christ, or Mohammed, is the same. Moses, Christ, Mohammed—what, after all, are these but names? And what do names, mere words, matter? Yet people quarrel and even kill each other over these names. The true object of religion, the real goal of spiritual progress, is to make every soul reflect the divine. Each soul must become as radiant as a lamp.

"Such, then, is our message and our mission. Day and night we must labor to establish community, unity, and harmony among mankind. The world has had enough and to spare of quarrels, backbitings, and criticisms. See how the Catholics disparage the Protestants and the Protestants the Catholics, and both of them the Jews. See how, here in this Syrian land, the adherents of Moses, Christ, and Mohammed are always at each other's throat. Do the Catholics and the Protestants, Christians both, love each other as Christ commanded? Have they a brotherly feeling toward each other? And as it is with one religion, so it is with all. But we Bahais hope that these obstacles to a mutual love and understanding may eventually be removed; that the followers of each belief may respect and admire the others; until the Word of God, with all its perfections, brings them all unto His kingdom."

"What is the true definition, Effendi," I asked, "of a Bahai?"

Standing there in his spotless robes, amid the mingled fragrances of his quiet garden, on his kind old face the serenity which comes only from faith and love, he made an answer which I like to remember. "To be a Bahai," he said, "means to love humanity and try to serve it; to work for the universal peace and the universal brotherhood of mankind."

No pilgrim departs from Haifa without first paying a visit of respect to the little house in Acre where Baha Ullah lived and taught during his years of exile, and to the tomb where he lies buried. With your permission we too will go, for the ten-mile journey is not arduous, and the surroundings amid which Baha Ullah spent so many years are strikingly significant of the simple faith of which he was the Light. From the historic slopes of Carmel our way lies northward, the dusty road, yellow as brass under the tropic sun, bordering the cobalt bay. It is a lumbering vehicle, with amazingly high wheels, in which we travel, for on the journey two rivers must be forded—the Kishon, from which Elijah took water to pour over his sacrifice, and the Namein.

Acre, unlike its sister town across the bay, is purely Oriental; its gloomy, vaulted streets, its palm-shaded mosques with their slender minarets, whence the *muezzin*, the church-bell of the East, calls the faithful to prayer, and the caravans of supercilious camels pad-padding their haughty way through the dim and clamorous streets, give no single reminder of those Crusaders who made the name of Acre a synonym for valor throughout medieval Christendom. The once carefully tended forecourt of the house where Baha Ullah lived has been trampled ruthlessly by lawless Arabs; but, within, the little garden is still sweet with flowers, weeded and watered by the few Persians who now tend the place, since Abbas Effendi and his family have removed to Haifa. One of them, a venerable, smiling man in Persian robes and a spotless turban, was, he told me, a contemporary of Baha Ullah.

Afterward I learned his story. Tortured and imprisoned for more than fourteen years at the time of the persecutions, he never wavered in his faith. On one occasion, when he was being transferred from one prison to another, many days' journey away, he and his fellow-prisoner, another Bahai, were lashed to the backs of donkeys, heads downward, and in this excruciating posture were carried day after day under the desert sun. But always Haidar Ali laughed and sang, and the more he sang the more his captors laid the thongs of their *kourbashes* on him, asking, "Now will you sing, dog of an unbeliever?" But he answered that the floggings only increased his happiness, since they gave him the satisfaction of enduring something more for the sake of God.

I asked Haidar Ali if he always smiled. "For you Bahais all look happy," I added.

"Sometimes we have surface troubles," said he, "but they can not touch our happiness. The hearts of those who belong to the Malakut [kingdom of God] are like the sea: when the wind is rough it troubles the surface of the water, but a fathom down there is perfect calm and clearness."

When the Bahai converts were first exiled to Acre, the entire seventy of them were closely confined in an ordinary Turkish house, with two barred rooms. This is visited by pilgrims; but it is rather the Rizwan, or Garden of God, in the outskirts of the town, which is most intimately connected with Baha Ullah's life and teachings. Baha Ullah suffered greatly from his long confinement, so his followers, as soon as a relaxation of its rigors permitted, put their scanty savings together and bought a piece of land without the walls of Acre, where with their own hands they made him a wonderful garden. In this exquisite spot the Baha did his teaching. The Rizwan lies at the parting of the Namein, so that on either side of it the river flows. It is filled with every imaginable kind of flower; the bees and the butterflies run riot in it, and the prodigal Oriental springtime fills the air with a hundred perfumes.

On one side a little square, paved with pebbles in designs of black and white, has steps leading down to the river, while in the center the water from a flower-concealed fountain splashes into a shallow marble conduit which conducts it by devious ways into the river, with a gentle and cooling sound. In this square grow two great mulberry trees, and beneath them are wide benches and a wooden table, painted blue and white and stained by sun and wind. In summer, so thick is the foliage of these trees and so wide their spreading branches, that the little square is like a green tent, within the cool recesses of which Baha Ullah talked with his disciples and taught and studied. Here, too, he used to write on summer evenings, by the light of a big lantern suspended in the overhanging branches, and ever since, in this same lantern, the gardeners are wont at nightfall to place a candle, in memory of him whom they call the Greatest of Lights.

Around the tomb of the great teacher has been made another garden, the most beautiful of them all. Inside a covered courtyard is the prophet's tomb, silent and very sunny. The light filters in through delicately veiled windows, and the square of carpet which covers that portion of the floor beneath which the body has been laid, is of a tender green. Above the tomb, in Persian script, is the simple inscription: "Baha," and lamps and candles and flowers are everywhere. There are no symbols of grief such as we of the West associate with death; no sad funereal trappings. It is a silent room in an empty house—and nothing more.

I have shown you now, as best I am able, what manner of man is this Abbas Effendi who is variously held to be impostor, priest, and prophet. Whether he deserves the title of prophet I do not know; no one knows; that, the future alone can tell. That he is a good man and sincere, there can be no doubt. That the faith which he holds and the creed which he preaches might be followed with benefit by us all, there is no gainsaying. Be you Confucian, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, Christian, Moslem, or Jew, to follow the lantern which Abbas lights can bring you to no harm; to abide by his Rule of Love can be no heresy. He preaches a clean and wholesome creed, and though you may question the divine origin of his mission, there is no denying that he is a sincere, courageous man, a figure whose increasing influence is already world-wide in its significance.

The UNPROFITABLE SERVANT

by

O·HENRY

Author of "WHIRLIGIGS," "SIXES AND SEVENS," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Editor's Note:—*This is an unfinished story. It was written in the fall of* 1908, *and was delivered to us at that time in this incomplete state. Mr. Porter promised to finish it speedily. But he was already ill, and his long, pathetic struggle to write in spite of sickness and mental weariness had begun. Mr. Porter had told us but little about the ending he purposed for the story. He had meant it to be, so far as lay in his power, the definitive story of an "amateur night" in a New York theatre. He repeatedly spoke of his hope to make it so vivid, so atmospheric, so true, that it would be hailed as an authoritative presentment of that well-known institution. He had told us, too, that the finished part of the story was overwritten, and that he planned to condense it a thousand or fifteen hundred words in order to make room for a comprehensive portrayal, occupying perhaps two thousand words, of the night at the theatre. If the part at hand stood untouched, the completed story, he felt, would be out of drawing. With this criticism by the author in mind, the reader should find an additional enjoyment in the story. If Mr. Porter failed even to reach the big scene, he has, nevertheless, given us a story truly O. Henry in quality, full of kindly humor, whimsical and brilliant.*

We should like to have our readers guess how he meant to end the plot. For the conclusion which, in our judgment, is most satisfactory, we shall award a prize of one hundred dollars. The form of the material submitted in competition is not of first importance. It may be a synopsis of the story from the point at which Mr. Porter left it, or it may be an ending written in full. We impose no space limitations, but suggest that it is unlikely a contributor could to advantage exceed the two thousand words which were to have been enough for Mr. Porter. Submitted endings must be in our hands by January 1, 1912. *We reserve the right to withhold the award if in our opinon no manuscript offers a suitable conclusion. And, in case of award, if other endings besides the prize-winner are sufficiently interesting as instances of ingenuity, we shall pay for and publish them.*

I AM the richer by the acquaintance of four newspaper men. Singly, they are my encyclopedias, friends, mentors, and sometimes bankers. But now and then it happens that all of them will pitch upon the same printworthy incident of the passing earthly panorama and will send in reportorial constructions thereof to their respective journals. It is then that, for me, it is to laugh. For it seems that to each of them, trained and skilled as he may be, the same occurrence presents a different facet of the cut diamond, life.

One will have it (let us say) that Mme. André Macarté's apartment was looted by six burglars, who descended *via* the fire-escape and bore away a ruby tiara valued at two thousand dollars and a five-hundred-dollar prize Spitz dog, which (in violation of the expectoration ordinance) was making free with the halls of the Wuttapesituckquesunoowetunquah Apartments.

My second "chiel" will take notes to the effect that while a friendly game of pinochle was in progress in the tenement rooms of Mrs. Andy McCarty, a lady guest named Ruby O'Hara threw a burglar down six flights of stairs, where he was pinioned and held by a two-thousand-dollar English bulldog amid a crowd of five hundred excited spectators.

My third chronicler and friend will gather the news threads of the happening in his own happy way; setting forth on the page for you to read that the house of Antonio Macartini was blown up at six A. M., by the Black Hand Society, on his refusing to leave two thousand dollars at a certain street corner, killing a pet five-hundred-dollar Pomeranian belonging to Alderman Rubitiara's little daughter (see photo and diagram opposite).

Number four of my history-makers will simply construe from the premises the story that while an audience of two thousand enthusiasts was listening to a Rubinstein concert on Sixth Street, a woman who said she was Mrs. Andrew M. Carter threw a brick through a plate-glass window valued at five hundred dollars. The Carter woman claimed that some one in the building had stolen her dog.

Now, the discrepancies in these registrations of the day's doings need do no one hurt. Surely, one newspaper is enough for any man to prop against his morning water-bottle to fend off the smiling hatred of his wife's glance. If he be foolish enough to read four he is no wiser than a Higher Critic.

I remember (probably as well as you do) having read the parable of the talents. A prominent citizen, about to journey into a far country, first hands over to his servants his goods. To one he gives five talents; to another two; to another one—*to every man according to his several ability*, as the text has it. There are two versions of this parable, as you well know. There may be more—I do not know.

When the p. c. returns he requires an accounting. Two servants have put their talents out at usury and gained one hundred per cent. Good. The unprofitable one simply digs up the talent deposited with him and hands it out on demand. A pattern of behavior for trust companies and banks, surely! In one version we read that he had wrapped it in a napkin and laid it away. But the commentator informs us that the talent mentioned was composed of 750 ounces of silver—about $900 worth. So the chronicler who mentioned the napkin, had either to reduce the amount of the deposit or do a lot of explaining about the size of the napery used in those days. Therefore in his version we note that he uses the word "pound" instead of "talent."

A pound of silver may very well be laid away—and carried away—in a napkin, as any hotel or restaurant man will tell you.

But let us get away from our mutton.

When the returned nobleman finds that the one-talented servant has nothing to hand over except the original fund entrusted to him, he is as angry as J. D. R. would be if some one should hide under his bed and make a noise like an assessment. He orders the unprofitable servant cast into outer darkness, after first taking away his talent and giving it to the one-hundred-per-cent. financier, and breathing strange saws, saying: "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Which is the same as to say: "Nothing from nothing leaves nothing."

And now, closer draw the threads of parable, precept, allegory, and narrative, leading nowhere if you will, or else weaving themselves into the little fiction story about Cliff McGowan and his one talent. There is but a definition to follow; and then the homely actors trip on.

TALENT: A gift, endowment or faculty; some peculiar ability, power, or accomplishment, natural or acquired. (A metaphor borrowed from the parable in Matt. xxv. 14-30.)

In New York City to-day there are (estimated) 125,000 living creatures training for the stage. This does not include seals, pigs, dogs, elephants, prize-fighters, Carmens, mind-readers, or Japanese wrestlers. The bulk of them are in the ranks of the Four Millions. Out of this number will survive a thousand.

Nine hundred of these will have attained their fulness of fame when they shall dubiously indicate with the point of a hatpin a blurred figure in a flash-light photograph of a stage *tout ensemble* with the proud commentary: "That's me."

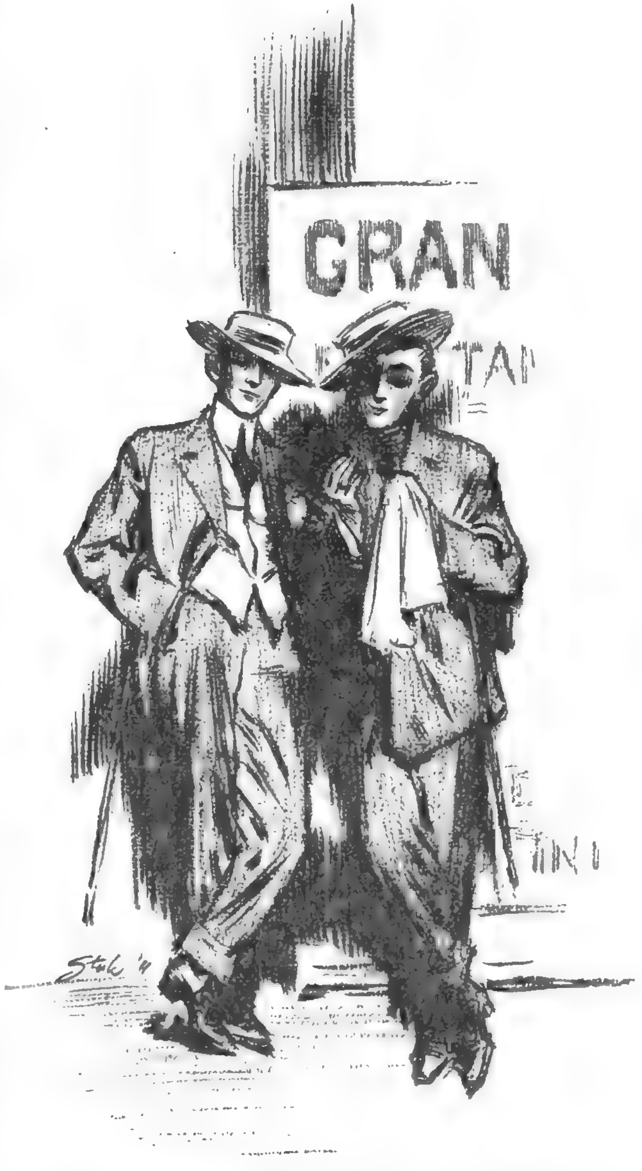
Eighty, in the pinkest of (male) Louis XIV court costumes, shall welcome the Queen of the (mythical) Pawpaw Isles in a few well-memorized words, turning a tip-tilted nose upon the nine hundred.

Ten, in tiny lace caps, shall dust Ibsen furniture for six minutes after the rising of the curtain.

Nine shall attain the Circuits, besieging with muscle, skill, eye, hand, voice, wit, brain, heel, and toe the ultimate high walls of stardom.

One shall inherit Broadway. *Sic venit gloria mundi.*

Cliff McGowan and Mac McGowan were cousins. They lived on the West Side and were talented. Singing, dancing, imitations, trick bicycle riding, boxing, German and Irish dialect comedy, and a little sleight-of-hand and balancing of wheat straws and wheelbarrows on the ends of their chins came as easy to them as it is for you to fix your rat so it won't show or to dodge a creditor through the swinging-doors of a well-lighted café—according as you may belong to the one or the other division of the greatest prestidigitators—the people. They were slim, pale, consummately self-possessed youths, whose finger-nails were always irreproachably (and clothes seams reproachfully) shiny. Their conversation was in sentences so short that they made Kipling's seem as long as court citations.



THEY WERE SLIM, PALE, CONSUMMATELY SELF-POSSESSED YOUTHS, WHOSE FINGER-NAILS WERE ALWAYS IRREPROACHABLY SHINY.

Having the temperament, they did no work. Any afternoon you could find them on Eighth Avenue either in front of Spinelli's barber shop, Mike Dugan's place, or the Limerick Hotel, rubbing their forefinger nails with dingy silk handkerchiefs. At any time, if you had happened to be standing, undecisive, near a pool-table, and Cliff and Mack had, casually, as it were, drawn near, mentioning something, disinterestedly, about a game, well, indeed, would it have been for you had you gone your way, unresponsive. Which assertion, carefully considered, is a study in tense, punctuation, and advice to strangers.

Of all kinships it is likely that the closest is that of cousin. Between cousins there exist the ties of race, name, and favor—ties thicker than water, and yet not coagulated with the jealous precipitations of brotherhood or the enjoining obligations of the matrimonial yoke. You can bestow upon a cousin almost the interest and affection that you would give to a stranger; you need not feel toward him the contempt and embarrassment that you have for one of your father's sons—it is the closer clan-feeling that sometimes makes the branch of a tree stronger than its trunk.

Thus were the two McGowans bonded. They enjoyed a quiet celebrity in their district, which was a strip west of Eighth Avenue with the Pump for its pivot. Their talents were praised in a hundred "joints"; their friendship was famed even in a neighborhood where men had been known to fight off the wives of their friends—when domestic onslaught was being made upon their friends by the wives of their friends. (Thus do the limitations of English force us to repetends).

So, side by side, grim, sallow, lowering, inseparable, undefeated, the cousins fought their way into the temple of Art—art with a big A, which causes to intervene a lesson in geometry.

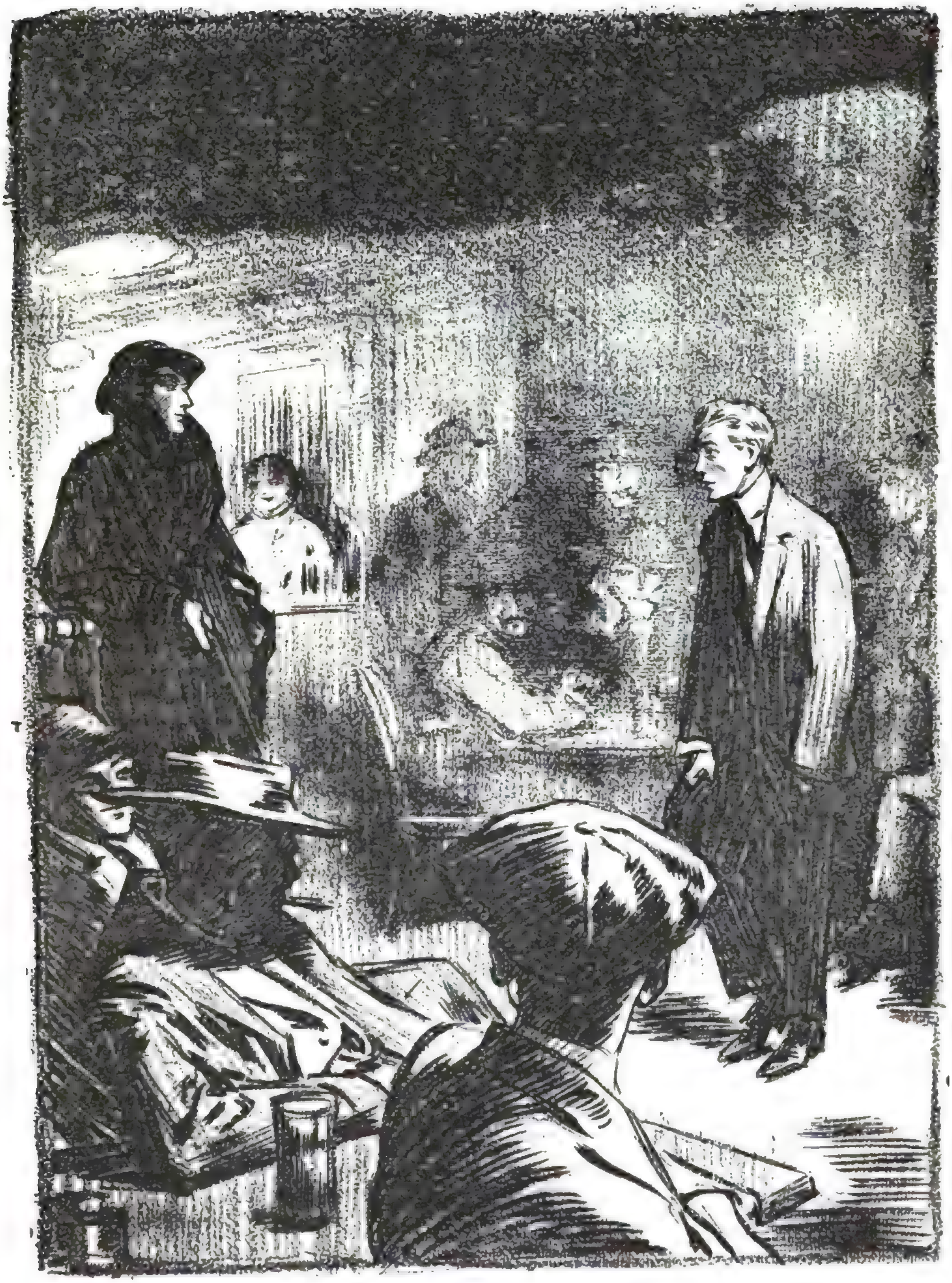
One night at about eleven o'clock, Del Delano dropped into Mike's place on Eighth Avenue. From that moment, instead of remaining a Place, the café became a Resort. It was as though King Edward had condescended to mingle with ten-spots of a different suit; or Joe Gans had casually strolled in to look over the Tuskegee School; or Mr. Shaw, of England, had accepted an invitation to read selections from "Rena, the Snow-bird" at an unveiling of the proposed monument to James Owen O'Connor at Chinquapin Falls, Mississippi. In spite of these comparisons, you will have to be told why the patronizing of a third-rate saloon on the West Side by the said Del Delano conferred such a specific honor upon the place.

Del Delano could not make his feet behave; and so the world paid him $300 a week to see them misconduct themselves on the vaudeville stage. To make the matter plain to you (and to swell the number of words), he was the best fancy dancer on any of the circuits between Ottawa and Corpus Christi. With his eyes fixed on vacancy and his feet apparently fixed on nothing, he "nightly charmed thousands," as his press-agent incorrectly stated. Even taking night performance and matinée together, he scarcely could have charmed more than eighteen hundred, including those who left after Zora, the Nautch girl, had squeezed herself through a hoop twelve inches in diameter, and those who were waiting for the moving pictures.

But Del Delano was the West Side's Favorite; and nowhere is there a more loyal Side. Five years before our story was submitted to the editors, Del had crawled from some Tenth Avenue basement like a lean rat and had bitten his way into the Big Cheese. Patched, half-starved, cuffless, and as scornful of the Hook as an interpreter of Ibsen, he had danced his way into wealth (as you and I view it) and fame in sixteen minutes on Amateur Night at Creary's (Variety) Theatre in Eighth Avenue. A book-maker (one of the kind that talent wins with instead of losing) sat in the audience, asleep, dreaming of an impossible pick-up among the amateurs. After a snore, a glass of beer from the handsome waiter, and a temporary blindness caused by the diamonds of a transmondaine blonde in Box E, the book-maker woke up long enough to engage Del Delano for a three-weeks' trial engagement fused with a trained-dog short-circuit covering the three Washingtons—Heights, Statue, and Square.

By the time this story was read and accepted, Del Delano was drawing his three-hundred dollars a week, which, divided by seven (Sunday acts not in costume being permissible), dispels the delusion entertained by most of us that we have seen better days. You can easily imagine the worshipful agitation of Eighth Avenue whenever Del Delano honored it with a visit after his terpsichorean act in a historically great and vilely ventilated Broadway theatre. If the West Side could claim forty-two minutes out of his forty-two weeks' bookings every year, it was an occasion for bonfires and repainting of the Pump. And now you know why Mike's saloon is a Resort, and no longer a simple Place.

Del Delano entered Mike's alone. So nearly concealed in a fur-lined overcoat and a derby two sizes too large for him was Prince Lightfoot that you saw of his face only his pale, hatchet-edged features and a pair of unwinking, cold, light blue eyes. Nearly every man lounging at Mike's bar recognized the renowned product of the West Side. To those who did not, wisdom was conveyed by prodding



"DO THAT LAST STEP OVER AGAIN, KID," SAID THE GREAT DEL DELANO.

elbows and growls of one-sided introduction.

Upon Charley, one of the bartenders, both fame and fortune descended simultaneously. He had once been honored by shaking hands with the great Delano at a Seventh Avenue boxing bout. So with lungs of brass he now cried: "Hallo, Del, old man; what'll it be?"

Mike, the proprietor, who was cranking the cash register, heard. On the next day he raised Charley's wages five a week.

Del Delano drank a pony beer, paying for it carelessly out of his nightly earnings of $42.85 5/7. He nodded amiably but coldly at the long line of Mike's patrons and strolled past them into the rear room of the café. For he heard in there sounds pertaining to his own art—the light, stirring staccato of a buck-and-wing dance.

In the back room Mac McGowan was giving a private exhibition of the genius of his feet. A few young men sat at tables looking on critically while they amused themselves seriously with beer. They nodded approval at some new fancy steps of Mac's own invention.

At the sight of the great Del Delano, the amateur's feet stuttered, blundered, clicked a few times, and ceased to move. The tongues of one's shoes become tied in the presence of the Master. Mac's sallow face took on a slight flush.

From the uncertain cavity between Del Delano's hat brim and the lapels of his high fur coat collar came a thin puff of cigarette smoke and then a voice:

"Do that last step over again, kid. And don't hold your arms quite so stiff. Now, then!"

Once more Mac went through his paces. According to the traditions of the man dancer, his entire being was transformed into mere feet and legs. His gaze and expression became cataleptic; his body, unbending above the waist, but as light as a cork, bobbed like the same cork dancing on the ripples of a running brook. The beat of his heels and toes pleased you like a snare-drum obligato. The performance ended with an amazing clatter of leather against wood that culminated in a sudden flat-footed stamp, leaving the dancer erect and as motionless as a pillar of the colonial portico of a mansion in a Kentucky prohibition town. Mac felt that he had done his best and that Del Delano would turn his back upon him in derisive scorn.

An approximate silence followed, broken only by the mewing of the café cat and the hubbub and uproar of a few million citizens and transportation facilities outside.

Mac turned a hopeless but nervy eye upon Del Delano's face. In it he read disgust, admiration, envy, indifference, approval, disappointment, praise, and contempt.

Thus, in the countenances of those we hate or love we find what we most desire or fear to see. Which is an assertion equaling in its wisdom and chiaroscuro the most famous sayings of the most foolish philosophers that the world has ever known.

Del Delano retired within his overcoat and hat. In two minutes he emerged and turned his left side to Mac. Then he spoke.

"You've got a foot movement, kid, like a baby hippopotamus trying to side-step a jab from a humming-bird. And you hold yourself like a truck driver having his picture taken in a Third Avenue photograph gallery. And you haven't got any method or style. And your knees are about as limber as a couple of Yale pass-keys. And you strike the eye as weighing, let us say, 450 pounds while you work. But, say, would you mind giving me your name?"

"McGowan," said the humbled amateur—"Mac McGowan."

Delano the Great slowly lighted a cigarette and continued, through its smoke:

"In other words, you're rotten. You can't dance. But I'll tell you one thing you've got."

"Throw it all off of your system while you're at it," said Mac. "What've I got?"

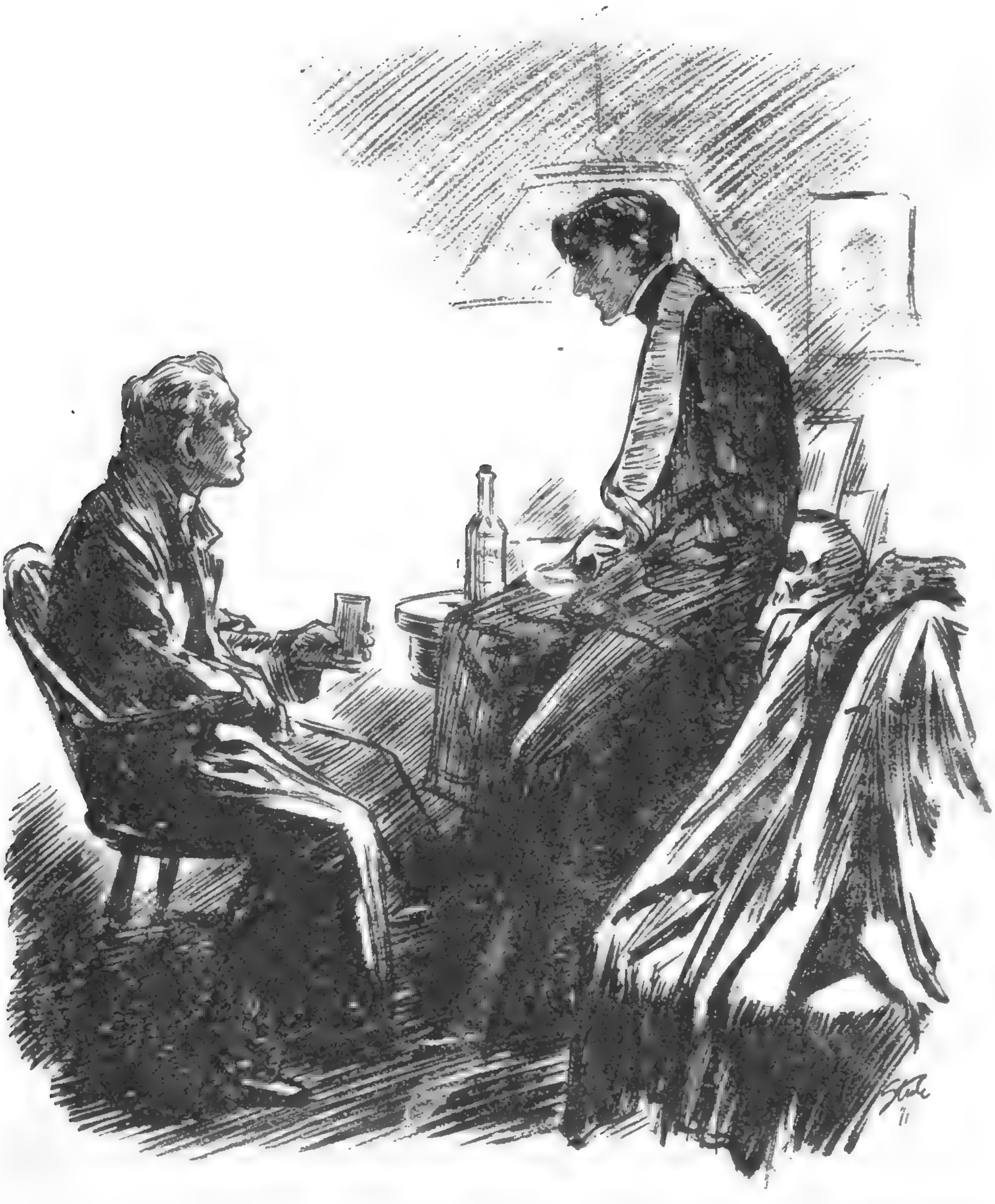
"Genius," said Del Delano. "Except myself, it's up to you to be the best fancy dancer in the United States, Europe, Asia, and the Colonial possessions of all three."

"Smoke up!" said Mac McGowan.

"Genius," repeated the Master—"you've got a talent for genius. Your brains are in your feet, where a dancer's ought to be. You've been self-taught until you're almost ruined, but not quite. What you need is a trainer. I'll take you in hand and put you at the top of the profession. There's room there for the two of us. You may beat me," said the Master, casting upon him a cold, savage look combining so much rivalry, affection, justice, and human hate that it stamped him at once as one of the little great ones of the earth—"You may beat me; but I doubt it. I've got the start and the pull. But at the top is where you belong. Your name, you say, is Robinson?"

"McGowan," repeated the amateur—Mac McGowan."

"It don't matter," said Delano. "Suppose you walk up to my hotel with me. I'd like to talk to you. Your footwork is the worst I ever saw, Madigan—but—well, I'd like to talk to you. You may not think so, but I'm not so stuck up. I came off of the West Side myself. That overcoat cost me eight hundred dollars; but the collar ain't so high but what I can see over it. I taught myself to dance, and I put in most of nine years at it before I shook a foot in public. But I had genius. I didn't go too far wrong in teaching myself as you've done. You've



"DRINK AND TOBACCO MAY BE ALL RIGHT FOR A MAN WHO MAKES HIS LIVING WITH HIS HANDS; BUT THEY WON'T DO IF YOU'RE DEPENDING ON YOUR HEAD OR YOUR FEET."

got the rottenest method and style of anybody I ever saw."

"Oh, I don't think much of the few little steps I take," said Mac, with hypocritical lightness.

"Don't talk like a package of self-raising buckwheat flour," said Del Delano. "You've had a talent handed to you by the Proposition Higher Up; and it's up to you to do the proper thing with it. I'd like to have you go up to my hotel for a talk, if you will, McAllister."

In his rooms in the King Clovis Hotel, Del Delano put on a scarlet house coat bordered with gold braid and set out Apollinaris and a box of sweet crackers.

Mac's eye wandered.

"Forget it," said Del. "Drink and tobacco may be all right for a man who makes his living with his hands; but they won't do if you're depending on your head or your feet. If one end of you gets tangled, so does the other. That's why beer and cigarettes don't hurt piano players and picture painters. But you've got to cut 'em out if you want to do mental or pedal work. Now, have a cracker, and then we'll talk some."

"All right," said Mac. "I take it as an honor, of course, for you to notice my hopping around. Of course I'd like to do something in a professional line. Of course I can sing a little and do card tricks and Irish and German comedy stuff, and of course I'm not so bad on the trapeze and comic bicycle stunts and Hebrew monologues and——"

"One moment," interrupted Del Delano, "before we begin. I said you couldn't dance. Well, that wasn't quite right. You've only got two or three bad tricks in your method. You're handy with your feet, and you belong at the top, where I am. I'll put you there. I've got six weeks continuous in New York; and in four I can shape up your style till the booking agents will fight one another to get you. And I'll do it, too. I'm of, from, and for the West Side. 'Del Delano' looks good on billboards, but the family name's Crowley. Now, Mackintosh—McGowan, I mean—you've got your chance—fifty times a better one than I had."

"I'd be a shine to turn it down," said Mac. "And I hope you understand I appreciate it. Me and my cousin Cliff McGowan was thinking of getting a try-out at Creary's on amateur night a month from to-morrow."

"Good stuff!" said Delano. "I got mine there. Junius T. Rollins, the booker for the Kuhn & Dooley, jumped on the stage and engaged me after my dance. And the boards were an inch deep in nickels and dimes and quarters. There wasn't but nine penny pieces found in the lot."

"I ought to tell you," said Mac, after two minutes of pensiveness, "that my cousin Cliff can beat me dancing. We've always been what you might call pals. If you'd take him up instead of me, now, it might be better. He's invented a lot of steps that I can't cut."

"Forget it," said Delano. "Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays of every week from now till amateur night, a month off, I'll coach you. I'll make you as good as I am; and nobody could do more for you. My act's over every night at 10.15. Half an hour later I'll take you up and drill you till twelve. I'll put you at the top of the bunch, right where I am. You've got talent. Your style's bum; but you've got the genius. You let me manage it. I'm from the West Side myself, and I'd rather see one of the same gang win out before I would an East-Sider, or any of the Flatbush or Hackensack Meadow kind of butt-iners. I'll see that Junius Rollins is present on your Friday night; and if he don't climb over the footlights and offer you fifty a week as a starter, I'll let you draw it down from my own salary every Monday night. Now, am I talking on the level or am I not?"

Amateur night at Creary's Eighth Avenue Theatre is cut by the same pattern as amateur nights elsewhere. After the regular performance the humblest talent may, by previous arrangement with the management, make its début upon the public stage. Ambitious non-professionals, mostly self-instructed, display their skill and powers of entertainment along the broadest lines. They may sing, dance, mimic, juggle, contort, recite, or disport themselves along any of the ragged boundary lines of Art. From the ranks of these anxious tyros are chosen the professionals that adorn or otherwise make conspicuous the full-blown stage. Press-agents delight in recounting to open-mouthed and closed-eared reporters stories of the humble beginnings of the brilliant stars whose orbits they control.

Such and such a prima donna (they will tell you) made her initial bow to the public while turning handsprings on an amateur night. One great matinée favorite made his début on a generous Friday evening singing coon songs of his own composition. A tragedian famous on two continents and an island first attracted attention by an amateur impersonation of a newly-landed Scandinavian peasant girl. One Broadway comedian that turns 'em away got a booking on a Friday night by reciting (seriously) the graveyard scene in "Hamlet."

Thus they get their chance. Amateur night is a kindly boon. It is charity divested of almsgiving. It is a brotherly hand reached down by members of the best united band of co-workers in the world to raise up less fortunate ones without labeling them beggars. It gives you the chance, if you can grasp it, to step for a few minutes before some badly painted scenery and, during the playing by the orchestra of some ten or twelve bars of music, and while the soles of your shoes may be barely holding to the uppers, to secure a salary equal to a Congressman's or any orthodox minister's. Could an ambitious student of literature or financial methods get a chance like that by spending twenty minutes in a Carnegie library? I do not trow so.

But shall we look in at Creary's? Let us say that the specific Friday night had arrived on which the fortunate Mac McGowan was to justify the flattering predictions of his distinguished patron and, incidentally, drop his silver talent into the slit of the slot-machine of fame and fortune that gives up reputation and dough. I offer, sure of your acquiescence, that we now forswear hypocritical philosophy and bigoted comment, permitting the story to finish itself in the dress of material allegations—a medium more worthy, when held to the line, than the most laborious creations of the word-milliners. . . . .

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easily among the wings with his patron, the great Del Delano. For, wherever footlights shone in the City-that-Would-Be-Amused, the freedom of their unshaded side was Del's. And if he should take up an amateur—see? and bring him around—see? and, winking one of his cold blue eyes, say to the manager: "Take it from me—he's got the goods—see?" you wouldn't expect that amateur to sit on an unpainted bench sudorifically awaiting his turn, would you? So Mac strolled around largely with the nonpareil; and the seven waited, clammily, on the bench.

A giant in shirt-sleeves, with a grim, kind face in which many stitches had been taken by surgeons from time to time, stood l. e. with a long stick, looped at the end. He was the Man with the Hook. The manager, with his close-smoothed blond hair, his one-sided smile, and his abnormally easy manner, pored with patient condescension over the difficult program of the amateurs. The last of the professional turns—the Grand March of the Happy Huzzars—had been completed; the last wrinkle and darn of their blue silkolene cotton tights had vanished from the stage. The man in the orchestra who played the kettledrum, cymbals, triangle, sandpaper, whangdoodle, hoofbeats, and catcalls, and fired the pistol shots, had wiped his brow. The illegal holiday of the Romans had arrived.

While the orchestra plays the famous waltz from "The Dismal Wife," let us bestow two hundred words upon the psychology of the audience.

The orchestra floor was filled by People. The boxes contained Persons. In the galleries was the Foreordained Verdict. The *claque* was there as it had originated in the stone age and was afterward adapted by the French. Every Micky and Maggie who sat upon Creary's amateur bench, wise beyond their talents, knew that their success or doom lay already meted out to them by that crowded, whistling, roaring mass of Romans in the three galleries. They knew that the winning or the losing of the game for each one lay in the strength of the "gang" aloft that could turn the applause to its favorite. On a Broadway first night a wooer of fame may win it from the ticket buyers over the heads of the *cognoscenti*. But not so at Creary's. The amateur's fate is arithmetical. The number of his supporting admirers present at his try-out decides it in advance. But how these outlying Friday nights put to a certain shame the Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and matinées of the Broadway stage you should know. . . . .

Here the manuscript ends.

When Lincoln Steffens, in the friendly controversy we ran in the November "Everybody's" over censorship, said that Jesus was "against the use of force altogether," and I replied, showing how Jesus had used force in word and deed, I did not see how he could possibly come back. But he did most startlingly. Is it conceivable that Jesus did not practise what He preached? I will reply next month. Mr. Steffens's letter is the most remarkable Christmas contribution I have ever read.

Erman J. Ridgway.

My Dear Ridgway:

Our little old controversy over free speech *vs.* censorship has progressed to the point which you have neatly put into one sentence.

"It comes to this," you say: "We, [meaning the editors] believe in the widest possible latitude [to free speech]; Mr. Steffens believes in the widest latitude."

That's right. We differ in faith.

I believe liberty would "work" now; you don't; not yet. I believe in man; you in men.

You frown a bit at this, and I admit that there is some force in the form of the statement. And, since force begets force, you may be tempted to exercise your editorial censorship upon it.

But don't. Leave it to our readers to decide whether your advocacy of "a vigorous censorship" for the theatres does not imply a belief that some few men may be trusted to force other men to be good, and that mankind can not otherwise accomplish that end.

And whilst I am practising the freedom of speech that I preach and the violence of expression that I preach against, turn to me the other cheek and let me smite it with my worst charge against you and the great mass of free-born Christian men and women, who, I imagine, are with you against me.

I believe in the teachings of Jesus, and you don't. You believe only in Jesus.

No? Yes. You met my quotation of Jesus as an authority against force by citing instances when He ceased to practise charity and had recourse to force. One was the "picture of Jesus driving the money-changers out of the temple in high wrath." Another was His denunciation of the Pharisees to their faces as vipers, serpents, and hypocrites. These are, indeed, examples of force. No doubt about that. But there is no doubt, either, that they were inconsistent with His doctrine of love.

What is the explanation? Those who believe in Jesus, and not in His teachings—not yet—they accept these acts of His as modifications of His doctrine, and conclude with you that we are to give only the "widest possible" latitude to faith, hope, and charity. But those of us who believe in the divinity of the teachings of Jesus, and in the comforting humanity of the Son of Man, we have another theory. And our theory will explain the matter to any one who will translate "money-changers" and Pharisees into modern terms.

Those money-changers were business men; the Pharisees were regular church members who regarded themselves as "good people" because, while they had lost the spirit, they observed all the forms of religion.

We all know such people. We muck-rakers have met them face to face, as He did, everywhere, and always we have found them, as He did, standing in the light of reason and the right, in the path of love, liberty, and reform. We can feel how He felt about them. They are indeed exasperating. And we can understand why He preferred "bad people." We have met them also, face to face, and we have learned, we pessimists, to forgive and to have hope of the publicans and sinners, the Magdalens and the politicians. These sinners who know that they sin are human; their humility is lovable; their consciousness of guilt is the first step toward regeneration. They'll help us set things right some day; and He saw that.

But the sinners who think that the world is almost right now and who mistake their own sins for virtues; the business men who call it good (business) to work little children, water stocks, charge usury, poison the food of the people; and the church members who lay grievous burdens on men's shoulders and take the best seats in the synagogues—well, even Jesus couldn't stand them. He didn't turn the other cheek to them. He did what we muck-rakers would like to do, and sometimes do:

Jesus lost His temper. He forgot His theory. Brought face to face with business men and righteous people, He threw charity to the winds and picked up the big stick. He used force.

But was this right? Was it Christian? There *is* good in good people. I defended this thesis in public here in New York once, and I downed all comers. And I stand ready to meet the whole world on it. And I'll begin, too, by conceding that all history and the news of the day are against me. I'll admit that the best people are the worst people; that the better people are the worse; that the good are not really good. And yet I'll prove my case. There *must* be good in good people.

There must be hope, even for Pharisees and money-changers.

But suppose there isn't; suppose that the business man and the hypocrite are the most hopeless of sinners. What then? Should they be driven out of the temple? Where else shall they go? They won't go to jail and— No, I am not jesting. I am in earnest. I feel sincerely that the criticism of the day which complains of "the kind of people that fill our churches" and would drive them out because, forsooth, they are either righteous or business men, is un-Christian. The churches are serving those that need them most, and all that is wanting is to persuade the ministers and their congregations that this is so. That's all. It's hard to do, and I admit that Jesus' way was shorter. But it isn't sure. It didn't work in His day. He drove them out, but, as we see, they came back.

And there they are, now as then, sticking for the letter of the law and letting the spirit go.

Many are the observers who have remarked that, if Jesus should return, He would find that part of His work to do all over again, and there's an assumption that He would go at it in the same violent way. I doubt that. I think He would see that His one or two examples of force had been followed for two thousand years, with the result that Christianity is hardly understood even in the churches, and also He would see that His teachings had hardly been tried anywhere. I think He would practise what He preached.

And that's what He didn't always do. That's what He didn't do when He attacked those business men. It may be contended that it wasn't the business men, but business in the temple, that aroused His high wrath, and that would make a difference. Business is pretty bad, as we all know, and at the rate business men say that it has been improving in the past ten years, business must have been very bad two thousand years ago.

We close all places of business ourselves on Sunday now, and it was right, no doubt, to turn business out of the temple then. It isn't wrong to use force against *things*. But if it was not only banking, but, as the text reads, the money-changers in person that He raided, He did wrong. And certainly it was wrong to lose all patience with the Pharisees and call them names.

In brief, Jesus sinned. He sinned against His own teachings. They were amiable sins, but sins. They were comforting sins. I, for example, I love those two slips of His, and that other also, where He answered the smart lawyer's technical question not in kindness and good faith, but with the lash of His keen, cutting wit. The human weakness which tempted Jesus to use force and bad, exaggerated, or clever words, seems to let us writers out for our occasional intolerance of the Big Business man who employs the politician he wants us to denounce, and for our despair of the good men and women who (in San Francisco, for example) oppose the reforms they really think they desire. We are wrong. This is wrath, and wrath is natural, human, excusable, as His was.

> **And His high wrath does excuse our wrath.**

But does His use of force in heat excuse our use of it in cold blood? That's the question I'd put to you and a Christian world. Do His very exceptional acts of passion modify His doctrine of love as a theory of conduct? He saw, and He said, that force was wrong and that love was right. He couldn't always act up to His theory, and neither can we. We can't always do right; but that isn't what we are talking about. I said in my last letter that it's not so important to do right as it is to think right. Paraphrasing this sentence for our present purpose, I'd lay this down as a crucial point between us:

> **A Christian, being human, may be forgiven for using force to control other human beings, but only when he has lost all self-control.**

That sounds funny, I know; but I notice that every time we get anything reduced to the truth, it sounds funny. And you see what I mean. It's all right to do wrong occasionally, in a fit of temper, but it's all wrong to advocate doing right right along in a wrong way. And that's what we do, we Christians, after all these years. We actually advocate force.

Catholic Italy has just gone to war, prepared; the *World* newspaper demands, not at the end of a hot editorial, but daily, that "some guilty corporation man" be sent to jail; the very Anarchists who preach against all force altogether, they are on trial at Los Angeles for *conspiring* to blow up the business building of a Pharisaical newspaper.

And you, Mr. Ridgway, you are advocating deliberately, publicly, in the face of a Christian people—nay, with a Christian world undoubtedly with you—you are asking for "a vigorous censorship."

It's worse than that. I can put much more violence into the statement of your case. You are an editor. You have a magazine with at least two million readers. Those readers are all willing (I haven't the least doubt, as you see) to read facts, listen to reason, and do the right as they see it. And yet you are letting them see that you don't believe in them, and in reason, and in public opinion; that you don't really believe in Christianity; that you believe in force, not love. And you cite, in defense of your cool, deliberate, monthly argument for that policy of violence, the two or three acts and utterances of His when He was in high wrath!

Oh, ye of little faith!

Let me cite against you what He said at the end, when the very people He attacked, attacked Him. It was on the cross that He prayed: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." That is what He said; that is what He *thought* about the Pharisees, money-changers, hypocrites, vipers, and serpents. That was His conclusion. Why, with that to build on, why found your churches and your magazines on His scourge, because, forsooth, He lost His temper once? And why model our states on Rome, because He told an enemy, who was trying to get Him into trouble, "to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's?" Didn't He, when He had confused His enemy, didn't He add a few words to keep His followers clear? He knew how prone they were, and are, to think wrong. He told them to render unto God the things that are God's.

Jesus had no use for Cæsar, for "government." He had no use for force at all. He believed that what He called love would do the work of the world. And so do I. Yes, I, a muck-raker and a pessimist, a reporter who went forth "looking for evil and found it, of course," lots of it—I have come up out of the muck believing that Christianity will work; that we can trust mankind; that liberty and reason, education and patience and kindness; in brief, that faith, hope, and charity would save the world. And I mean now.

I mean right here in the United States in this year of our Lord, 1911.

I believe that Christianity is a practicable theory of social conduct.

And you don't; you and most Christians; not yet. Do you? Not really. And I have got into this job of showing you. Why can't I do it? Who can't I win you over to a belief in your belief; to faith in your faith; to hope in the present; to charity for all men; to love and the truth as against force and "a vigorous censorship"? Well, I think I can. I think I see where the hitch is.

Christians don't see how to apply Christianity to life.

And that's a problem. It's a very pressing problem. It's *the* problem of religion: how and when and where to practise belief. And you and I have often talked it over together. And we have agreed that the best time to practise Christianity is, not on Sundays, but on six days of the week. Maybe you would insist on seven, but I would let men be pagans on Sunday, and play golf or baseball; I would be willing to have Sundays devoted to rest and vice, if only all Christians would be Christians on week days. For we have agreed also that the job is to get Christianity on the job, so to speak; to put it to work; down-town; in business. That's the place to be and to do good. And we have seen together, I think, how a railroad president might run Christianity on his railroad; how a bootblack might rub it into a shine; how a woman could give it out at home, or serve it across the counter in a shop; and even how a clergyman might carry it right down into the very churches. And this all remains to be shown. But not now. We can not go into all occupations now and here. We must take up one job at a time, and the job we are talking about is our own, yours and mine: editing, writing for, and publishing a magazine.

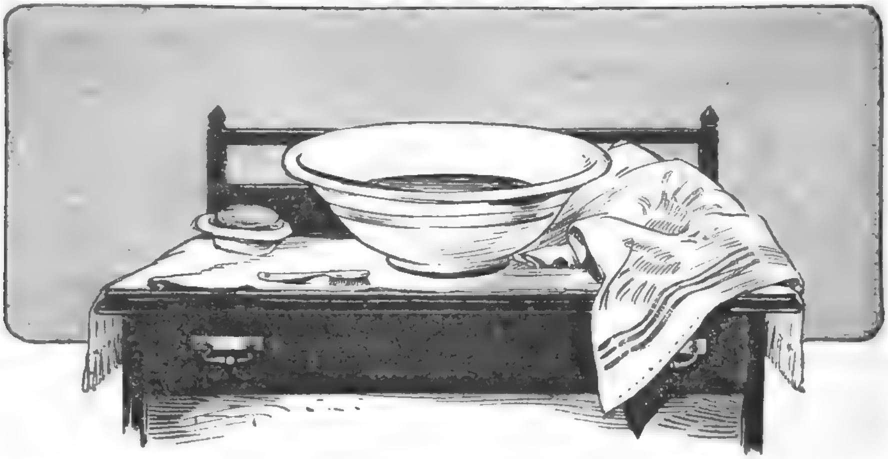
How are we to apply faith, hope, and love in "Everybody's Magazine"?

But we can not go into that thoroughly now. Let me have another month to work it out. It is hard to do, you know. It involves some confession, and not alone of faith, but of failure. And that hurts. Likewise, the idea is new, in a sense; we have been "keeping religion out of politics," out of business, out of journalism so long, that to think of putting it back turns one's brain upside down. And I'm only just learning to walk on my head. But I'd like to close up one part of our discussion, that about "a vigorous censorship." I am going to ask you, and our readers, to admit that the way to apply faith, hope, and charity in a magazine is *not* to call a policeman. That's a way to apply the law; that's a way to force men to seem good before they are good; a vigorous censorship is one way of keeping obscenity, for example, off the stage and out of sight. But it's the way of force, isn't it? Not love. It may be right; it may be necessary; but it isn't Christian. Is it? In other words:

The advocacy, by an editor, of a censorship, is not an application of Christianity in a magazine.

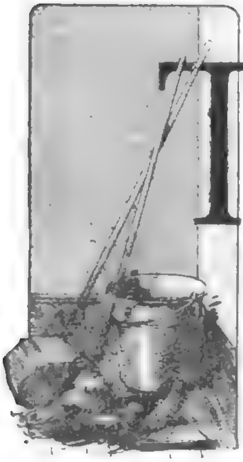
Grant that, and I will undertake next month to show you that "we" have a greater power, a better way. And it's the way of our trade. It's criticism; true criticism; not as we do it now, but as we might do it; not as we think of it now, but as we might think of it. If we, the editors, writers, and publishers, would give our readers the facts; all the facts; not alone those that accuse, but those others also that excuse, men; not alone those that describe evil, but those also that account for it; then, Mr. Ridgway, then, we should be preaching faith in God, who made the facts; all the facts, both evil and good; we should be showing hope in and for mankind on the earth now; and, best of all, we should be getting and spreading that understanding of the other fellow which is what charity really is.

LINCOLN STEFFENS.



SOAP, THE OPPRESSOR

BY BURGES JOHNSON



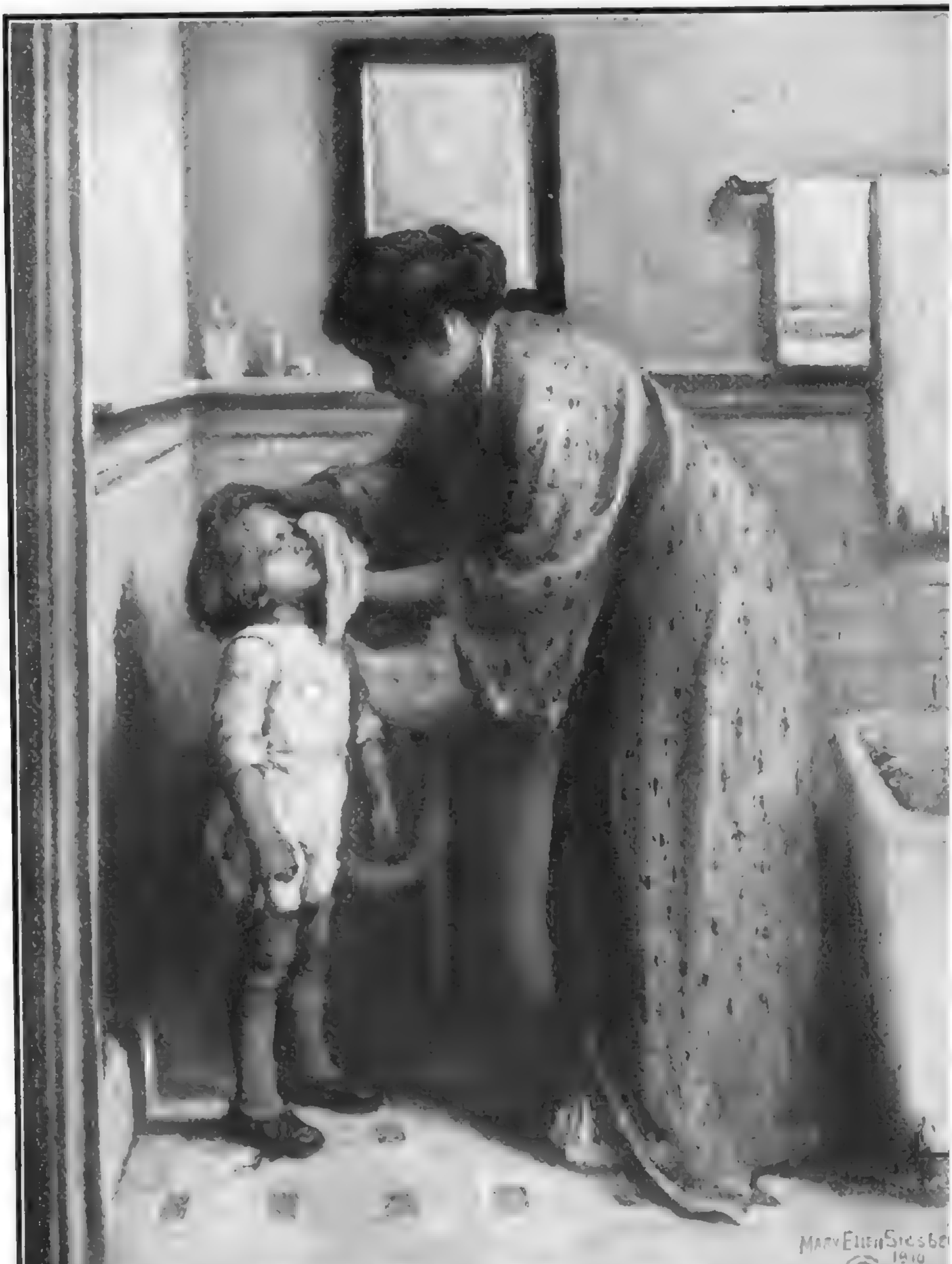
ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
MARY ELLEN
SIGSBEE

THE folks at my house half the time are thinkin' about dirt;
It sort of gives 'em horrors, an' they act as if it hurt.
The sight of just a little makes 'em daffy as can be—
They're always washin' sumthin', an' half the time it's me.

It ain't because I wet my feet that gives me colds an' such;
'Tain't runnin' round that keeps me thin—it's 'cause I'm washed so much.
It does no good to tell 'em, they're so stubburn. But I hope
That some day they'll discover what deceitful stuff is soap.

I tell you, very often when my hands was clean and white
I've gone along to wash 'em, 'cause it did no good to fight;
When I've stuck 'em in the basin it was plain enough to see
The soap would make the water as dirty as could be.

If folks would give me half a chance, with soap that didn't cheat,
I guess they'd be surprised to find I'm nachurally neat.
I'd take on flesh and leave off havin' colds an' such, I know—
An' no one could complain about the parts of me that show.


MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE
1910
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"ALWAYS WASHIN' SUMTHIN', AN' HALF THE TIME IT'S ME."

The SETTING HENS

What will the Tariff Board hatch?

by

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Author of "JIM HANDS," etc.

IN a few days Congress meets again. In a few days the Tariff Board will come off the nest.

If any voter or citizen fails before then to understand about the Tariff Board, it will mean that he—yes, and she—is neglectful of a vital political subject. Vital, because upon the performance of the Tariff Board two great questions depend.

The first is the question of whether the administration means business in tariff revision. Can it finally satisfy the country that it does, so that it shall continue in power after the next election?

The second is the question of whether the Tariff Board method of eliminating the abuses of special privilege, disguised under the mask of protection to American industry, shall continue because this Tariff Board has shown a promise of success, or shall receive a stunning blow because the Board has shown a forecast of failure.

"Well, what is this Tariff Board, anyway?" asks the inquirer.

The answer must first be that made by the Board's own chairman: "The Tariff Board has no powers. There is really no such thing as a Tariff Board."

This may be startling to those who have listened intently to President Taft, who, defending his vetoes of revision bills, has laid so much stress on the value of the forthcoming reports of the Board. It means just this:

The Payne-Aldrich Bill of 1909 had nothing in it expressly creating a tariff commission. But it had these words:

> To secure information to assist the President in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by this section (that is, relating to the application of the maximum and minimum rates) and the officers of the Government in the administration of the customs laws, the President is hereby authorized to employ such persons as may be required.

Appropriations have been made to pay those persons mentioned in the clause, with their expenses, as well as their agents and investigators and clerks, who now number nearly a hundred. And there you have all the legislative authority any one can find for a Tariff Board. Indeed, though Congress has had before it bills creating a permanent tariff commission—bills introduced by both Republicans and Democrats—it has quite failed to create such a commission.

The President, however, went ahead. He did employ three "board members" and afterward added two more. He did employ them in obtaining information as to maximum and minimum rates. But there, perhaps fortunately, he did not stop. He went on. He asked this "Tariff Board" to gather data which would show the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. And now, because this department attached to the executive office, in the capacity of advisor to the President, has long been engaged in obtaining cost-of-production data bearing on particular tariff schedules, the notion has gone abroad that a tariff commission is in existence.

But if we have no real tariff commission, we at least have something. Already we

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HENRY CROSBY EMERY (REPUBLICAN), CHAIRMAN OF THE TARIFF BOARD, FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS AT YALE.

know *what* it is. Well, then—Who is it? What has it done?

Five men make up the "Board." The three who were original members are Republicans, and it is probably fair to call them Protectionists. The chairman, Henry Crosby Emery, a personal friend of President Taft, has been by profession a teacher of economics. He was made professor at Bowdoin in 1894, at Yale six years later. He now holds his first public office. He has a sense of humor and has assumed an informal, good-natured attitude toward his new work. His character is such that the fact that he comes from Maine, in the middle of a "special-privilege" tariff district, is not enough from which to presuppose the leanings of a prejudiced mind.

In contrast to Emery, who has never held public office, James Burton Reynolds, formerly a newspaper correspondent and editorial writer, may be said to have been in politics always. Reynolds, as secretary of the State Committee, for nine years took a prominent and active interest in the Republican machine of Massachusetts. He was chairman of the commission which, in Roosevelt's time, went abroad to make studies in foreign trade relations; and he had just left a position as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury when he was appointed to the Tariff Board. He may be considered a High Protectionist whose tariff education, however it may have been colored, was obtained in an atmosphere where "special tariff privilege" has flourished.

The third member is Alvin Howard Sanders, who has been prominent as a Republican in Illinois. He, too, started as a newspaper man, and is now, after a life of marked success in the publishing business, the owner of the *Breeder's Gazette*, a stock-raiser's peri-

ALVIN HOWARD SAUNDERS (REPUBLICAN),
EDITOR OF BREEDER'S GAZETTE.

odical. Though he has been chairman of the American Reciprocity Tariff League, his publication has opposed a removal of duty on hides.

These three men were President Taft's original "Tariff Board." It would take a stretch of fancy to believe that they, with their limited powers and limiting instructions, constituted "a non-partisan tariff commission," as the average consumer conceives such a body.

Last March the President added two members. They were both Democrats and, fortunately, neither of them was taken from any corner of the country where the doctrine goes around that it is a crime to suggest a form of tariff-making which may force a disclosure of the truth.

One of these new members was William Marcellus Howard, a lawyer, who comes from Georgia. For seven terms he served his state as representative in Congress. In the Sixty-first Congress he was a member of the Foreign Relations Committee. His retirement at the last election has been attributed to a belief on the part of the voters of his district that he joined the Tammany Democrats in Congress in the attempt to save Joe Cannon from loss of power as Speaker.

The other was Thomas Walker Page, another professor of economics. When appointed, he was teaching political economy at the University of Virginia. His whole life had been spent in his profession and as a contributor to its literature. He had been dean of the economics department at the University of California, and had occupied a similar place at the University of Texas. His training was in marked contrast to that of Howard.

Such are the facts about the Tariff Board personnel.

As it stands to-day, with its two politicians, its two professors, and its publisher, its sympathies fairly divided between Republican and Democratic doctrines, its character lacking in color, it is not a body with which its creator can awaken any great enthusiasm. It has given us, so far, no real performance. It is like a hen of a neutral color, highly recommended by the President, who has not shown her eggs, and whose long sitting on the nest has discouraged in us any temptation to count chickens prematurely.

On the other hand, much of the criticism directed at the "Tariff Board" has been premature.

Criticisms have taken two forms. This is because there are those who believe that the Tariff Board will hatch out wisps of nothing, and others who believe that it will hatch out more high-tariff snakes. In other words, there are those who regard the Tariff Board as impotent and others who fear that the Tariff Board is a device to delay tariff revision, to hold up the standpatters' suspected hands, and to cover the reluctance of the administration to do something toward paring down special privilege.

Let us, in going forward to summarize these criticisms, also consider what answer may be made to each of them. Let us look on both sides.

First of all, assuming that the Board, though it has no real powers, will prove to have been successful in obtaining cost-of-production figures, it is objected that such figures do not make a scientific tariff anyway. Planning duties which will equalize the difference in cost of production at home and abroad sounds well; but what does it lead to? Carried out to its logical ending, it would mean taxing the consumer of the country to preserve some industries that have no place in our country, and could be carried on much better somewhere else. We may be a nation well fitted to raise corn and manufacture shoes. The better fitted we are, the more economically we can raise corn and manufacture shoes; and the better fitted we are, the more likely it is that we can raise corn and manufacture shoes with a cost of production not higher than that abroad, but *lower*.

On the other hand, we may be poorly equipped to raise camphor-trees or sheep for wool. In fact, we do both rather expensively. We have not the soil or climate for camphor-trees or the waste land to raise wool profitably. Therefore, to protect our camphor-gum industry by a tariff equalizing cost of production would be to tax outrageously all consumers of camphor in order to protect the grower of a few camphor-trees. To protect our wool-growers by the principle of difference in cost of production would be to tax a nation of consumers to encourage an industry which even the present high-tariff rate has not been able to preserve from a constant decline.

In short, the wider the difference in cost of production at home and abroad the more

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certain we may be that the industry is not fitted to survive here, that it is displacing some more worthy use of capital, land, and labor. Instead of piling on more protection of it, we should be busy helping a promising infant industry—only, the last of these infants grew up years ago!—or some industry which has, by nature or by good management, approximated a state where it can compete with the world—tariff or no tariff. When we put in practise the theory of difference in cost of production, we fly in the face of sound economic laws, we retard the best development of our natural resources and the best development of business ability, and we put a premium, not on reducing costs of production, but on increasing them.

Moreover, as the President himself has indicated, and as shrewd observers have pointed out, there is no such thing as determining the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. How can we even say that the cost of production at home is this much or that much? Costs differ. Do we mean the cost in the largest mill or the smallest? Do we mean the cost in the average plant or in the one that is run at an efficiency higher than the average? Do we mean the cost under the very worst conditions and in the factory which takes the booby prize in good management? Horrid thought!

The truth of the matter is that there is more difference in cost of production between plants right here at home than between plants in the United States and those in foreign countries!

There is a reasonable answer to this criticism. Political policies must be broad enough to work with. Tariff policies, to be stated, must be stated in broad terms. Platforms must say "free trade," or "tariff for revenue only," or "tariff to equalize the difference in cost of production at home and abroad," or "high protection," or "prohibitory tariff." This "difference in cost of production" was a plank in the Republican platform. President Taft attempts to conjure with it and instructs the "Tariff

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WILLIAM MARCELLUS HOWARD (DEMOCRAT), LAWYER, FORMER CONGRESSMAN FROM GEORGIA.

Board" with it, not because it is the name of a perfect tariff theory, or even a practical method. Indeed, over a year ago, he wrote Congressman McKinley:

"The precise difference in cost of production is not capable of definite ascertainment. * * * All that even the most scientific person can do is to exercise his best judgment in reaching a conclusion."

His reason for using the theory, however, is that he believes its application means a substantial, but not a shocking, reduction of the Payne-Aldrich duties, which enraged the country from one end to the other. He uses the theory, we may say mischievously, not because it is "scientific"—because it is not—but for the reason that it is a "blacksmith's tool"!

The second criticism of the Tariff Board is that it has done nothing. Either it could not do anything or it has been so closely surrounded by the standpat, put-it-over-till-another-session-and-even-then-woe-to-big-business-employing-ninety-million-workmen-with-stock-distributed-among-eighty-thousand-widows-and-maiden-aunts element, that it has begun to lean toward delay. Two years have gone by; if the Board has made any impression on the tariff question the country at large must say, in its patient way, that it has failed to notice it.

The only way to reply to this criticism is with facts. If the facts satisfy the average citizen, well and good; if not, they do not make an adequate answer.

From its creation in September, 1909, till April, 1910, acting under the President's instructions, the Board gave its whole attention to the question of maximum and minimum rates in our relation with foreign countries. Its work in this field was not of a spectacular nature, but it was well done, and must be called a business-like performance. It smoothed over much friction with foreign countries, obtained concessions for the United States, and fulfilled the purpose for which Congress authorized the President to hire assistants.

In April, 1910, the Board had finished this work. Perhaps the time was more than ripe then to begin concentrated work on one or two schedules of the Payne-Aldrich bill that were screaming for revision. But there was no new appropriation from Congress until June twenty-fifth, and, even if there had been, the organization of the Tariff Board and the plan for its work had not been formed. There had to be trips to Europe to investigate the work of other tariff commissions. Experts and agents had to be found. The President had instructed the Board to prepare a glossary of tariff terms and other data, which should assist in translating the tariff into plain English. The scope of work to be done, it must be remembered, was not limited to Schedule I or Schedule K, but included preparation to investigate tariff questions from A to Z. Criticism of tardiness in such a case is easier than doing the ground work that had to be done.

It was not until last January that the Board and its staff were in step for systematized labor. Then, on February twenty-third, the Senate called on the Board for an immediate report on farm products and Canadian reciprocity. The Board produced the report in five days. On May fifteenth came the Board's report on the pulp and news print paper industry, which report has been the subject of both sneers and approval. The other reports in process of preparation for some time have been those on Chemicals, on Wool and Woolens, and on Cotton. On June 14, 1911, a committee of the National Tariff Commission Association, which had been permitted by the President to investigate the work of the Board, reported most favorably. Such are the facts. They either reassure us that we have suffered no undue delay, or they fail to do so.

And now comes the criticism which avers that a strong wind from the "protected interest" quarter has been blowing on the Tariff Board.

What are these straws?

A former manufacturer, Samuel Dale, now editor of the *Textile World-Record*, who was thought by the Board to be worthy to act in an advisory capacity with the Board, was employed as an expert in 1910. In April, 1911, he resigned hurriedly, writing a long letter explaining his reasons. To newspaper reporters he refused to disclose the contents of his letter, on the ground that it would be discourteous to the Board to do so; but he made a formal statement for publication: He said: "The interest in this matter is natural in view of the passage of the Underwood bill by the House, * * * and the efforts to postpone action on the plea that the Tariff Board will be ready to report on December first. I not only have no objection to the publication of my reports and correspondence with the Board, but I think good results might follow such publication."

The Tariff Board, at the time when this is written, has not published Mr. Dale's reports or his letter.

G. W. Burton, a special, and supposedly impartial, agent of the Tariff Board, undertook some correspondence for the Los Angeles *Times* from abroad. "Your tariff revision demand, fellow-Americans," said one of his articles, "is a fad." This statement is not reassuring to the average American citizen, who still believes he knows what the word "impartiality" means.

Again, all these banquets of associations composed of manufacturers who have an axe to grind, which have been attended by members of the Tariff Board, have not helped the situation. One of these banquets was held in Washington. Its purpose may have been the promotion of good fellowship, but it was given by an association which has a record for long-distance privilege-getting in tariff favors and not for much else. It brought all its representatives from many miles to the capital, and its guests were thirty-odd standpat congressmen and senators, and two members of the Tariff Board. It looked like a lobby raised to the *n*th power, and the two members of the Tariff Board must have been embarrassed.

Again, the crowd that has always buzzed around the honey and always fought the idea of a real tariff commission, tooth and nail, has been clamorous recently in approval of this informal Tariff Board.

How do we answer these references to straws? By saying, as we ought to say, that not one of them is definite enough to make a conclusion. Mr. Dale may have written nothing which the Tariff Board would be reluctant to show us. This we may see when, after we have watched with interest, his reports and letters are published by the Board.

As for Mr. Burton, if he were indiscreet enough to write it down, in a fatherly way, that tariff revision is a fad, this is not an indication that his superiors hold his views or are even responsible for such a slip.

Nor does it mean that the Board is neglecting the interest of the consumer because it attends the dinners of protected manufacturers' associations, even though the dinners are framed up for the "same old purpose."

Finally, the new friendliness of the protected interests, now falling in saccharined showers on the Tariff Board, probably is as embarrassing to the Board and the President as it is amusing to the average man of us.

The truth of the matter, after all is that this Tariff Board is not yet a known quantity, is not yet a real Tariff Board.

We know we ought to have a real tariff commission which will build up our confidence in its work, as the Interstate Commerce Commission has done, and which will save us from the lies and the lobbies and the log-rolling of tariff-making.

President Taft believes we have the nucleus in the present Board.

Why, he stakes his political future on it! He vetoed a wool-tariff revision on this faith! Whatever the wisdom of the veto, it took a whole lot of courage. He backed his Tariff Board at that moment with everything he had!

And the Tariff Board has not yet come off the nest.

* * *

BLACK SHEEP

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

"Black Sheep, Black Sheep,
Have you any wool?"
That I have, my Master,
Three bags full.

One is for the mother who prays for me at night—
A gift of broken promises to count by candlelight.

One is for the tried friend who raised me when I fell—
A gift of weakling's tinsel oaths that strew the path to Hell.

And one is for the true love—the heaviest of all—
That holds the pieces of a faith a careless hand let fall.

"Black Sheep, Black Sheep,
Have you aught to say?"
A word to each, my Master,
Ere I go my way.

A word unto my mother to bid her think o' me
Only as a little lad playing at her knee.

A word unto my tried friend to bid him see again
Two laughing lads in Springtime a-racing down the glen.

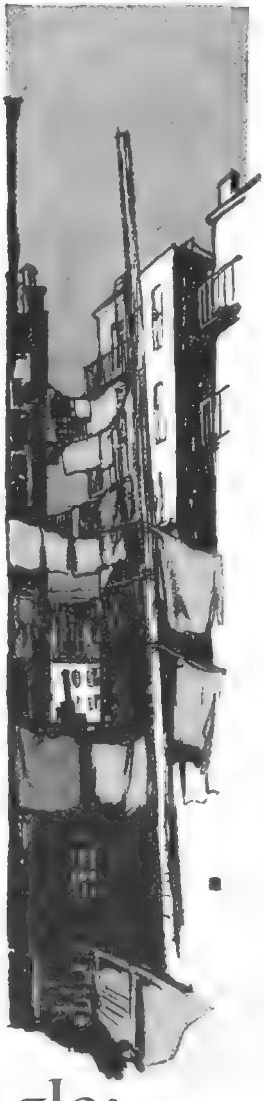
A word unto my true love—a single word—to pray
If one day I cross her path—to turn her eyes away.

MY NEIGHBOR in NEW YORK

by

ERNEST POOLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS



FOR some years I had been living alone, rather far up-town, in a block built solid and high with buildings made up of little rooms separated only by flimsy partitions. I had two rooms. My front-room window faced on a block exactly like mine, where hundreds of tenants were packed in close, constantly moving in and out. There was a dreary sameness about it; I used to yawn as I looked at it.

I knew there had been weddings, births, and deaths over there, and that once a young Swede had shot himself. He had been an infernally patient pianist. The whole block had roused that night. I remember the shot, then the shouts and screams and heads out of windows, the street below quite black with heads. But I had seen no other excitement in that block. And I found my room an excellent place to write in. There was nothing at all to distract me—so utterly commonplace was this view of my neighbors in New York.

My rear-room window brought them close. It looked on an air-shaft twelve feet wide; and, measuring from the opposite fire-escape to mine, it was only eight feet from my neighbor to me. There were other neighbors on either side, and above and below, all crowded close. And to the right the shaft opened into a deep back court where were more walls, windows, and fire-escapes, and the usual clothes on lines, limp or flapping, night and day.

At night, I will admit, the skyline became rather black and dramatic, and in summer, when windows were open, there were suggestive night sounds here. Vague, dissonant murmurs of voices, now rising in anger, now subdued; grumbling, peevish, tender, glad; chuckles, ripples, and peals of laughter; slow, monotonous lullabies, the wailing of babies; the tinkle and clang of a mandolin somewhere. Sometimes all would be suddenly still, and then from the distant river would come a ship's low, quivering bellow. Another dead pause, broken only by rough breathing from a bed not over three feet from mine. And then sometimes a voice, so close and intimate that it thrilled.

"Strange," you may say; "he says that it bored him, and yet his description is fairly vivid."

That's because of something I heard one night from the chap who lived across the shaft.

I had seen him often enough before. Neither of us was a good sleeper; both of us were good smokers. On hot nights when I could not sleep, I would climb out on my fire-escape, and often I would find him on his. The eight-foot space between us was better than nothing. I never felt that I had to talk, and I seldom did. Not that I disliked his looks. He was rather a decent, simple, kindly looking sort, uncouthly tall, with shoulders stooped and rounded. He used to sit with his big knees doubled up and his hands locked tight across his shins. He smoked a pipe absurdly small, neglecting it outrageously; half the time he let it go out. For an hour without moving he would stare in a grave, friendly fashion out into the shadowy court. I don't know how he appeared when dressed, for we came out only in pajamas; like owls, we appeared when the other neighbors were all asleep. I say I did not dislike him, nor was I a snob, nor was he, nor were we afraid of each other, nor were we even bored by each other. But we were neighbors in New York. And so we held back. And the few remarks we exchanged now and then were of a most brief and impersonal kind.

But when you throw something at a man you have to look at him in order to hit him. And one July night when my neighbor asked me for a light and I tossed over my matches, the look on his face caught my eye at once. Something had happened to the man—something deeply exciting.

"Thanks," he said. As he tossed back the box, his glance met mine. For several moments we looked at each other, and we felt curiously drawn to each other. He puffed at his pipe.

"Say," he drawled, "now that we've sat here a couple of years, how about getting acquainted?"

"But," I objected, "we're neighbors—*New York* neighbors."

"I know," he assented. "It dynamites every tradition in town. Still, why not? There ain't any risk of our getting too friendly—I'm moving away in a couple of days. And now that our two years are up, I'd like to talk 'em over a bit. Let's have a talk about old times."

"For Auld Lang Syne?" I ventured.

"Sure," he replied, with a queer, quiet intensity; "for Auld Lang Syne."

We smoked.

"Well, to begin with," I suggested, "suppose I pry into *your* affairs. What have *you* been doing all this time?"

"Trying to push an invention," he said.

I shrank. He noticed this and grinned.

"Don't worry," he said simply. "I won't talk about my invention all night. Just listen a minute." We listened. A moment later from far down the river came a faint, thin tugboat whistle, then a sort of contralto toot, and then a deep bass bellow. And as though these were voices telling him things, the big chap's visage lighted up.

"It's an invention for ships," he said. "I've worked at the cuss of a thing for six years. I've smoked pipes by the thousand over it, some of 'em here at night with you. I used to remember you once in a while, and once I came near comforting you with the thought that I wasn't really beside you at all, that my mind was 'way off hundreds of miles from here out at sea."

"Model neighbor!" I put in.

"One to be proud of," he agreed. "The fact is, I was all up and down the Deep Water, figuring how my invention would work. Off Hatteras, off the Banks in a fog, or in one of them dead glassy calms down under the Equator. And I even had a dash for the Pole."

"In pajamas?" I asked.

"In pajamas," he said. "I was that inspired I didn't catch cold. And my wife was about as inspired as me."

I took my pipe out of my mouth and stared. "Are you married?" I asked.

"Sure," he replied. "Married a year ago last May."

"Queer I never noticed it."

"You wouldn't. You see, this room behind me is only my shop. Her bed was in the other room. She used to watch me through the door. My wife was a cripple," he added.

I grew uneasy. "That's hard luck," I murmured. "How did it happen?"

"She came from my town up-state," he said. "She came to New York, got a job in an office, and was tickled to death with the town—till one night, on her way home, a trolley-car knocked her down.

"They said in the hospital that she would be a cripple for life. But there's one fine thing about my job: it's tied up to the whole scientific game; and the more you monkey with science the more you get counting on what it can do. So I figured that sooner or later science would straighten out her back. We'd got engaged before she was hurt. So we had a hospital wedding one day, and then put in our honeymoon here—with you."

"I didn't know," I remarked.

"I came near telling you once or twice," he said, "in moments out here when my mind was ashore. But I didn't. It struck me as kind of mean."

"How's that?" I asked.

Again there was a pause.

"I'm embarrassed," he said. "I may have guessed wrong. Say, neighbor, have *you* got a wife over there?"

I started violently. "No!" I said.

"Well," he continued, "that's why it struck me as kind of mean. I *had* a wife, a real one. She had the stuff, so to speak, and she put all she had right into my rooms. I won't call it exactly a woman's touch, because she was in bed, flat on her back. But she squinted and bossed and pointed while I yanked things around and stuck things up and bought things on approval. And while not exactly scientific in method, she certainly did invent a home."

He gravely puffed at his pipe for a while.

"Then she taught me to cook," he continued. "And the honeymoon got exciting as hell. You see, my cooking was done in my shop, and her bossing was done from the other room. And when a fried dinner sailed into a storm, my pilot used to lie on her back with both hands itching to get at the helm, while I worked like an elephant aloft." He paused and grinned reminiscently. "I sure did wreck a pile of food.

"See her game? She wanted to keep my mind off my invention. She knew that I was worried some—so many ship-owners had turned me down. She never let me talk of the thing except about one night a week. But then we'd both let loose for fair. She was no fool, that little kid; every point that I made she took like a flash. And the two of us would get so all-fired excited over ships and steam pressure and valves that it's a wonder you didn't hear."

"I was busy," I said.

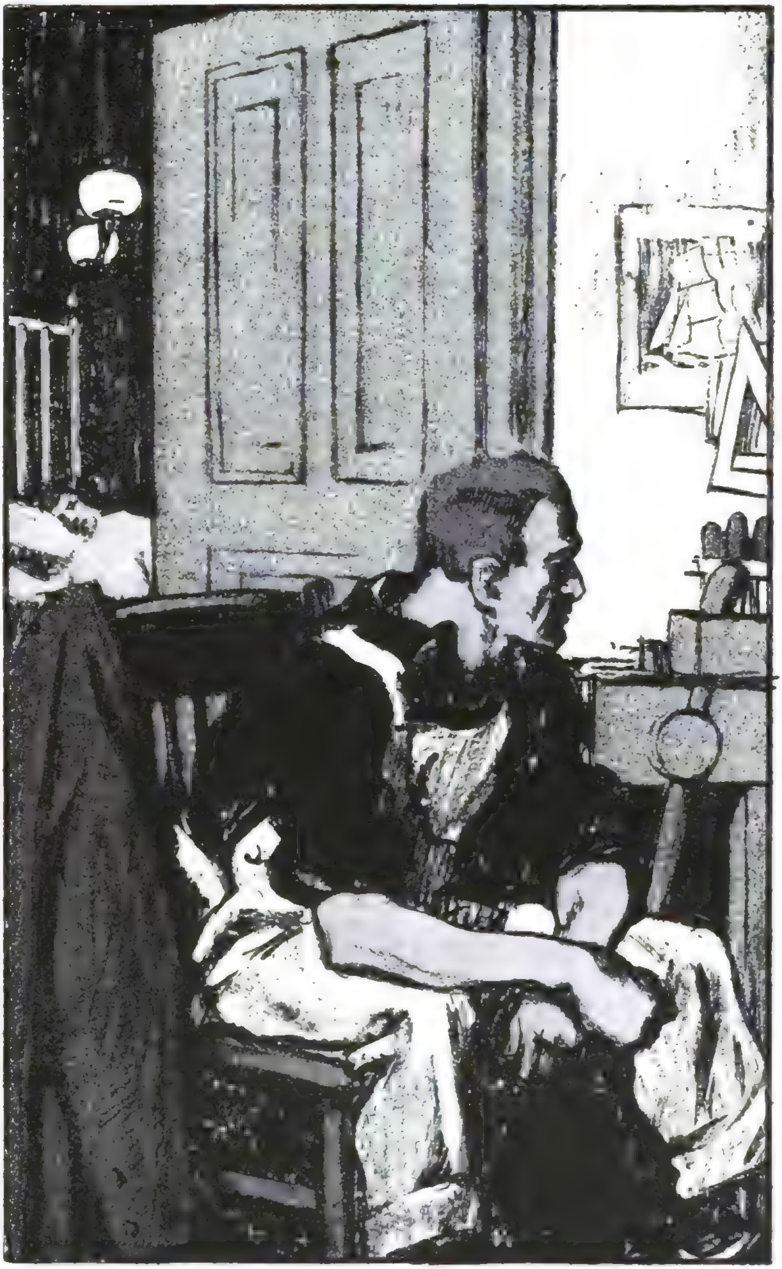
"A born tramp, that woman," my neighbor went on. "If she'd been a boy, she sure would have run away to sea. Having lived all her life 'way inland, the kid was crazy for the Deep Water. That was one thing that got us engaged. You see, she had long ago made up her mind that somehow or other she'd earn enough money to go all up and down this little old world. Italy, Cape Horn, Japan—there was no cuss of a country she wouldn't take in at some time or another; she had a special hankering after Herzegovina, simply because it had such a fool name. And knowing what big money there was in this here little invention of mine, we used to plan how we'd squander it all on trips.

"'For Heaven's sake,' she would say, lying there on her back, 'let's never save up for a rainy day! Let's see the world before it rains, while the sun and the stars are right on the job!'—or words to that effect. Plucky? You bet! Her back didn't worry her, not at all. She figured out how to travel, spine or no spine; how to get on and off ships and trains; how to get up a mountain or into a church or a picter museum or a Chinese temple or *any* old place. She was some inventor herself.

"I had a scheme of my own," he went on. "As I said before, I counted on science. I felt dead sure that my wife could be cured if the right doctor could be found. But the finding him was devilish hard! I even came near talking to *you*, once or twice when the puzzle was at its worst. I remember one hot night in August, when you looked across about 2 A.M., and said it was tough to be an owl, and I came near telling you then and there what it was that was making an owl of *me*. But I didn't."

He looked over and smiled. "You see, if I had," he remarked, "I'd have laid myself open to hearing from you what was keeping *you* out of bed. And that would have been kind of tough on me—because I'm your neighbor—in New York.

"But I had to talk to *some* two-legged critter; so I did just what I thought was all wrong, put the whole proposition right up to my wife. And—it wasn't wrong—didn't hurt her a bit; it did her good; let us both in behind each other's bluff. She told me she had been at it herself, had been awake nights with it, fallen asleep with it, chased that doctor around in her dreams. She knew he must be thundering rich, so in one



"HER BED WAS IN THE OTHER ROOM. SHE USED TO WATCH ME THROUGH THE DOOR."

of her dreams she tracked him down to a box at the Grand Opry. The box was dark, but my wife had brought along an old lantern, one that had hung in the kitchen entry in the farmhouse back up-state. When the doctor saw this he was much annoyed, and he whispered, 'Go 'way, young woman, go 'way!' But the kid got a powerful grip on his ear, and said in low but awful tones, '*Man—behold your neighbor!*'

"That was only one of a million laughs that my wife got out of her broken back. *Believe me*," he added softly, "she was sure a plucky kid. And smart. It was her idea that gave us a start. 'Let's ask our *nearest* neighbor,' she said. 'Who's he?' I asked. 'Doc Bray,' she said—Bray being the doctor in our home town a hundred and eighty-two miles away. So I wrote to Bray, and the old boy surprised us. He really knew something about New York. It was through the leads he gave us that we got started on our hunt.

"I won't bother you with details. We used the method of elimination, the same as in working on an invention. By Christmas we had narrowed down to three big surgeon specialists, and then I maneuvered around them three—tried to Marconi 'em, so to speak. At last I got to see one of 'em, and found him a mighty decent man. He even came here and examined my wife. 'Yes,' he said, 'there's a good chance of a cure.' He even proposed to operate free. But then, when he had got us 'way up in the air, he brought us to earth with an aeroplane smash by explaining that in his hospital the free beds were booked for some months ahead. 'Wait,' he said.

"And that word let the steam right out of our valves. It sounded so darned familiar. The ship company people had said the same thing every Monday for two years.

"Don't it beat the band what a city this is! Jam full of the biggest, busiest jobs. You feel like a drop in the ocean."

"Often," I said. And we smoked.

"It's good fun being one of *two* drops," he went on, "so long as you've money in your jeans. And we had a little—fifteen dollars a week—from a job that I had held down for years in a marine repair shop.

"But five months ago I lost my job. It was a kind of a joke on me. While I had been figuring on my invention, some other poor devil had figured on his—a machine for our shop that did five men's work. I was one of them five, and I was dropped.

"Things got almighty bad after that. I hunted for other jobs, but no luck. And money ran low and my wife laughed a lot. I got bitter those days. The worst of it was that I had so infernal much time to think of her spine and of my machine. I used to think of 'em out here with you. I got even more sure my machine was all right, and even more certain her spine could be cured. But I saw behind all the jokes she told, how them nights without sleep were knocking her out. *Every chance of our happiness going to pot—for the lack of one thing—money.*"

This last came with sudden intensity, abrupt, almost savage. He stopped for a moment, leaned slightly forward; the light from a window fell full on his face. And I saw his big features slowly relax into a quiet, friendly smile.

"Say, neighbor, you had a mighty close call—one night out here along in May."

"How was that?"

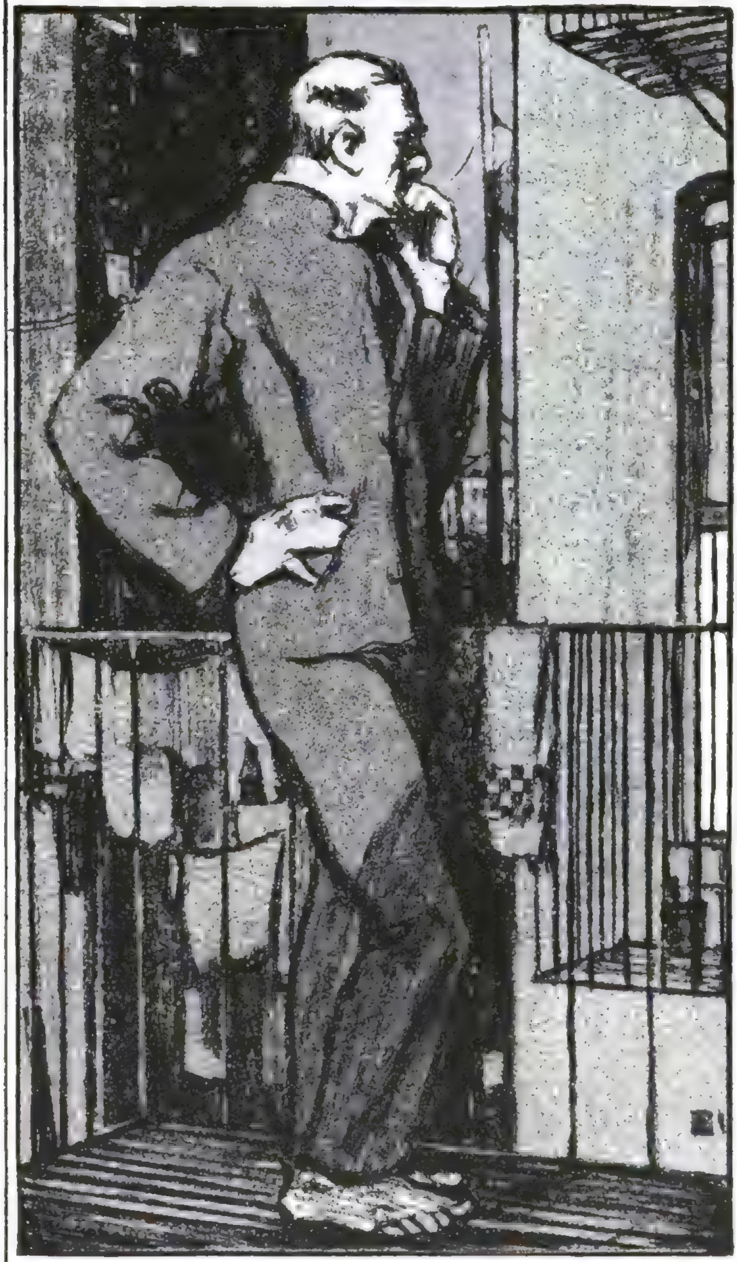
"Why, we'd sat here smoking for maybe an hour, in our usual sociable way, when there came a big hullabaloo from the river, as though twenty tugs had got into a waltz. And you made some brief remark about tugs—'Damn those tugs!'—about like that. The first three words you had spoken that night. Not *many* words, not enough to be called a real old-fashioned country talk. Still, it was something to start on. You see, I'd been figuring all that hour on how to open up on you. And here I thought I saw my chance. From tugs I'd lead the talk to ships, and from ships down into their engine-rooms, and so to that little machine of mine, which was bound to yield such a pile of money if only some neighbor would make me a loan. And I was just starting to say all that,' when you added: 'Tugs or no tugs, I'm going to bed!' You remember?"

"Yes."

"So you went in and got into bed. But a few minutes later you turned up the gas and started to read. And then after a while you dropped your book and fell back asleep, without even thinking to turn out the light. Your jeans were lying over a chair, and the light fell on a hip pocket—which bulged just as if there was a wad inside—a wad of money, so to speak. I have a big, wide board in my room; I use it for a work bench. It was just long enough for a bridge."

"Well——"

"Well," he ended slowly, "New Yorkers



"I REMEMBER ONE HOT NIGHT IN AUGUST—I CAME NEAR TELLING YOU THEN AND THERE WHAT IT WAS THAT WAS MAKING AN OWL OF *ME*."

ought to do one of two things—take the trouble to know their neighbors, or else go to bed with their jeans on."

The pause was intense.

"But I didn't take your money."

"*Where's your wife now?*" I asked harshly.

"In the hospital," he said.

"Better or worse?"

"About cured," he replied.

"How did you do it?"

"The day after that night, I went to the doctor, the big guy who had said we must wait. And I told him all about your jeans."

"What did he do?"

"He asked me what shipping line had my machine. When I told him, he turned to the 'phone on his desk and called for a number. Then he looked back. 'I know somebody big down there,' he said. In less than a minute he had his friend, and was talking about my invention.

"'You're likely to buy it?' he asked.

"'Yes,' said his friend.

"You know how a telephone is; if you listen hard you can hear the other voice, kind of faint. And I certainly was listening hard.

"'How soon?' asked the doctor.

"'Oh,' said the voice, 'maybe a week, and maybe a year——'

"'Look here, Mac,' the doctor said, 'come and dine with me to-night.'"

My neighbor stopped abruptly.

"It sure is one unholy thing," he said, "the power that them big guys have—over your money and your life. They bought my invention that same week and gave me a six-hundred-dollar advance. And before they had got through doing that, the doctor had my wife on his list. The table where he operates is like theatre seats at a Broadway hit—sold out for days and weeks ahead. But he had her booked five weeks ago, and now, by the gods, he has her cured! They've got to be great chums, them two. You ought to have heard the big one laugh when the kid told how she had tracked him down to his opry box with a lantern. It seems he's about as fond of opry as he is of 'rough-on-rats.'

"The queer old cuss has made two points: First, not a cent for what he has done! Second, complete change of climate for Rue.

"And so," he ended simply, "when them sea-bulls get bellowing up from the river or the bay, they say to me, 'Bermuda.' We sail this week on a poor, unhappy-looking boat that hasn't yet got my machine in her gizzard. But she will. They *all* will, every deep-water ship in this little old world. The world looks good to me to-night. And we're going to travel all up and down it—have a look at it before the next rain."

He was silent for a moment, and then looked expectantly over at me.

"Now suppose *you* loosen up a bit, neighbor. What have *you* been doing all this time?"

"I?" I said, disgustedly. "Why, I've been sitting over here trying to think up plots for yarns!"

The PLAYERS

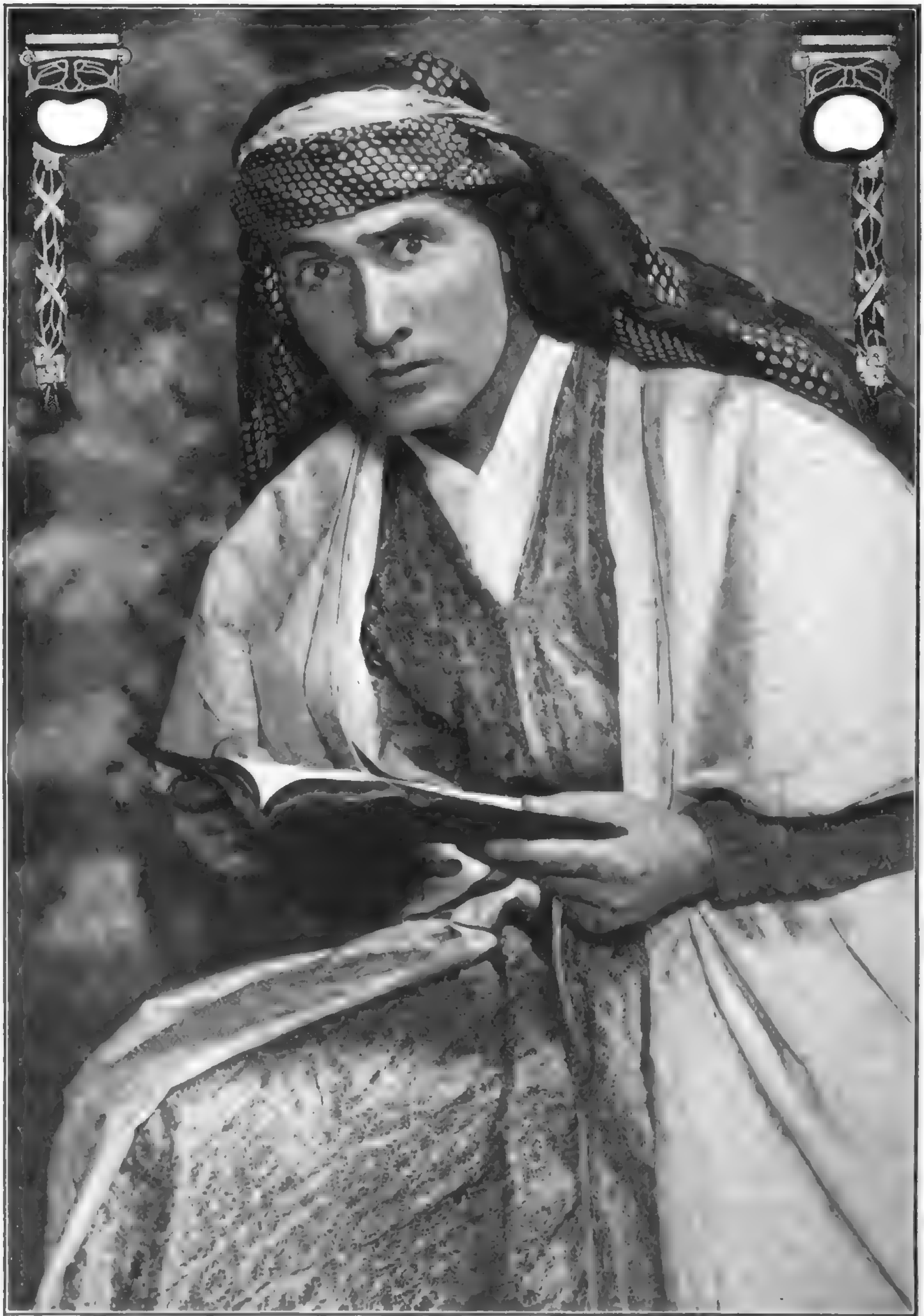
A NEW theatre season in America may be regarded as formally opened at the precise moment when Mr. John Drew makes his annual bow to a first-night audience at the Empire Theatre in New York. This urbane and polished actor is so uniformly good in all his parts that many observers of the stage are wont to take his work for granted and to regard it as less remarkable than that of some actor or actress who makes an emphatic hit in a striking part and thereafter does nothing noteworthy for several seasons. There is nothing to jut out and hit the eye in a lifelong uniformity of excellence. Our good and faithful citizens are seldom talked about: it is those who shout in public and disturb the peace who get their names recorded in large type upon the front pages of our newspapers. And in the mimic world of the theatre, an actor who is always good is less talked about than one who spasmodically emerges to tear a passion to tatters.

Mr. Drew is our one consistent and continuous exponent of polite comedy—that sort of airy, easy dallying with the minor foibles of society which may be expected at the Criterion in London. To us in America, this graceful and good-humored comedy of manners comes as a relief from many plays that are representative of what that astute critic, Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, has called our American comedy of bad manners. When confronted with such exhibitions, we need, as an antidote, some polite comedy which shall remind us that characters may be funny without being vulgar, and that lines may be witty without being rude. Such an antidote is always offered by the plays in which Mr. Drew appears; and though some of them may seem a little thin, they are at least always inoffensive, and are often representative of the best manners of our time.

"A SINGLE MAN"

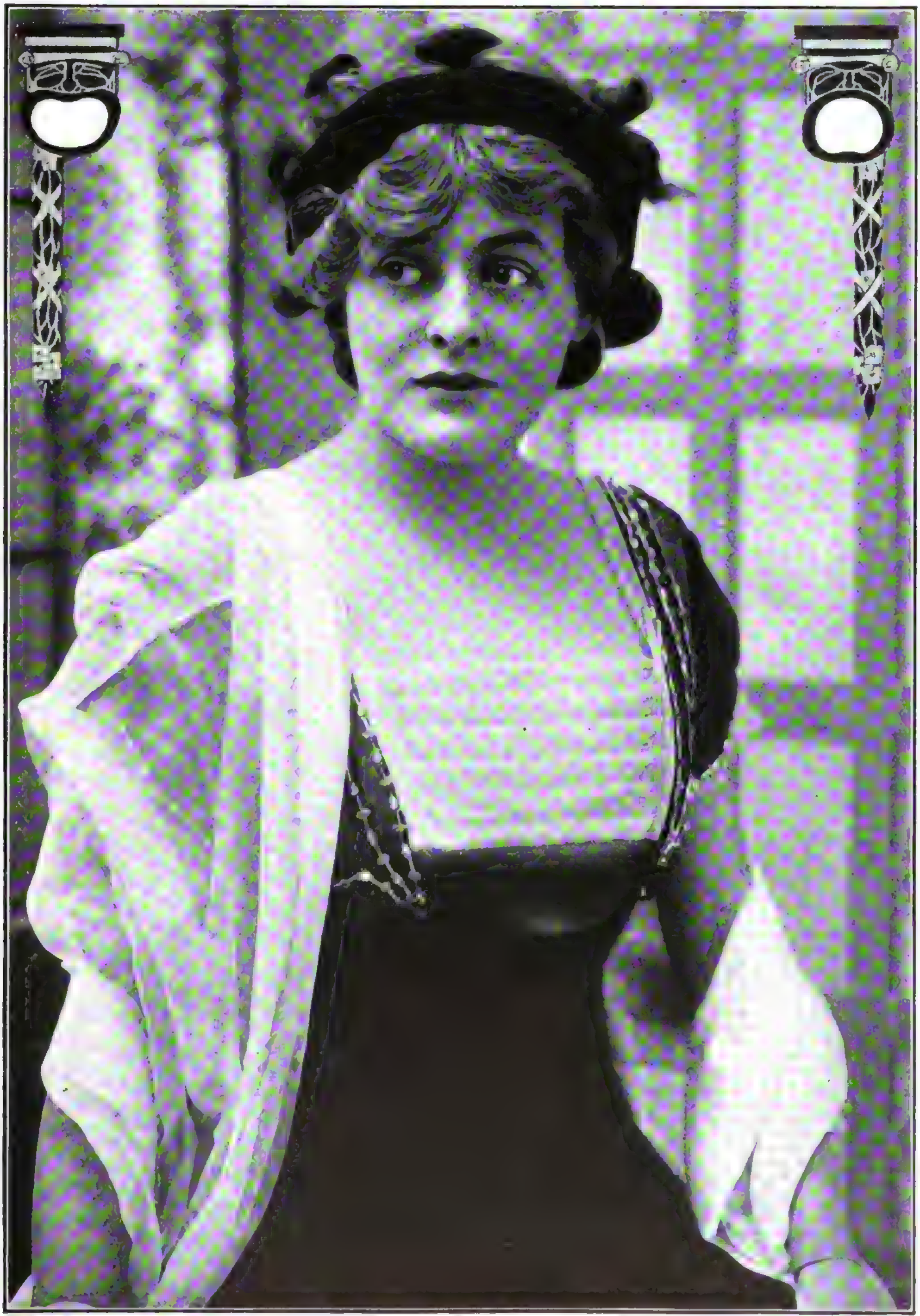
Mr. Drew is appearing this season in a comedy called "A Single Man," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies. Mr. Davies has always been a delicate and dainty artist. He has concerned himself by preference with the little things of life; but these he has rendered surely, with a rare refinement of art. He has a pretty touch of sentiment, a subtle insight into character, and the clever art of repeating truthfully those apparent trivialities of conversation which reveal the very essence of individual personality.

"A Single Man" is not so worthy an example of Mr. Davies's art as either "The Mollusc" or "Cousin Kate." Thus far, "The Mollusc" remains the best of his plays, because it illustrates a theme. The present piece, however, merely tells a story. The hero, Robin Worthington (played by Mr. Drew), is a successful author in his forties. He has been so busy with his books that he has never thought of marrying. His younger brother, with a wife and a baby, comes to visit Robin; and the young couple, aglow with their own marital felicity, conspire against the unblessed isolation of the single man. They import a husband-hunting girl, of thirty or thereabouts, to conquer him. But meanwhile the hero, on his own account, has been stirred to



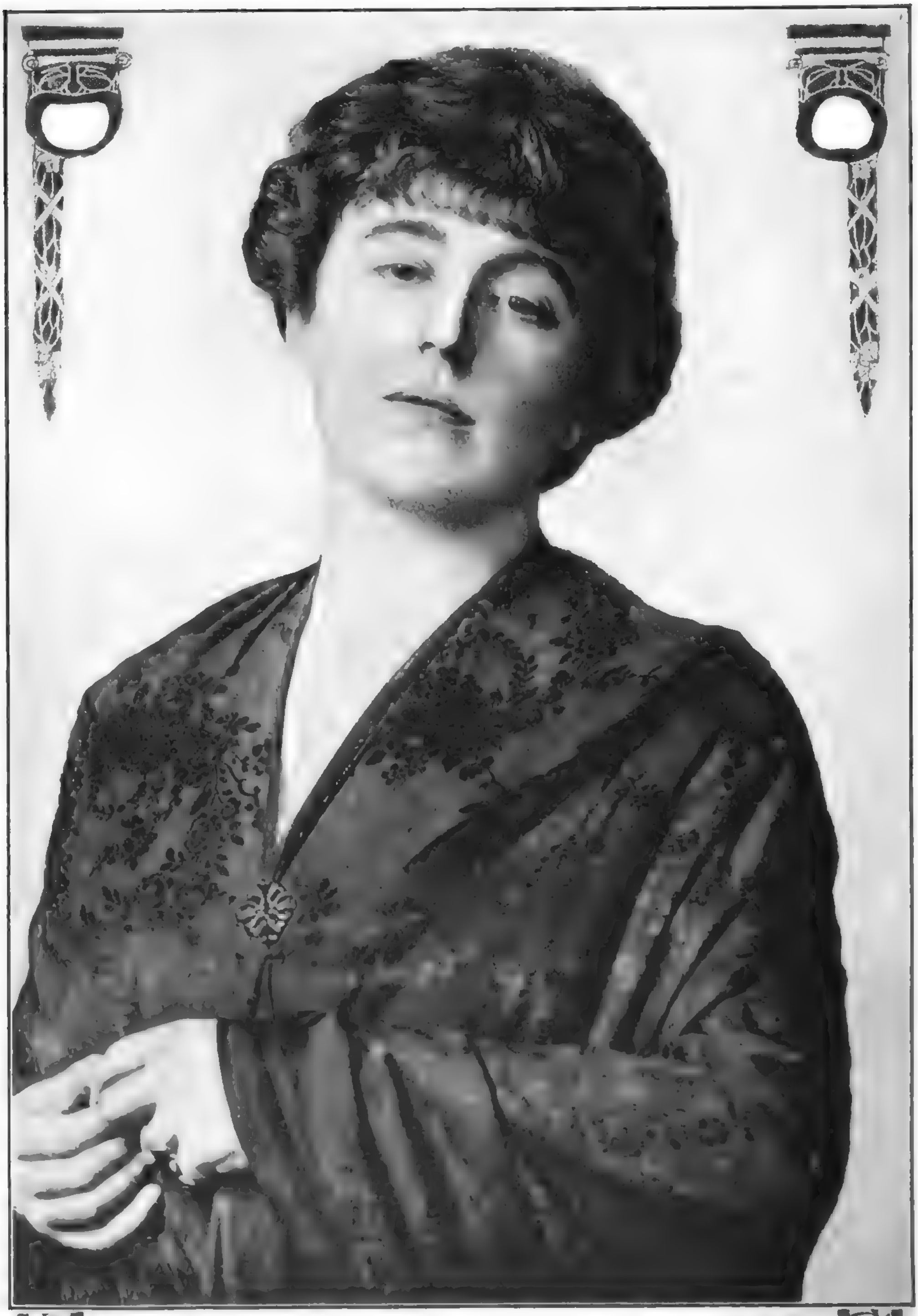
Photograph by White, New York

EDGAR SELWYN, PLAYWRIGHT AND STAR, IN HIS LATEST PRODUCTION, "THE ARAB."



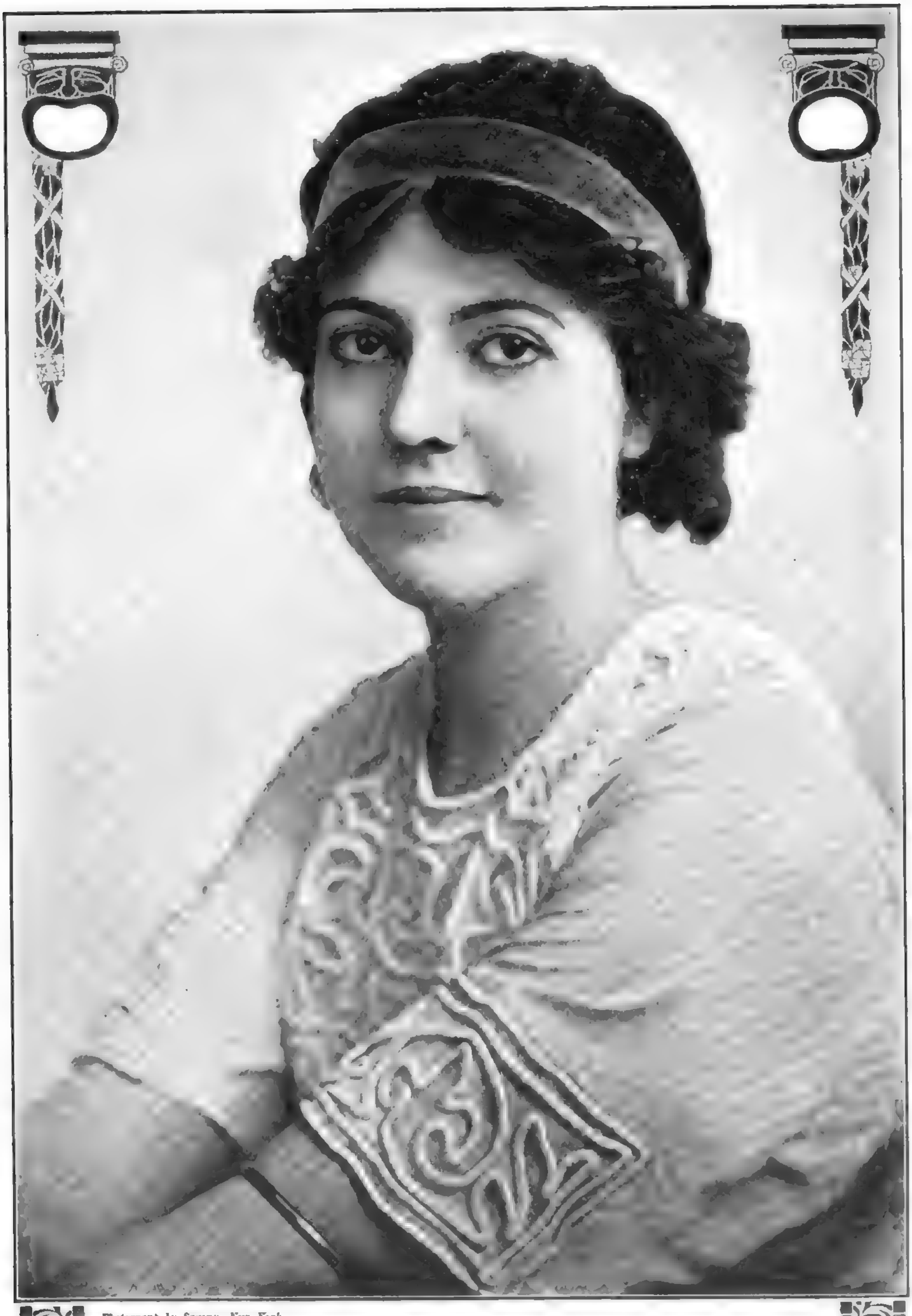
Photograph by Moffett Studio.

MARY BOLAND, PLAYING WITH JOHN DREW IN "A SINGLE MAN."



Photograph by White, New York.

MARGARET ANGLIN, THE STAR OF "GREEN STOCKINGS."



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

LOUISE RUTTER IN "PASSERS-BY."

thoughts of matrimony by observing the pretty domesticity of the married pair within his gates; and precisely at the moment when the militant maid arrives, he announces his engagement to a very young and very pretty little playmate of a girl who lives upon a neighboring estate. The husband-hunter is undaunted, and remains to exercise her practised arts to win the hero away from the pretty child whose youthfulness has caught his fancy.

But though neither the girl he wants nor the woman who wants him knows it, there is a dark horse in the race for his affection. "A gray horse" would perhaps be more precise a phrase; for there is a grayness, like that of unobtrusive twilight, about the personality of Miss Heseltine, his secretary. Robin has never noticed that his secretary loves him. In fact, he has never noticed *her*, for the reason that he has spent all his working hours with her for the past five years. One does not notice the furniture of the room that one habitually lives in, especially if the furniture is comfortable. Secretaries obtrude themselves upon the notice if they are inefficient or annoying; but Miss Heseltine has been quietly indispensable. When she announces to Robin that she will not be able to remain with him after he is married, he is surprised and startled—surprised into a realization of her as a human being, startled into an understanding of her love for him. From that moment onward his interest in her increases, until he grows aware that she is the one woman in the world for him.

Thereafter he is embarrassed not only by the now familiar necessity of warding off the attacks of the husband-hunter, but also by the new and more delicate necessity of breaking his engagement with the pretty little girl. From this latter embarrassment he is relieved by the girl herself, who has conveniently decided on her own account that Robin is too old for her. The husband-hunter is discomfited, and Miss Heseltine will continue to collaborate for a lifetime with her personal favorite among authors.

There is nothing novel in this story; and the incidents follow each other on the stage without any interruption of expectancy. The same story, told less daintily than Mr. Davies tells it, would seem too tenuous for a satisfying comedy. But Mr. Davies tells it with his characteristic charm. There is some very pretty writing, especially in the secretary's part; and the mood of the little play is a tender blend of sentiment and humor.

"PASSERS-BY"

"Passers-By," by Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, is one of those tantalizing plays that ought, somehow, to be better than they are. It is so finely acted and delicately stage-directed that it satisfies the spectator at the moment of performance; but it will not bear a subsequent thinking-over. It starts out with an original and interesting idea; but instead of giving this idea a thematic development, the author soon unaccountably forsakes it and transforms his piece into an ordinary play of plot without a theme.

Peter Waverton, a well-to-do young bachelor with rooms in Piccadilly, is suffering from ingrowing boredom at the unreality of high society. One evening he escapes early from a dinner-party, and returns home to find his man, Pine, sharing his best whisky and cigars with "Nighty," an all-night cabman from a neighboring stand. He is conventionally incensed, ejects the cabby, and dismisses Pine; but then, being very bored, he thinks the matter over and decides that he might derive some amusement by calling "Nighty" back. The cabman, who has spent a long lifetime observing the night-life of London from his elevated perch, turns out to be somewhat of a social philosopher; and Waverton, pleased with his experiment in human intercourse, looks out of the window in search of another passer-by.

He notices a forlorn waif loafing, listless, by the railings of the Green Park, and sends forth the snobbish and indignant Pine to fetch him in. The waif is even more interesting than the cabby. His name is Samuel Burns. His profession is to do nothing, and his one desire in life is to be let alone. He has been launched unwillingly into the world, both mentally and physically unfit for the business of living; and his attitude is one of wistful and uncomprehending acquiescence in the fact of being. The character is admirably studied by the author, and perfectly played by Mr. Ernest Lawford.

At this point, since Mr. Chambers has apparently announced a theme, the thoughtful auditor expects him to go on with it, and to build a plot by interweaving such materials of narrative as Waverton may discover by continuing his adventures in humanity and his investigations of theretofore unnoticed passers-by. But the author disappoints this expectation, and soon turns aside from his theme to take up the sort of plot that has been set forth in innumerable other plays; for the third of the passers-by whom Waverton welcomes to his rooms that evening is a girl who has lost her way in the thick London fog; and, by a presupposition that makes an excessive demand upon the auditor's credulity, she turns out to be Margaret Summers, the very girl that he had loved passionately years before. She had been a governess in his family, and had been summarily dismissed when their love was discovered. Now are disclosed the conventional plot of letters maliciously destroyed to keep the lovers separate, and the conventional fact that the girl has a child of whom Waverton is the father. Waverton is at present engaged to marry a young girl in his own set, who is the best of fellows, and with whom he thinks himself in love. But, in a manly manner, he assumes a sheltering friendliness toward Margaret, remembering their love of other years.

The author's development of this new thread of narrative is highly improbable and heavily sentimental; but it has that quality which, in the slang of the theatre, is known as "sympathetic." The child is brought upon the stage; and Waverton suc-

Photograph by White, New York.

CHARLES RICHMAN AND JULIA DEAN IN "BOUGHT AND PAID FOR."

cumbs, in the usual way, to that spontaneous emotion of paternity which is considered so natural in the theatre and is, in fact, so rare in life.

The vacuous mind of Burns has something childlike in its unperturbed simplicity; and the waif and the child play together and grow friends. Burns conceives a silly and alluring idea of rabbit-hunting in the suburbs, and the child runs away with him into the adventurous and wooing world. The loss of the child plunges both Margaret and Waverton into a pathetic agony which unites them more nearly to each other. Waverton's fiancée sits up all night with Margaret while Waverton is searching for the child; and the dialogue between these two women who love the hero is very humanly conceived. Very human also is the subsequent scene when, after the child has been discovered and restored to its mother, the good-fellow of a fiancée gives up the hero and urges him to marry Margaret. The old love has never died, as Margaret and Waverton now discover and admit; and the old lovers are united in the end.

This conventional and sentimental story, in spite of its basic lack of plausibility, is pleasing to the audience because it is told in a winning way. But the prime fault of the play is that this is not the sort of story the author seemed to promise at the outset. He begins by telling you that he is going to set forth something new; and he ends up by giving you merely a rearrangement of the old materials of theatrical emotion.

"BOUGHT AND PAID FOR"

"Bought and Paid For" was the most interesting play of the early autumn season in New York, and is the best play that Mr. George Broadhurst has ever written. It is the best because it is the most sincere. Mr. Broadhurst has always shown a practised cunning in theatrical contrivance; but usually in his plays he has seemed to be more interested in the theatre than in life itself. He has not hesitated now and then to falsify the facts of experience in order to heighten an effect; and the general tone and tenor of his writing has been journalistic. But "Bought and Paid For" is free from all these faults. It is an earnest study of life itself, set forth without falsification; and it is so convincingly real that it gives the auditor a sense of permanence.

Robert Stafford, a millionaire with many interests downtown, falls in love with a telephone girl, named Virginia Blaine, and asks her to marry him. He is a very charming gentleman and is basically a fine fellow; and though Virginia is not certain that she loves him, she accepts him. Thereby she advances not only herself but also her sister; for Stafford creates a position at a hundred dollars a week for the latter's fiancé, who heretofore has been earning fourteen dollars a week as a shipping-clerk and cherishing vain hopes of an advance.

Virginia's married life is fairly happy for a year or more; but her husband is given to convivial drinking at midnight, and the habit grows upon him. When he is intoxicated, he afflicts her with amorous advances from which she instinctively revolts. The second act culminates in a strong scene in which she rebels against his drunken wooing and he insults her with the phrase that is the title of the play. At the climax of this scene the wife escapes to her bedroom and locks the door behind her; and the infuriated husband smashes a panel of the door and makes his way to her. This scene is, of course, reminiscent of the second curtain-fall of the later version of M. Brieux's "Maternity;" but Mr. Broadhurst has handled it with absolute reality, and it is nobly acted by Mr. Charles Richman and Miss Julia Dean.

The third act of Mr. Broadhurst's play recalls inevitably the last act of "A Doll's House;" for in this act, in spite of her husband's sincere penitence, Virginia tells him that it is humanly necessary for her to leave him and go back into the working world alone. In the last act she is living with her sister and brother-in-law. The latter is once more a shipping-clerk with a very meager salary; and the three are having a hard time to make ends meet. The shipping-clerk, without Virginia's knowledge, sends for Stafford. The latter, deeply moved by his wife's defection, has honestly reformed; and the drama ends with a reconciliation which promises to be permanent.

The play is curiously constructed. It will be noticed that the climax is reached at the second curtain-fall—instead of at the third, where one expects to find it in a four-act play. The fourth act is a sort of epilogue. In theme the piece suggests a European drama; but Mr. Broadhurst has not constructed it in the manner of the Continental masters. He has sacrificed the accepted strategy of structure, and staked his effect upon the reality of his characterization. He has done this without endangering the play; for his characters are truthfully conceived and vividly depicted. All of them are admirably drawn; but the portrait that most takes the eye of the audience is that of the shipping-clerk, James Gilley. Gilley is a vain little whipper-snapper, with no ability, and with an inordinate sense of the importance of his own career and the certainty of his future success. This part, which is what actors call a very "fat one," is perfectly played by Mr. Frank Craven; it is a genuine humorous characterization and a real addition to the living figures of the American drama.

"THE WOMAN"

Mr. William C. de Mille is endowed with a natural talent for the theatre, and this talent he has been developing steadily from year to year by honest labor. His present piece, "The Woman," is better than any of his earlier plays. It is essentially a play of plot; but the plot is so nicely articulated that the finished work has more the look of life than many more ambitious pieces with momentous themes. Furthermore, the people in Mr. de Mille's plot are clearly realized as characters; and the dialogue is written in a vernacular that has the tang of nature.

There is, in Washington, a strenuous political struggle between the corrupt party machine led by Jim Blake and his son-in-law, Mark Robertson, and a rapidly growing insurgent group led by Matthew Standish. Standish is an apostle of purity in politics and has become a popular idol. Blake discovers that, many years before, Standish once spent a week at a remote hotel in the country, living with a woman to whom he was not married; and the regulars conspire to force Standish to withdraw his opposition to a certain bill by threatening to make the scandal public. They have not, however, been able to discover the name of the woman in the case; and without a knowledge of her name their story will be useless. Standish calls the woman up, by long-distance telephone, to warn her. A moment later, on the same wire, Robertson calls up his own wife in New York. The two telephone numbers are the same. Thereby it is revealed to the telephone girl (and simultaneously to the audience) that the woman through whose error Blake and Robertson are plotting to ruin Standish is Blake's own daughter and the wife of Robertson.

Blake and Robertson try every means, both fair and foul, to make the telephone girl reveal to them the number that Standish has called up; but the girl stands stanch against both offers of a bribe and threats of arrest and imprisonment. But meanwhile, Mrs. Robertson has arrived in Washington, and by a logical train of incidents she is forced ultimately to confess. As a result, her husband and her father withdraw from the struggle against Standish, and the insurgents win the day.

This plot, thus briefly summarized, does not sound particularly novel; but it is conducted with a very delicate theatric skill. Furthermore, the play is made real by many convincing effects of character. Especially noteworthy is the handling of the husband and the father immediately after Mrs. Robertson's confession. Instead of tearing their hair and cursing her with conventional rhetoric, they stand for an appreciable interval stunned to silence, and then their hearts go out to her in an agony of sympathy that can scarce express itself in words.

The piece also enjoys the full advantage of Mr. Belasco's incomparable stage direction. It is played in a slow tempo and with a remarkable quietude of tone. At the harrowing climax, nobody is hard upon the furniture; but the actors preserve at all points the modesty of nature.

"DISRAELI"

"Disraeli," by Mr. Louis N. Parker, affords a very pleasing evening's entertainment. It can scarcely be regarded as a play; it should be considered rather as a sort of picture-frame in which is hung a finely-painted portrait. The portrait itself is the work more of the actor than the author. The versatile and fascinating personality of the inimitable Beaconsfield affords to Mr. George Arliss ample scope for the display of his exquisite art of characterization. There is in the acting of Mr. Arliss a delicacy that reminds us of the fabric of old lace. His is indeed a precious art—a thing to wonder at for technical precision—

charming with that intimate charm of perfectness that makes its most complete appeal to those with eyes to see.

Mr. Parker's task was, first of all, to offer Mr. Arliss an adequate opportunity to be Disraeli on the stage; and this task he has accomplished. It would be, perhaps, too much to ask that the author should also manage to weave a self-sustaining play around this central figure. There is little, in the ordinary sense, dramatic to be discovered in Disraeli's career. There could be no love-story at the center of the plot; but this deficiency has been covered up by setting forth very charmingly several scenes which exhibit the domestic affection of the hero for his elderly wife, and by giving him also a sort of avuncular interest in the love-affair of a charming young girl. The plot deals mainly with Disraeli's *coup* which secured for England the control of the Suez Canal and made Victoria Empress of India. To achieve this high and patriotic purpose, the prime minister must circumvent the machinations of a couple of Russian spies, one of whom is a clever woman. We are told continually that he is a great man; but all that we actually see him accomplish on the stage is the confusion of these quite conventional villains by the usual theatrical devices. The diplomatic plot is mere machinery; but it serves to sustain an adequate reproduction of mid-Victorian manners. Furthermore, the dialogue is embroidered with several pretty fancies, and now and then sparkles into wit. But apart from the acting of Mr. Arliss the play is inconsiderable.

"GREEN STOCKINGS"

In that unnamed county of the United Kingdom wherein is set the scene of Mr. A. E. W. Mason's comedy, there is a tradition that an elder unmarried sister must wear green stockings at the wedding of a younger sister; and, figuratively at least, Celia Faraday has already worn green stockings twice and is about to be obliged to don them for a third time. Two of her sisters are married; the third, though scarcely more than a child in years, has now become engaged; and Celia herself, though she is still under thirty, has come to be regarded as definitely laid upon the shelf. She returns home from a visit, to find herself emphatically unconsidered by all the eligible men; and against this condition she suddenly revolts. She tells her family and friends that she has become engaged to a certain Colonel John Smith, who has just been sent away on an expedition to Somaliland. She even writes Colonel Smith a love-letter, intending to destroy it later; but one of her sisters finds it and consigns it to the mail. Thereafter, illuminated by this fiction of a lover half the world away, Celia appears in a new light to her family and friends. Men begin to notice her, and she becomes a social favorite. Ultimately, eight months later, Celia decides to kill off her imaginary lover, and forwards to the *Times* a notice of his death upon the battlefield. Her family discover the death notice, and suffer a great deal of agonized embarrassment in breaking the news to her.

It happens that there is actually in the army a certain Colonel J. N. Smith, D. S. O. He has received Celia's first and only love-letter; and he comes to call upon Celia the very day that the death notice has made its appearance in the *Times*. He represents himself to be the nearest friend of the dear departed, and engages in a spirited duel of wits with Celia—each endeavoring to outdo the other in living up to the story that they both know to be fictitious. In the course of this witty conflict, which is maintained with unfaltering sprightliness for two acts, the colonel and Celia fall in love with each other; and in the end Celia finds herself really engaged to Colonel Smith after all.

This pleasing story is, at least at the outset, scarcely well constructed; but the characters are humanly conceived and the dialogue ripples along with a delicious sparkle of high spirits. Miss Margaret Anglin and Mr. H. Reeves-Smith, in their acting of the leading parts, lift the rather farcical intrigue to the level of high comedy. Finer acting is seldom seen upon our stage than the work of these delightful artists; and though Mr. Mason's piece is in itself amusing, the actors deserve more commendation than the play.

More Brains—Less Sweat

by

WALTER LIPPMANN

WHEN Louis D. Brandeis said to the Interstate Commerce Commission that American railroads could save three hundred million dollars a year, you could hear a nation sit up straight in surprise. It set everybody wondering, arguing, attacking, defending. Some said it was nonsense; others just gasped; some came to scoff and remained to pray. But everybody was bewildered at the "new gospel." The papers called it the Brandeis plan, and most people thought Mr. Brandeis had hatched out the scheme in a law library.

What he did was to call everybody's attention to a movement that is going on quietly everywhere. It's a movement to end waste in the world. It isn't only a question of railroads. It includes almost anything, from forestry to housekeeping, from bricklaying to personal hygiene. There are more and more people in the world who hate waste, who can't rest until they end it. The idea of half doing a job in double time; the spectacle of people foozling and fuddling, without plan, without standards; the whole idea of wasted labor and wasted material is a horror to them. Their passion is to set things in order, to remove friction, to plan ahead, to get the business of life done thoroughly and done well.

These men spring up all over, from all stations in life, in all sorts of occupations. Near Philadelphia, for example, a man named Henry Maxwell was working as an apprentice in a big machine shop. He was a mere boy, and they set him to work at a job which took no brains at all. It was simply to shove some castings into a machine. It was a long, uninteresting bore. So he rigged up a little arrangement with pulleys and ropes to do the thing automatically. Then he sat down on a box and grinned.

He has had a "bug for efficiency" ever since. "When I went at a job, I used to begin to wonder right away how the thing could be done better with less work," he says. "I couldn't stand the idea of spending six hours doing something which I ought to do in three." He was the queerest apprentice that ever entered those shops. The foreman laughed at him. "I haven't seen anything you couldn't make a cinch."

He worked in all sorts of industries: He built mining engines; he worked in steel foundries; he made paper boxes and locomotives; he worked in sawmills, and he made satins; he was in a bookbindery and a printing-shop, and a shipyard; he has tried liquefied air and furniture. Wherever he went, he saw things badly done and slowly done. The management was inefficient. "Labor is sixty per cent. efficient in the United States; capital, only thirty per cent.," said Mr. Harrington Emerson, the efficiency engineer, recently. Maxwell did not know the principles of scientific management, but he did recognize waste when he saw it. One plant where he worked was running a night shift, although there was no work to do. The men played cards. The management was keeping up the price of stocks in Wall Street by saying that the plant was running night and day.

"And what happens when they are working?" he said to me. "I go in and a man is just finishing one job. I watch him. He gets through, and he goes up to the foreman to get the next one. The foreman hasn't got it ready. 'Look in that desk and you'll find it,' he says. The man looks, and finds his drawing. Then he has to go on a hunt for the foreman again to find out if it's the right job. If it is, he goes back to his machine. He looks at his tools. They aren't any good for the job. So he takes them over to the blacksmith's, and hangs around until they are ready. Then he goes back to his machine. He starts in, and in a few minutes the belt snaps. He cusses a bit, and begins to repair the belt. All waste, every bit of it—waste of time, waste of nerves, waste of material. The jobs ought to be planned ahead; the tools ought to be kept in perfect condition for the man. It's one grand scramble now. The men can't do good work. The management doesn't provide the conditions for good work."

As a workman in various plants, Maxwell began to study the time it took to do each part of a job. He kept a record, and studied it. He busied himself seeing just where he could cut out unnecessary work. He went on the theory that if he used his brain a little, he wouldn't have to use his hands so much. He'd find that on a six-hour job all but two hours and forty-seven minutes was consumed by bad planning, bad tools, unnecessary movements. So he planned ahead, and he had his tools in good conditions, and he economized his effort, with the result that he became one of the quickest, surest workmen in and around Philadelphia. Work wasn't drudgery under those conditions. It was lifted from a dreary routine to an art.

Henry Maxwell, mechanic, discovered the most important thing in the world about work. He discovered that if he worked by rule of thumb, everything was drudgery; that if he understood the theory of his job, he could get the same joy out of it that the craftsman does. He found that if he used his imagination, he became bigger than his tools. Where formerly there had been a machine running a man, there was a man running a machine.

He discovered another thing. He discovered that there wasn't a great deal of difference among jobs. I marveled at the fact that he was able to go from making locomotives to paper boxes; from building ships to building furniture. "Oh," he said, "there isn't so much difference as you think. The same principles apply all over. If you understand the principles, you can learn any job quickly enough." By applying his brains to his work, he has made himself bigger than any particular piece of work.

"Any job?" I asked. "Even housekeeping?"

"You bet!" he laughed. "You ought to see my wife. She heard so much about scientific management that she began to try it on the household. She's got the thing planned now so that the girl isn't dusting and scrubbing from breakfast to supper. The girl has some time to herself."

There is something infectious about these "efficiency engineers." They don't talk grandly about the dignity of labor, and then waste it. But they give dignity to labor by using labor carefully. They know that consuming time and energy over a job isn't labor. It's dawdling, and there's no dignity in dawdling. But labor which is useful—which the laborer feels is useful—is the most dignified thing in the world.

Henry Maxwell is now in the business of teaching other men what he has learned. Under Frederick W. Taylor, and then under Harrington Emerson, he studied the science of saving the waste of labor and material. So the work which began with the apprentice who wouldn't do any job he could make a machine do for him, has grown into the mission of a man who as a practical demonstrator is teaching other men how to save their labor. He has taken a leaf out of the book of Harrington Emerson. He has learned to "work with the reliability of a steam valve, yet with the joy of a hunting-dog and the inspiration of an artist."

Maxwell is one of the men who are setting the world in order. Out there in machine-shop and shipyard he is showing how the business of getting a living can be made easier. He is in the field, actually making it possible for men to sweat less over their daily bread. He is making it possible, remember. Whether the men who actually work will reap the fruits is a problem not for him but for the statesman. Things can be provided more easily as a result of the work of men like Maxwell. It opens up the possibility of leisure through the saving of labor. It is for the politicians to see that men realize that possibility. "The first thing you have to do, essentially," says Ruskin, "the 'real good work' is, with respect to men, to enforce justice; and with respect to things, to enforce tidiness and fruitfulness." When Maxwell and his kind enforce fruitfulness, the statesmen must see that there is justice in the sharing of the fruits. It will be interesting to see whether they do their jobs as well as Maxwell does his.

THE SQUIRREL CAGE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "GUNHILD," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALONZO WIILLIAMS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS;

The story opens with the return of Lydia Emery from a year abroad—a year that is the climax of an elaborately useless boarding-school education, and the preface to her entrance into Endbury society. During the first rapturous inspection of the house, which has been made ready for her "coming out," the girl is specially ecstatic over a new sofa. This, it turns out, has been made by Daniel Rankin, a young man who has outraged Endbury by withdrawing from business to become a cabinet-maker and live in the woods. He has dropped out of society, and the Emerys, in talking to Lydia, dismiss him as "crazy." On the day after her return Lydia meets him twice—first in the magical freshness of the early morning in the Emerys' garden, and then on the stairway of the house, where Rankin is at work. In response to the girl's questioning, Rankin explains to her the purpose of his withdrawal from the "squirrel cage" of Endbury's social and business competition, whose standards are fixed by what "every one else has and does." Lydia, who has herself an instinct for essentials, but has accepted her family's ideals unquestioningly, is bewildered, but deeply interested. While she is still struggling with these new ideas, her mother is taken ill, and Lydia wrestles with the problems of managing a large house. One day, going out for a little relief, she loses her way in the woods and comes upon Rankin's cabin; here, seeing his manner of living, she gets a clearer insight into his purposes and a perspective on the time-consuming elaborateness of the Emerys' housekeeping. Meantime, the Emerys are cherishing the belief that Lydia is eventually to marry Paul Hollister, a young "captain in the army of electricity," whose whole vigorous personality is concentrated on Success. Paul calls on Lydia, and she falls under the spell of his dominance. The next day, shaken and bewildered, conscious of the disharmony between her own half-formed ideals and her family's plans for her future, she goes to talk with Dr. Melton, her godfather and closest friend. Here she meets Rankin, and on their way home in the autumn evening, he stumblingly offers to help her. As he leaves, he kisses her hand. Her mother and sister have seen, and, thinking it was Hollister, they rally her laughingly. Her quiet announcement that it was Rankin is, she knows, the beginning of open conflict.

CHAPTER X—WHAT IS BEST FOR LYDIA

THE girls who were to be débutantes that season, the "crowd," or (more accurately to quote Madeline Hollister's racy characterization) "the gang," stood before Hallam's drug-store, chattering like a group of bright-colored paroquets. They had finished three or four ice-cream sodas apiece, and now, inimitably unconscious that they were on a street corner, they were "getting up" a matinée-party for the performance of the popular actress whom, at the time, it was the fashion for all girls of their age and condition to adore. They had worked themselves up to a state of hysteric excitement over the prospect.

A tall, brown-eyed blonde, with the physical development of a woman and the facial expression of a child of twelve, cried out: "I feel as though I should swoon for joy to see that darling way she holds her hands when the leading man's making love to her—so sort of helpless—like this——"

"Oh, Madeline, that's not a *bit* the way. It's so!"

Madeline referred the question to Lydia: "Lyd has seen her later than anybody. She saw her in London. Just think of going to the theatre in London—as if it was anywhere! She says they're crazy about her over there."

"Oh, *wild!*" Lydia told them. "Her picture's in every single window!"

"Lyd met a woman on the steamer, coming back, whose sister-in-law has the same hair-dresser," Madeleine went on.

They were electrified. "Oh, *honestly? Is* it her own?" They trembled before the solution of a problem which had puzzled them, as they would have said, "for eternities."

"Every hair," Lydia affirmed, "and naturally that color."

Their enthusiasm was prodigious. "How grand! How perfectly grand!"

They turned on Lydia with reproaches. "Here you've been back two months and we haven't got a bit of good out of you."

"Her mother's been sick, you know," Madeline Hollister explained.

"She hasn't been so sick but what Lydia could get out to go riding with your brother Paul, ever since he got back this last time."

Lydia, as though she wished to lose herself, had been entering with a feverish intensity into the spirit of their lively chatter; but now, instead of responding with some prompt, defensive flippancy, she colored highly and was silent. A clock above them struck five. "Oh, I must get on," she cried. "I'm down here, you know, to walk home with father."

They laughed loudly. "Oh, yes, we know all about this sudden enthusiasm for papa's society. Where are you going to meet Paul?"

Lydia looked about at the crush of drays, trolley-cars, and delivery wagons jamming the busy street. "Well, not here, downtown," she replied, her tone one of satisfied security.

A confused and conscious stir among her companions and a burst of talk from them cut her short. They cried variously, according to their temperaments: "Oh, there he comes now!" "I think it's mean—Lydia's gobbling him up from under our noses!" "*I* used to have a ride or two behind that gray while Lydia was away!" "My! Isn't he a good-looker!"

They had all turned like needles to the north, and stared as the spider-light wagon, glistening with varnish, bore down on them, looking singularly distinguished and costly among the dingy, business vehicles which made up the traffic of the crowded street. The young driver sent his wagon up against the flower-like group of girls, laughing, as he drew rein, at the open humorous outcry against him. A chorus of eager recrimination rose to his ears. "Now, Mr. Hollister, this is the first time Lydia's been out with our crowd since she came home!" "You might let her alone!" "Go away, Paul, you greedy thing!" "I haven't asked Lydia a single word about her European trip!"

"Well, maybe you think," he cried, springing out to the sidewalk, "that *I've* been spending the last year traveling around Europe with Lydia! I haven't heard any more than you have!" He threw aside the lap-robe of supple broadcloth, one of the elegant appointments of his outfit, and offered his hand to Lydia.

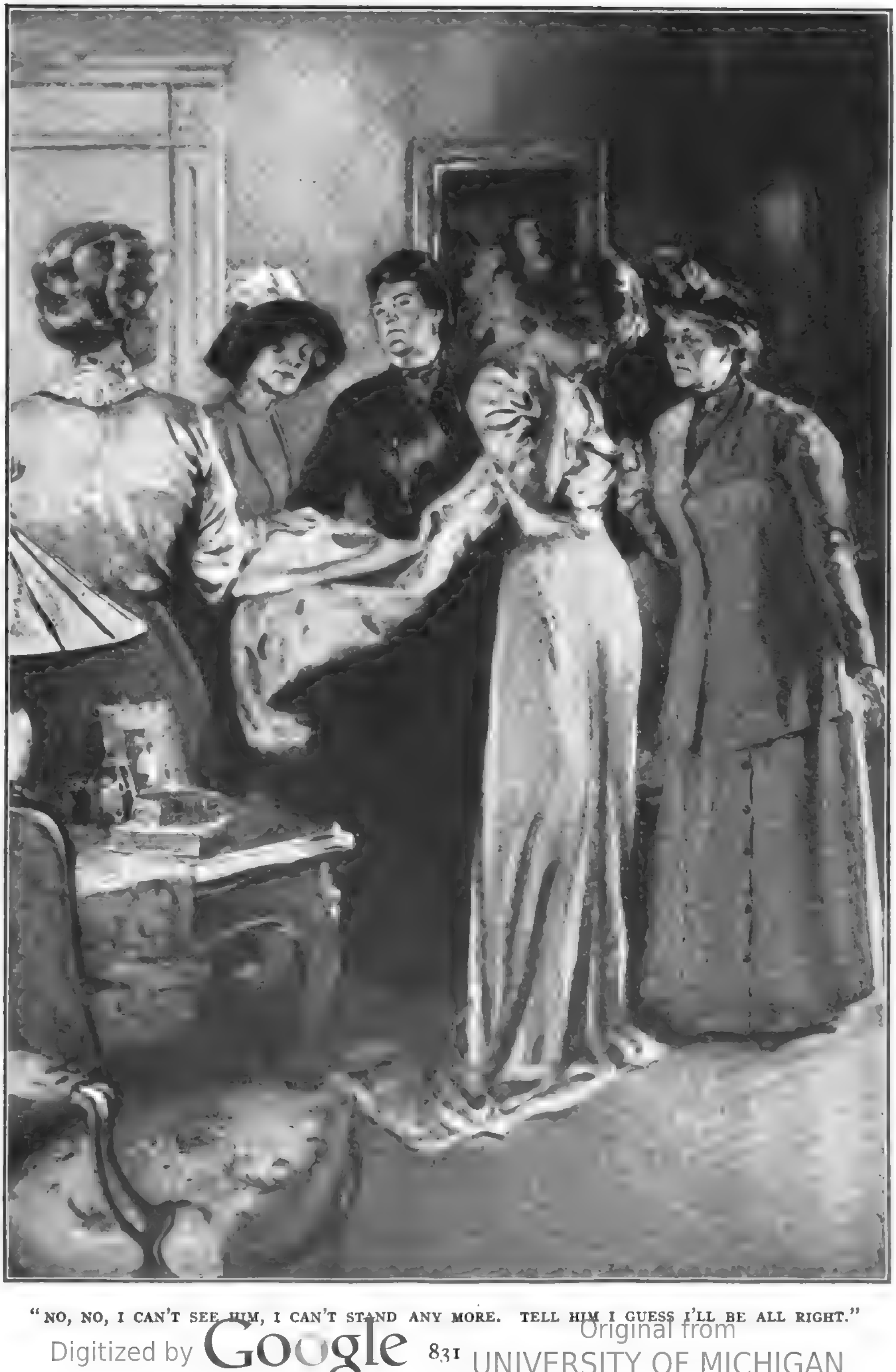
A flash of resentment at the cool silence of this invitation sprang up in the girl's eyes. There was in her face a sort of despairing effort at mutiny. Her hands nervously opened and shut the clasp of the furs at her throat. She tried to look unconscious, to laugh, not to know his meaning, to turn away.

The young man plunged straight through these pitiful cobwebs. "Why, come on, Lydia," he cried, with a good-humored pointedness. "I've been all over town hunting for you." She backed away, looking over her shoulder, as if for a lane of escape, flushing, paling. "Oh, not now—no, thank you, Paul. Not *this* afternoon!" she cried imploringly, with a soft fury of protest. "I'm on my way to father's office. I want to walk home with him. I want to see him. I thought it would be nice to walk home with him. I see so little of him! I thought it would be nice to walk home with him." She was repeating herself, stammering and uncertain, but achieving, nevertheless, a steady retreat from the confident figure standing by the wagon.

This retreat was cut short by his next speech. "Oh, I've just come from your father. I went to his office, thinking you might be there. He said to tell you and your mother that he won't be home to dinner to-night at all. He's got some citations on hand he has to verify."

Lydia had stopped her actual recoil at his first words and now stood still, but she still tugged at the invisible chain which held her. She shook her head. "Well—anyhow —I want to see him!" she insisted, with a transparently aimless obstinacy, like a frightened child's. "I want to *see* my father."

Paul laughed easily. "Well, you'd better choose some other time if you want to get anything out of him. He had turned everybody out and was just settling to work



"NO, NO, I CAN'T SEE HIM, I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE. TELL HIM I GUESS I'LL BE ALL RIGHT."

with a pile of law books before him. You know how your father looks under those circumstances!" He held the picture up to her, relentlessly smiling.

Lydia's lips quivered, but she said nothing.

Paul went on soothingly: "I've only come to take you straight home, anyhow. Your mother wants you. She said she had had one of those fainting turns again. She said to be sure to bring you."

At the mention of her mother's name, Lydia turned quite pale. She began to walk slowly back toward the wagon. There was angry, helpless misery in her dark eyes, but there was no longer any resistance. "Oh, if mother needs me—" she murmured. She took the offered hand, and stepped into the wagon.

She said little or nothing in answer to the young man's kind, cheerful talk as they drove along one main thoroughfare after another, conspicuous, brilliant, pointed out by people on the sidewalks, constantly nodding in response to greetings from acquaintances. Lydia flushed deeply at the first of these salutations, a flush which grew deeper and deeper as these features of their processional advance repeated themselves. She put her hand to her throat from time to time as though it ached; and when the red, rubber-tired wheels turned noiselessly in on the asphalt of her home street, she threw the lap-robe brusquely back from her knees as though for an instant escape.

The young man's pleasant chat stopped. "Look here, Lydia," he said in another tone, one that forced her eyes to meet his, "look here, don't you forget one thing!" His voice was deep with the sincerest sympathy, his eyes full of emotion. "Don't you forget, little Lydia, that nobody's sorrier for you than I am! And I don't want anything that—" he cried out in a sudden passion—"Good Lord! I'd be cut to bits before I'd even *want* anything that wasn't best for you!" He looked away and mastered himself again to quiet friendliness. "You know that, *don't* you, Lydia? You know that all I want is for you to have the most successful life any one can?" He leaned to her, imploring in his turn.

She drew a quick breath, and moved her head from side to side restlessly. Then, drawn by the steady insistence of his eyes, she said, as if touched by his patient, determined kindness: "Oh, yes! yes, Paul, I realize how awfully good you're being to me! I wish I could—but—yes, of course, I see how good you are to me!"

They were in front of the Emery house now. He did not try to detain her longer. He helped her down, only repeating as she gave him her gloved hand an instant: "That's what I'm *for*—to be good to you."

The wagon drove off, the young man refraining from so much as a backward glance.

The girl turned to the house and walked rapidly up the steps into the hall, and into her mother's presence, where, still on the crest of the wave of her resolution, she cried, "Mother, did you really send Paul for me again? Did you *really*?"

"Why, yes, dear," said Mrs. Emery, surprised, sitting up on the sofa with an obvious effort. "Did somebody say I didn't?"

"I *hoped* you didn't!" cried Lydia bitterly. "It was—horrid! I was out with all the girls in front of Hallam's—everybody was so—they all laughed so when he—they looked at me so!"

Mrs. Emery spoke with dignity: "Naturally I couldn't know where he would find you."

"But, mother, you did know that every afternoon for two weeks you've—it's been managed so that I've been out with Paul."

Mrs. Emery ignored this and went on plaintively: "I didn't see that it was so unreasonable for an invalid to send whomever she could find after her only daughter because she was feeling worse."

Lydia's frenzy carried her at once straight to the exaggeration which is the sure forerunner of defeat in the sort of a conflict which was engaging her. "*Are* you feeling any worse?" she cried, in a despairing incredulity which was instantly marked, by the scared revulsion on her own face as well as by Mrs. Emery's pale glare of horror, as inhumanly unfilial. "Oh, I didn't mean that!" she cried, running to her mother. "I'm sorry, mother! I'm sorry!"

The tears began running down Mrs. Emery's cheeks. "I don't know my little Lydia any more," she said weakly, dropping her head back on the pillow.

"I don't know myself!" cried Lydia, sobbing violently. "I'm so unhappy!"

Mrs. Emery took her in her arms with a forgiveness which dropped like a noose over Lydia's neck. "There, there, darling! Mother knows you didn't mean it! But you must remember, Lydia dearest, if you're unhappy these days, so is your poor mother."

"I'm making you so!" sobbed Lydia. "I know it! Something like this happens every day! It's why you don't get well faster! I'm *making* you unhappy!"

"It doesn't make any difference about me," Mrs. Emery heroically assured her. "I don't want you to be influenced by thinking about my feelings, Lydia. Above everything in the world, I don't want you to feel the *slightest* pressure from me—or any one of the family. Oh, darling, all I want—all *any* of us want, is what is best for our little Lydia!"

CHAPTER XI

A SOP TO THE WOLVES

SIX O'CLOCK had struck when Mrs. Sandworth wearily let herself down from the trolley-car which had brought her from the business part of Endbury back to what was known as the "residential portion"—a name bestowed on it to the exclusion of several other much larger divisions of town devoted almost exclusively to the small brick buildings, blackened by coal-smoke, in which ordinary people lived. As she walked slowly up the street, her arms were full of bundles, her heart full of an ardent prayer that she might find her brother either out or in a peaceable mood.

It had been a time of torment for everybody—everybody in the wretched fever of anxiety was agreed on that; and Mrs. Sandworth felt that life in the same house with Lydia's godfather had given her more than her share of the misery.

She let herself into the front door with a sigh of relief at finding the hall empty, looked cautiously into the doctor's study and drew a long breath, peeped into the parlor and, almost smiling, went on cheerfully up-stairs to her own room. It would be delicious to get off her corsets and shoes, let down her hair—oh, there he was, bolt upright before the fire!

She took in the significance of his tense attitude and prepared herself unresignedly for the worst. "Well, what is it now?" she asked.

He had not heard her enter and now flashed around, casting in her face, like a hard-thrown missile, "Lydia's engaged."

His sister flung herself on him in a wild inquiry. "Which one? Which one?"

He answered angrily: "Which do you suppose? Doesn't a steam-roller make some impression on a rose?"

"Oh!" she cried, enlightened. A moment later she protested. "But that's not fair."

"Heaven knows it's not!" he agreed bitterly.

She stared. "I mean that Paul hasn't been nearly so steam-rollery as usual."

The doctor rubbed his gray hair furiously. "He hasn't had to be. There have been plenty of other forces to do his rolling for him."

"If you mean her father—you know he's kept his hands off *religiously!*"

"He has done just that, damn him!" the doctor raged about the room. "It's not—" he faced her again hotly—"it's not, Heaven be my judge! that I wanted to settle it. But I did want Lydia to settle it herself."

"She has, it seems, at last," Mrs. Sandworth reminded him, in surprise at his forgetting so important a fact.

"She has *not!*" roared the doctor.

His literal-minded sister looked aggrieved bewilderment. She felt a bitterness at having been stirred without due cause. "Marius, you're unkind! Why did you tell me she had, when I'm so tired I could lie down and die—if——"

Dr. Melton knew his sister. He made a rapid plunge through the obscurity of her brain into her heart's warm clarity and, "Oh, Julia, if you had seen her!" he cried.

She leaned toward him, responsive to the emotion in his voice. "Tell me, poor Marius!" she yearned maternally over his pain.

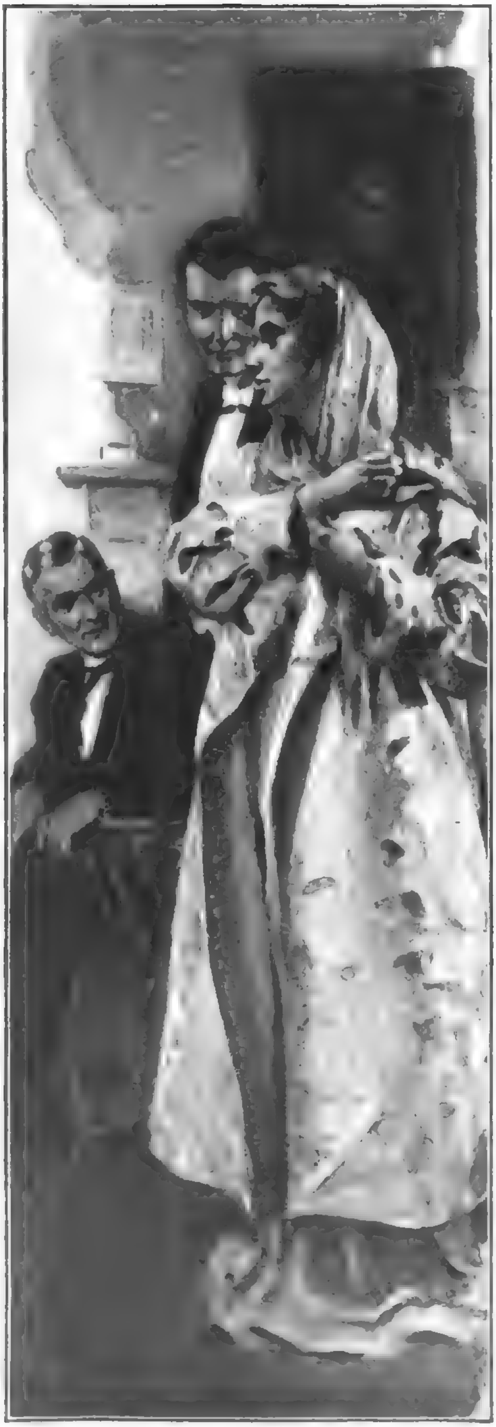
"I can't tell you—nobody could! If you had seen her——"

"But how did you hear? Did she tell you? When did——"

"I was there at five, and her mother met me at the door. She took me up-stairs, a finger on her lip—I thought, God help me! that Lydia was asleep. Marietta was up-stairs too. They told me they rather guessed that this afternoon would settle things. A week ago, she said, she'd had an out-and-out talk with that dreadful carpenter, and forbidden him the house——"

Mrs. Sandworth made a gesture of intuition. "Oh, if they've managed to shut Lydia off from *seeing* him——"

The doctor nodded. "That's what her mother counted on. She said to her it was a sign that Lydia was just infatuated with



"I'M AFRAID THE HOUSE IS GETTING TOO HANDSOME—EVERYTHING IN IT. IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE——"

Rankin—her being so different after she had been with him—so defiant—so unlike Lydia! But now she hadn't seen him for a week, and her mother and Marietta had been talking to her—*Julia!*—and Paul had come to see her every evening and had been just right—firm and yet not exacting, and ever so gentle and kind—and this afternoon when he came Lydia cried and said she didn't want to go down, but her mother said she mustn't be childish, and Marietta had just taken her right down to the library and left her there with Paul, and there she was now! There she was! There she was!"

The doctor started up and beat his thin, corded hand on the mantel. He could not speak. His sister laid a tender hand on his shoulder. "Poor Marius!" she said. He drew a long breath. "I did not fly at their throats—I turned and ran like mad down the stairs and into the library. It was Rankin I wanted to kill for letting his damned pride come in—for leaving her there alone with those—well, I was too late."

"You didn't burst in on them while Paul was kissing her, or anything?"

"Paul wasn't there."

"Not there! Why, Marius, you're worse than usual to-night. Didn't you tell me——"

"Oh, he'd been there! One look at Lydia showed that. She sat in the dim light—her face as white—and when I came in she said without looking to see who it was, 'I'm engaged to Paul.' She said it to her mother, who was right after me, of course, and then to Marietta."

"Well—" breathed Mrs. Sandworth, as he paused. "So that was all there was to it?"

"Oh, no; everybody but me did the proper thing. They kissed her and cried and congratulated everybody, and her mother said, with an eye on me: 'Darling, you're not doing this just because you know it'll make us all so very, very happy?' Lydia said, oh, no, she supposed not, and started to go up-stairs. But when Marietta said she'd go and telephone Flora Burgess to announce it in 'Society Notes', Lydia was down like a flash. It was *not* to be announced! she told them. She'd die if they told anybody! Paul had promised solemnly not to tell! Her mother said, 'Oh, of course, it *is* a handicap for a girl in her first season.' Lydia was half-way up the stairs, but at that she looked down at her mother . . .

God! Julia, if a child of mine had ever looked at me like that——"

Mrs. Sandworth patted him vaguely. "So it's all over," she mused.

"Nothing's ever over in a human life!" he contradicted her. "Why do you suppose she doesn't want it announced?"

"You don't suppose she means to break it off later?"

"I haven't any idea what she means, any more than she has, poor child! But it's plain that this is only to gain time—a sop to the wolves."

"*Wolves!*" cried poor Mrs. Sandworth.

"Well, tigers and hyenas perhaps," he added moderately.

"Why, they're crazy about Lydia—that whole Emery family!" she protested for them.

"They certainly are!" he agreed sardonically. "But I don't mean only her family. I mean unclean, prowling standards of what's what, as well as——"

Mrs. Sandworth gave him up and drifted off into speculation. "I wonder *what* she found in him to think of! A girl brought up as she's been! That man!"

"Perhaps she was only snatching a little sensible talk where she could get it."

"But they *didn't* talk sensibly! Marietta said Lydia tried, one of the times when they were going over and over it with her—Lydia tried to tell her mother some of the things they said that night when he took her home from here. Marietta said they were 'too sickish! Flat Sunday-school cant about wanting to be good,' and all that sort of thing."

"That certainly wouldn't have tempted Marietta from the path of virtue and sharp attention to a good match," murmured the doctor. "Nobody can claim that there's anything very seductive to the *average* young lady in Rankin's fanaticism. It just shows all the more how rare Lydia is."

"Good gracious, Marius! you talk as though it were a question of ideas, or convictions, or theories of life."

"That's a horrible conception to take of such affairs," he admitted gravely.

"It's which one she's in love with," Mrs. Sandworth enunciated with solemnity.

The doctor stood up to go. "She's not in love with either," he pronounced. "She's never been allowed the faintest sniff at reality or life or experience—how can she be in love? As far as that goes, she certainly has a strong liking for Paul."

"Well, they're in love with her, anyhow," she triumphed for her sex.

"I don't know anything about Paul's inner workings, thank Heaven! and as for Rankin, I can't be sure whether he's in love with her or not. He's sorry for her, he's awfully touched by her——"

Mrs. Sandworth felt the ground slip from beneath her feet. "Good gracious me! If he's not in love with her, nor she with him, what *are* you making all this fuss for?"

The doctor thrust out his lips. "I'm only protesting, in my usual feeble, inadequate manner, after the harm's done, at idiots and egotists laying their dirty hands on a sacred thing—the right of youth to its own life."

"Well, if you call that a feeble protest—" she called after him, as he turned. "And I want to ask you seriously, Marius," she went on, "just straight out—what you are so down on the Emerys over this for? What *have* they done that's so bad?"

"They've brought her up so that now in her time of need she hasn't a weapon to resist them."

"Oh, Marius!" cried Mrs. Sandworth, despairing of his comprehensibility.

"Well, then, I will tell you in words of one syllable. Mind you, I don't undertake to settle the question—Heaven forbid! It may be all right for Marietta Mortimer to kill herself, body and soul, to keep what it bores her to death to have—a social position in Endbury's two-for-a-cent society. But, for the Lord's sake, why do they make such a howling and yelling just at the time when Lydia's got the tragically important question to decide as to whether that's what *she* wants. It's like expecting her to do a problem in calculus in the midst of an earthquake."

Mrs. Sandworth had a mortal antipathy to figures of speech, acquired of much painful experience with her brother's conversation. She sank back in her chair and waved him off. "Calculus!" she cried, outraged. "Earthquakes! And I'm sure you are just as unfair to the poor Emerys as can be! They're just trying to have things right for Lydia—" She had one of her sudden, lucid divinations of the inner meaning of a situation. "Oh, the poor Emerys! Poor Lydia! Marius, aren't you glad we haven't any children?"

"Every child that's not getting a fair chance at what it ought to have should be our child," he said.

He went up to her and kissed her gently. "Good night."

"Where are you going?" she said, as though she already knew.

"To the Black Rock woods."

"Tell him—" she was inspired—"tell him to try to see Lydia again."

"I was going to do that, but she won't be allowed to see him. It's pretty late now. She ought to have been seeing him years ago—from the time he was born."

"But she's ever so much younger than he!" cried Mrs. Sandworth after him, informingly.

CHAPTER XII

LYDIA DECIDES IN PERFECT FREEDOM

The maid had announced to Mrs. Emery, finishing an unusually careful morning toilet, that Miss Burgess, society reporter of the Endbury *Chronicle*, was below. Before the mistress of the house could finish adjusting her well-matched gray pompadour, a second arrival was heralded—"The gentleman from the greenhouse to see about Miss Lydia's party's decorations." And as the handsome matron came down the stairs, a third comer was introduced into the hall—Mme. Boyle herself, the best dressmaker in town, who had come in person to see about the refitting of the débutante's Paris dresses, the débutante having found the change back to the climate of Endbury so trying that her figure had grown quite noticeably thinner.

"It was the one thing needed to make maddemwaselle's tournoor exactly perfect," Mme. Boyle told Mrs. Emery. Out of a sense of what was due her loyal Endbury patrons, Mme. Boyle assumed a guileless coloring of Frenchiness which was evidently merely a symbol, and no more intended for a pretense of reality than the honestly false brown front which surmounted her competent, kindly, Celtic face.

Mrs. Emery stopped a moment by the newel-post to greet the great dressmaker kindly and to direct her to Lydia's room. Then, continuing her progress to what she was beginning to contemplate calling her drawing-room, she greeted Miss Burgess with the careful cordiality due to an important personage, with the friendly warmth due to an ally of many years' standing, and with a manner perceptibly but indefinably different from that which she would have bestowed on a social equal. Mrs. Emery had labored to acquire exactly that tone in her dealings with the society reporter, and her achievement of it was a feat which brought an equal amount of satisfaction to both women.

Miss Burgess's mother was an Englishwoman, an ex-housekeeper, who had transmitted to her daughter a sense, rare as yet in America, of the beauty and dignity of class distinctions. In her turn, Miss Burgess herself, the hard-working, good-natured woman of fifty, who for twenty years had reported the doings of those citizens of Endbury whom she considered its "gentry," had toiled with the utmost disinterestedness to build up a feeling, or, as she called it, "a tone," which, among other things, should exclude her from equality.

She lived the life of a creator, working at an art she had invented, in a workroom of her own contriving, loyally drawing the shutters to shade an unfortunate occurrence in one of the best families, setting forth a partial achievement with its best profile to the public, and flooding with light real successes like Mrs. Hollister's rose party (*the* Mrs. Hollister, Paul's aunt and Madeline's). All that she wrote was read by nearly every woman in Endbury. She was a person of importance, and a very busy and happy old maid.

After the florist had gone, they settled to a consideration of various important matters, which was interrupted by an impassioned call of Mme. Boyle from the stairs, asking if she could "bring maddemwaselle down to show this perfect fit," and they glided into a rapt admiration of the unwrinkled surface of peach-colored satin which clad Lydia's slender back. When she turned about so that madame could show them the truly "exqweese" effect of the trimming at the throat, her face showed pearly shadows instead of its usual flower-like glow. As madame left the room for a moment, Miss Burgess said with a kind, respectful facetiousness: "I see that even fairy princesses find the emotions of getting engaged a little trying."

Lydia started and flushed painfully. "Oh, *mother*—" she began.

Her mother cut her short. "My dear, Miss Burgess!" she pointed out, as who should deplore keeping a secret from the family priest.

"I'm sure it's a wonderfully suitable marriage," pronounced Miss Burgess.

A ring at the door-bell was followed instantly by the bursting open of the door and the onslaught of a tall, handsome, brown-eyed girl, with fine blond hair, who, wasting no time in greetings to the older women, flung herself on Lydia's neck with a wild outcry of jubilation, "My dear, isn't it dandy! Perfectly *dandy!* Paul met me at the train last night, and when he told me I nearly swooned for joy! Of all the tickled sisters-in-law!"

Miss Burgess turned to her hostess with a sweet, motherly smile. "Aren't girls the dearest things! I love to see them so young and full of their own affairs! I think it's dreadful nowadays that so many of them are allowed to get so serious!"

Madeline was saying to Lydia: "You sly little thing—to land Paul before the season even began! Where are you going to get your lingerie? Oh, *isn't* it fun? If I go abroad I'll smuggle it back for you! You haven't got your ring yet, I don't suppose? Make him make it a ruby. That's ever so much sweller than that old diamond. He's something to land, Paul is, if I do say it who—not, of course, that we either of us have got any money, but—", she looked about the handsomely furnished room—"you'll have lots, and Paul'll soon be making it hand over fist, and I'll be marrying it!" She ended, with a triumphant pirouette, her vision of the future, and encountered Mme. Boyle, entering with a white and gold evening wrap which sent her into another paroxysm of admiration.

The dressmaker had just begun to say that she thought another line of gold braid around the neck would—when Mrs. Emery, looking out of the window, declared that the caterer was approaching and that she must have aid from her subordinates. "Think quick, all of you—something new—what kind of biscuits can we have with the *café parfait?*"

"Animal crackers," suggested Madeline, with the accent of a remark intended to be humorous, as she drew Lydia into a corner. "Now don't make Lydia work. She's '*it*' right now, and everything's to be done for her. Madame, come over here with that cloak and let's see about the——"

"Now, maddemwaselle, don't you see how a little more gold right *here* would——"

"Here, Lydia," called her mother, "it wasn't the caterer, after all. It was some flowers. Take it over there to the young lady in pink," she directed the boy.

Madeline seized on the box and tore it open with one vigorous, competent wrench. "Orchids!" she shouted, in a volcanic burst of appreciation. "I never had orchids sent *me!* Paul must have telegraphed to Cincinnati for them. And here's a note that says it's to be answered while the boy waits. Oh my! oh my!"

"Lydia, dear, here is the caterer, after all. Will you just please decide one thing? Would you rather have the coffee or the water-ices served up-stairs—oh, here's your Aunt Julia—Julia Sandworth, I never was so in need of your advice."

Mrs. Sandworth's appearance was the chord which resolved into one burst of sound all the various motives emitted by the different temperaments in the room. Every one appealed to her at once.

"Just a touch of gold here on the collar, next the face, don't you——"

"Why not a real supper at midnight, with creamed oysters and things, as they do in the East?"

"Do *you* see anything out of the way in publishing the details of Miss Lydia's dress the day before? It gives people a chance to know what to look for."

"How can we avoid that awful jam-up there always is on the stairs when——"

Mrs. Sandworth made her way to the corner where Lydia stood presenting a faultlessly fitting back to the world so that Mme. Boyle might, with a fat, moist forefinger, indicate the spot where a "soupsong" of gold was needed.

"Please, ma'am, the gentleman said I was to wait for an answer," said the messenger boy beside her.

"And she hasn't *read* it yet!" Madeline was horrified.

"Turn around, Lydia," said her aunt.

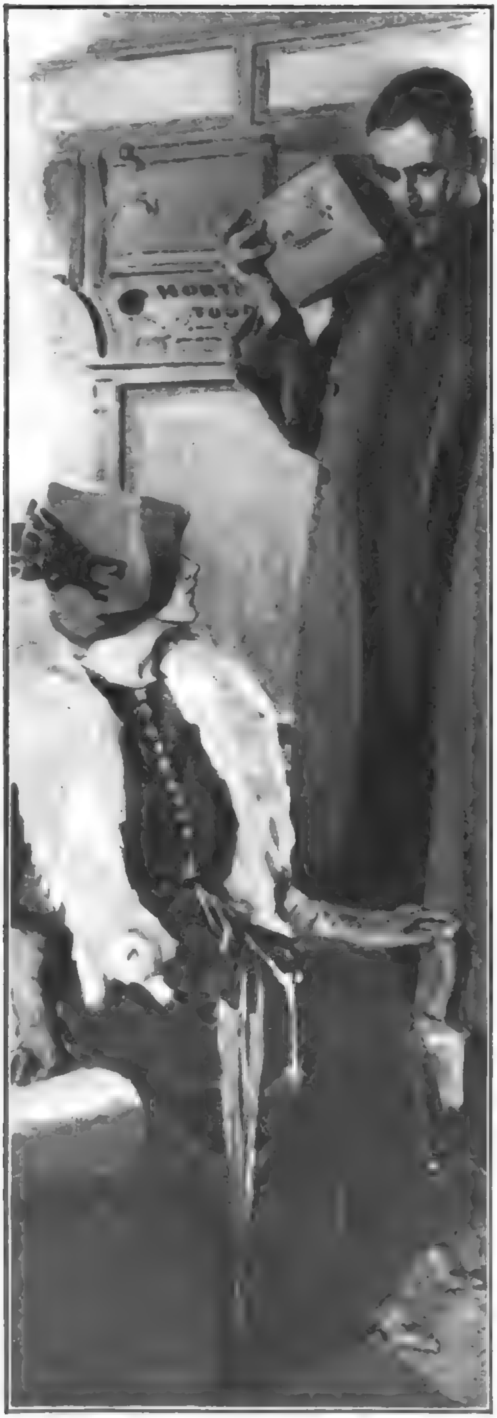
The girl revolved slowly, looking down at the shimmering folds of her dress.

"Look up here, Lydia," said Mrs. Sandworth.

Lydia's white lids fluttered. The eyes they revealed were lustrous and quite blank.

Madeline darted away, crying, "I'm going to get pen and paper for you to write."

"Lydia," said Mrs. Sandworth in a low tone, "Daniel Rankin wants to speak with you again. Your godfather is waiting in



"YOU MUSTN'T LAY IT UP AGAINST ME THAT I HAVEN'T CONGRATULATED YOU ON YOUR ENGAGEMENT.

the hall to know if you'll see him. Mr. Rankin did not want to force your hand by just coming without asking you. He wanted you to decide in perfect freedom——"

The tragic, troubled face which Lydia showed at this speech was a commentary on the last word. She looked around the room, her eyebrows drawn into a knot, one hand at her throat, and she did not answer. Her aunt thought she had not understood. "Just collect your thoughts, Lydia——"

The girl beat one slim fist inside the other with a sudden, nervous gesture. "But that's just what I can't *do*, Aunt Julia! You know how easily I get rattled—I don't know what I'm—I *can't* collect my thoughts!"

As the older woman opened her lips to speak again, she cut her short with a broken, whispered appeal: "No, no, I can't see him, I can't stand any more. Tell him I guess I'll be all right. It's settled now. Mother's told all these—I like Paul! I *do* like him, Aunt Julia! Mother's told everybody. I can't, Aunt Julia, I *can't!*"

Mrs. Sandworth, her eyes full of tears, opened her arms impulsively, but Lydia drew back. "Oh, let me alone!" she wailed. "I'm so tired!"

Mme. Boyle caught this through the clatter of voices. "Why, poor maddemwaselle!" she cried, her kindly, harassed, fatigued face melting. "Sit down! sit down! I can show the ladies about this collar just as well that way—if they'll *ever* look!"

Mrs. Sandworth had disappeared.

Madeline, coming in with the pen and ink, was laughing as she said: "I didn't know Dr. Melton was in the house. I ran into him, pacing up and down in the hall like a little old bear, and just now I saw him —isn't he too comical!—he must have heard our chatter.—I saw him running down the walk as fast as he could go it, his fingers in his ears!"

"He hasn't patience with many necessary details of life," said Mrs. Emery with dignity.

"He is a very original character," said Miss Burgess discriminatingly.

Madeline dismissed the subject with a compendious, "He's the most killingly, screamingly funny little man that ever lived!"

"Now, *ladies!*" implored Mme. Boyle. "One more row, not solid, just a *soup-song*——"

CHAPTER XIII

MIDSEASON NERVES

"If I should wait and read my paper here instead of on the cars, do you suppose Lydia would be up before I left?" asked the judge, as he put his napkin in the ring and pushed away from the breakfast-table.

Mrs. Emery shook her head as she looked up, smiling, from a letter. She read aloud: "Of course such a great favorite as Miss Emery will be hard to secure, but both the governor and I feel that our party of Endbury young people would not be complete without her." She added triumphantly, "Mrs. Ex-Governor Mallory writes that, Nathaniel."

"Oh, with you and Flora Burgess as manager and press-agent, Lydia's getting on," said the judge, with a detached irresponsibility, laughing slightly, as he was apt to do at the notions of his women-folk. He began to prepare himself for the plunge into the damp cold of the Endbury January. "I won't be home to lunch," he said, as he shut the front door behind him.

As he turned into the front walk, the door opened after him and his wife called: "I'm going to have that dinner-party for Lydia's girl-friends this evening, so you'd better get your dinner down-town or at the Meltons'."

The judge stopped, disappointment, almost dismay on his face. "I'm going to keep track from now on," he called angrily, "of just how often I get a glimpse of Lydia. I bet it won't be five minutes a week."

At the end of the next week, the judge announced that he had put down every time he and Lydia had been in a room together, and it amounted to just forty-five minutes, all told. Lydia, a dazzling vision in white and gold, had come down-stairs on her way to a dance, and because Paul, who was to be her escort, was a little late, she told her father that now was his chance for a "visit."

"Oh, I don't know you well enough to visit with you," he said laughingly.

Lydia sat down on his knee, lightly, to avoid crumpling her gauzy draperies, and looked at her father with the whimsical expression which became her face so well. "I'm paying you back," she said gaily. "I remember when I was a little girl I used to wonder why you came all the way out here to eat your meals. It seemed so much easier for you to get them near your office."

"Ah, that was when I was still struggling to get my toes into a crack in the wall and climb up. I didn't have time for you then. And you're very ungrateful to bring it up against me, for all I was doing was to wear my nose clear off on the grindstone so's to be able to buy you such pretty trash as this." He stroked the girl's shimmering draperies, smiling at her, delighted with her radiant beauty, with her nearness to him, with this brief snatch of talk.

"Ungrateful yourself! What am I doing but wearing my nose off on the grindstone—Dr. Melton threatens me with nervous prostration every day—so's to show off your pretty trash to the best advantage! I haven't any time for *you* now!" she mocked him laughingly, her head on one side, her hands on his shoulders.

"Well, that sounds like a bargain," he admitted, leaning back in his chair. "I suppose I've got to be satisfied if you are. *Are* you satisfied?" he asked seriously. "How do you like Paul, now you know him better?"

Lydia flushed and looked away in a tremulous confusion. "Why, when I'm with him I can't think of another thing in the world," she confessed in a low, ardent tone.

"Ah, well, that's all right then," said the judge comfortably.

The girl's face grew more and more absent and brooding.

The door-bell rang. "There he is, I suppose," said her father.

"But isn't it a pity we couldn't make connections?" she asked musingly. "Maybe I'd have liked you with your nose on better, even, than pretty trash."

"Eh?" said Judge Emery.

"Yes, yes, Paul, I didn't hear you come in," called the girl, springing up and beginning to put on her wraps. The young man darted into the room to help her, saying over his shoulder: "Much obliged to you, judge, for your good word to Egdon, March and Company. I got the contract for the equipment for their new factory to-day."

"That's quite a contract, isn't it?" asked the judge, highly pleased.

"The biggest I ever got my teeth into," said Paul. "I'm ashamed to let Lydia know anything about it, though. I didn't bring a hack to take her to the party."

"Oh, I never thought you would!" cried Lydia, standing up and stamping her feet down in her overshoes—an action which added emphasis to her protest. "I'd *rather* walk! I like it better when I'm not costing people money!"

"You're not like most of your sex, then," said Paul.

Lydia looked at him quickly, seemed about to speak in protest, but turned away and picked up her cloak instead.

"To tell the truth," said Paul, addressing his father-in-law-to-be, "every penny I can rake and scrape is going into the house. The architect and I were going over it to-day, and I decided, seeing this contract has come in, that I would have the panels in the hall carved, after all—of course if you agree—" he turned to Lydia, but went on without waiting for an answer. "The effect will be much handsomer, will go with the rest of the house better."

"They'll be lots harder to dust," said Lydia dubiously, putting a spangled web of gold over her hair. The contrast between her aspect and the dingy suggestions of her speech made both men laugh tenderly.

"When Titania takes to being practical—" laughed Paul.

Lydia went on seriously. "Honestly, Paul, I'm afraid the house is getting too handsome, anyhow—everything in it. It's too expensive, I'm——"

"Nothing's too good for you." Paul said this with conviction. "And besides, it's an asset. The mortgage won't be so very large. And if we're in it, we'll just *have* to live up to it. It'll be a stimulant."

"I hope it doesn't stimulate us into our graves!" said Lydia, as she kissed her father good night.

As the young people paused at the door, Judge Emery took a note-book out of his pocket and elaborately made a note. "Fifty-five minutes in eight days, Lydia," he called after her.

By the end of a fortnight he proclaimed aloud that the record was too discouraging to keep any longer. He was losing ground instead of gaining. He had followed Mrs. Emery to her room to make this complaint one afternoon and now moved about uneasily, trying to bestow his large, square figure where he would not be in the way of his wife, who was hurrying nervously about to pack Lydia's traveling-bag. She looked very tired and pale, and spoke as though near a nervous outbreak of some sort. Didn't he know that Lydia had to start for the Mallory house-party this afternoon? She asked this with an asperity directed, not at the judge's complaint—for she considered it negligible—but at Lydia for being late. When the girl came in, flushed and guiltily breathless, Dr. Melton trotted at her heels, calling out excuses for her tardiness. "It's my fault! I met her scurrying away from a card-party, and she was exactly on time. But I walked along with her and detained her."

"It was the sunset," said Lydia, hurrying to change her hat and wraps. "It was so fine that when godfather called my attention to it, I just *stood!* I forgot everything!"

"You've missed your trolley-car," said her mother succinctly.

"Oh, I'm *sorry!*" cried Lydia, evidently more remorseful over displeasing her mother than over the other consequences of her delay, for she asked in a moment, very meekly, "Will it make so much difference if I don't go till the next one?"

"You'll miss the governor. He was coming down to meet those on this car. You'll have to go all alone, too. All the rest of the party were on the car you've missed."

"Oh, if that's all," cried Lydia, "I don't care a bit! I'd ever so much rather go alone. I'm never alone a single instant, and it'll rest me. The crowd would have been so noisy, and carried on so—they always do."

Her mother's aggrieved disappointment did not disappear at this. She said nothing, bringing Lydia's traveling wraps to her silently, and emanating disapproval till Lydia drooped and looked piteously at her godfather.

At this Dr. Melton cried out: "Look here, Susan Emery, I thought what you were going in for was giving Lydia a good time this winter. You're running her as though she were a transcontinental railway system."

"You can't accomplish anything without system in this world," said Mrs. Emery. She added: "Perhaps Lydia will find, when she comes to ordering her own life, that she will miss her old mother's forethought and care."

Lydia flung herself penitently on her mother's neck. "I'm so sorry, mother dear," she almost sobbed. Dr. Melton's professional eye took in the fact that every one in the room was high-strung and tense —"the middle-of-the-social-season symptom," he called it to himself. "I'm so sorry, mother dear," Lydia went on. "I *will* be more careful. You are so good to——"

"Good heavens!" said Dr. Melton. "All the child did was to give herself a moment's time to look at a fine spectacle, after spending all a precious afternoon on such a tragically idiotic pursuit as cards."

"Oh, sunsets!" Mrs. Emery disposed of them with a word. "Come, Lydia."

"I'll go with her and carry her bag," said the doctor.

"You made such a good job of getting her *here* on time!" said Mrs. Emery.

The judge offered to go, snatching at a chance for one of his rare "visits" with Lydia, but his wife declared with emphasis that she didn't care who went or who did not, as long as she herself saw that Lydia did not take to star-gazing again. It ended by all four proceeding down the street together, and the three together seeing her aboard the car. The judge swung her up to the platform, the doctor gave her valise to the conductor, her mother waved her hand, and she was off.

The two men turned away. Not so Mrs. Emery. She was staring after the car in a fierce endeavor to focus her gaze on the interior. "Who was that man who jumped up, so surprised, to speak to Lydia?"

"I didn't notice anybody," said the judge.

Dr. Melton spoke quickly. "Lydia's getting in a very nervous state, my friends. I want you to know that this confounded débutante business is too much for her."

"She doesn't kill herself getting up in the mornings," complained her father. "It's a month now since I've seen her at breakfast."

"I don't *let* her get up," said her mother. "Mercy! if you'd danced till two every morning, splitting your dances because you were so popular! She'll be all right, anyhow, as soon as her engagement is announced. The excitement of that'll brace her up."

"Good Lord! It's not more excitement she needs—" began Dr. Melton; but they had reached the house, and Mrs. Emery, obviously preoccupied, pulled her husband quickly in, dismissing the doctor with a nod.

She drew the judge hurriedly into the hall. "It was that Rankin!" she cried; "and I believe Marius Melton knew he was going on that car and made Lydia late on purpose!"

Judge Emery was in the state in which, of late, the end of the day's work found him, overwhelmingly fatigued. He had not an ounce of superfluous energy to respond to his wife's tocsin. "Well, what if he was?" he said.

"They'll be an hour and a half together—alone—more alone than anywhere except on a desert island—*alone*—an hour and a half!"

"Oh, Susan, if Paul can't in three months make more progress than Rankin can tear down in an hour and a——"

She raged at him, revolted at the calmness with which he was unbuttoning his overcoat and unwinding his muffler. "You don't understand anything! I'm not afraid she'll elope with him—Paul's got her too solid for that—Rankin probably won't say anything of that kind, anyhow!"

"What are you afraid of then?" asked the judge, stupidly at a loss.

"Why, he'll put notions in her head again—she's so impressionable! And she says queer things now, once in a while, if she's left alone a minute. She needs *managing!* She's not like that level-headed, sensible Madeline Hollister! Lydia has to be guided. And you don't see anything of it; you leave it all to me!" She was almost crying with nervous exhaustion. If Lydia's course ran smooth through a thousand complications, this was not accomplished without an incalculable expenditure of nervous force on her mother's part. Dr. Melton had several times of late predicted that he would have his old patient back on his hands again.

Judge Emery, remembering this prophecy, was now moved by his wife's pale agitation to a heart-sickening recollection of his own extreme discomfort whenever she was sick. He tried to soothe her: "But, Susan, there's nothing we can *do* about it," he said.

"You could *care* something about it!" she said bitterly. The telephone-bell rang. She motioned him back. "No, I might as well go first as last. It'll be for me."

As he hesitated in the middle of the hall, longing to betake himself to a deep easy-chair and a moment's relaxation, and not daring to, he was startled by an electric change in his wife's voice. "You're at Hardville, you say? Oh, Flora Burgess, I could go down on my knees in thanksgiving! I want you to run right out as fast as you can and get on the next interurban from

Endbury. Lydia's on it—" she cast caution from her desperately—"and I've just learned that there's somebody else there I don't want her to talk to—you know—*carpenters*—run! fly! never mind what they say! Make them include you in the talk!"

She turned back to her husband, transfigured with triumph. "I guess that'll put a spoke in *his* wheel," she cried, reverting to a vigorous phrase of her rustic youth. "Flora Burgess is at Hardville, and that's only half an hour from here. I guess they can't get very far in half an hour!"

The judge tried to consider the matter with pursed lips, but his fatigue was too great for him. He turned away with a sort of groan. "Lord! how tired I am!" He hesitated in the doorway. "Say, Susan, Dr. Melton's been pestering me again about taking a long rest—says I'm out of condition."

"You *do* work too hard!" she agreed. "I've always said so. Perhaps it would be a good thing for you to go back into practise again. It would be a change. You could be your own master more—take more vacations, maybe."

Her husband surveyed her with a whimsically ironical smile. "I'd make a lot more money in practise," he admitted.

She had turned away, and if she heard his comment she gave no sign. Instead she looked over her shoulder and said: "What you need is more relaxation, too. If you'd be willing to go out more——"

Judge Emery shuddered. "Endbury tea-parties!"

His wife laughed. "Tea-parties! There hasn't been a tea-party given in Endbury since we were wearing pull-backs!"

The laugh was so good-natured that the judge hoped for a favorable opportunity and ventured to say irrelevantly, as though reverting to a subject always present in his mind: "But honestly, Susie, can't we shave expenses some? This winter is costing——"

She turned on him, not resentfully, but with a solemn appeal. "Why, Nat! Lydia's *season!* The last winter we'll have her with us, no doubt. I'd go on bread and water afterward to give her what she wants now, wouldn't *you?*"—the question was a reproach. "What are we old folks good for but to do the best by our children?"

The judge looked at her, baffled. "Oh, of course," he agreed helplessly, "we want to do the best by our children."

CHAPTER XIV

A HALF-HOUR'S LIBERTY

Inside the big interurban car, Lydia and Rankin were talking with a freedom that enormously surprised the girl. Rankin had started up with an exclamation of pleasure, had taken her bag, found a vacant seat, and sat down by her, before Lydia, quite breathless with the shock of seeing him, could do more than notice how vigorous he looked, his tall, spare figure alert and erect, his ruddy hair and close-clipped beard contrasting vividly with his dark-blue flannel shirt and soft black hat.

With his usual sweeping disregard of conventional approaches to a subject, he plunged boldly into the matter with which their thoughts were at once occupied. "So this was why Dr. Melton insisted I should take just this car. Well, I'm grateful to him! It gives me a chance to relieve my mind of a weight of remorse I've been carrying around. You don't mind, do you, my speaking to you about last fall—my saying I am so very sorry I made you all the trouble Dr. Melton tells me I did? I'm really very sorry!"

Nothing could have more completely disarmed Lydia's acquired fear of him as the bogy-man of her mother's exhortations. It is true that she was, as she put it to herself, somewhat "taken down" by the contrast between her secret thought of him as a wounded, rejected suitor, and this clear-eyed, self-possessed, friendly reality; but Lydia was no man-eater. In spite of traditional wisdom, she, like a considerable number of her contemporaries, was as far removed from that stage of feminine development as from a stone-age appetite for raw meat. She now drew a long breath of the most honest satisfaction that she had done him no harm, and smiled brilliantly. He waited for her to speak, and she finally said: "It's awfully good of you to put it that way! I'd been afraid you must have been angry with me and hurt that I—that you—and so you didn't mind at all!"

Rankin smiled a little ruefully at her swift conclusion. "I believe in telling the truth, even to young ladies, and I can not say I didn't mind at all, or that I don't now. But I am convinced that you were right in dropping me—out of the realm of acquaintances." His assumption was, Lydia saw with gratitude, that they were talking simply about a possible acquaintanceship between them. "It's evidently true," he went on, "what I told you the very first time I saw you—we don't belong in the same world."

As he said this, he looked at her with an expression which Lydia thought severe.

She protested. "What makes you so sure?"

"Because to live in my world, even to step into it from time to time, requires the courage to believe in it."

"And you think I didn't?" asked Lydia. It was an inestimable relief to her to have brought into the light the problem which had so long lain in the back of her head, a confused mass of dark conjecture, a forbidden subject for talk, even for thought.

"Did you?" he asked steadily. "You ought to know."

There was a silence while Lydia turned her head away and looked at the brown, flat winter landscape jerking itself past the windows as the car began to develop speed in the first long open space between settlements. She was trying to remember something distinct about the nightmare of misery which had followed her admission of the identity of the man who had kissed her hand that starry night in October; but from the black chaos of her recollections she brought out only: "Oh, you don't realize how things are with a girl, how many million little ways she's bound up and tied down just because everybody in the family loves her so that——"

"Oh, yes, I do. I prove I do by saying that you were probably right in yielding so absolutely to the overwhelming influence. So it's all right, you see," he ended, with a faint smile.

She responded to his attempt at lightness with as plain an undercurrent of seriousness as his own. "Why, then, do you live so that people don't dare even to say good morning to you without having everybody else get so——"

"Because I don't dare live any other way," he said.

"It's hard on other people," Lydia ventured, but retreated hastily before the first expression of upbraiding she had seen in his eyes. He had so suddenly turned grave with the thought that it had been harder on him than on any one else that she cried out uncertainly: "But you didn't help a bit; you left it all to me."

She stopped, her face burning.

Rankin's answer came with the swiftness of one who has meditated long on a question: "I'm glad you've given me a chance to say—I've wished you might know. I thought it over and over at the time, and since, and I'm sure that it would not have been honorable, or delicate, or right, *not* to leave it all to you. That much was yours, to decide whether you should take the first step—hold out your hand. It would have been a crime to hurry or urge you beyond what lay in your heart to do, or to overbear you against some deep-lying, innate instinct."

Lydia's voice was shaking in self-pity as she cried out: "Oh, if you knew what the others—nobody *else* was too delicate to—or afraid to hurry me or urge me—" She stopped and looked away, her heart beating rapidly.

Rankin's lips opened, but he shut them firmly as though he did not trust himself to speak. His large, red hands closed savagely on the handle of his tool-box. There was a silence between them.

The car began to move more slowly, and the conductor, standing up from the seat where he had been dozing, remarked in a conversational tone to a woman with two children near him, "Gardenton; this is the crossroads to Gardenton." Later, as the car stood still under the singing vibrations of the trolley-wire overhead, he added, in the direction of Lydia and Rankin, now the only passengers, "Next stop is Wardsboro."

The conductor sat down and, as the car began to move forward, closed his eyes. He looked very tired and, now that an almost instant sleep had relaxed his features, pathetically young.

"How pale he is!" said Lydia, wishing to break the silence with a harmless remark. "He looks tired to death."

"He probably is, just that," said Rankin. "It's sickening the way they work. Seven days a week, most of them, you know."

"No, I didn't know!" cried Lydia, shocked. "Why, that's awful! When do they see their families?"

"They don't. One of them whose house isn't far from mine told me that he hadn't seen his children, except asleep, for three weeks."

"But something ought to be *done* about it!" The girl's deep-lying instinct for instant reparation rose up hotly.

"Are they so much worse off than most

American business-men?" queried Rankin. "Do any of them take time off to see much more than the outsides of their children, and isn't seeing them asleep about as——"

Lydia cut him short quickly. "You're always blaming them for that!" she cried. "You ought to *pity* them. They can't help it. It's better for the children to have bread and butter, isn't it, than——"

Rankin shook his head: "I know too much for that kind of talk. I've lived with too many people. At least half the time it isn't a question of bread and butter. It's a question of giving the children bread and butter and sugar, or bread and butter and father. Of course, I'm a fanatic on the subject. I'd rather leave off even the butter than the father—let alone the sugar."

"But what could they *do?* Here's this very motorman you're talking about—what——"

"They're not forced by the company to work seven days a week; only they're not given enough pay to let them take even one day off without feeling it. This very motor-man I was talking to got to telling me why he was working so extra hard just then. His oldest daughter is going to graduate from the high school, and he wants to give her a fine graduating dress, as good as anybody's, and a graduating 'present.' He said he and his wife wanted her always to remember that day as a bright spot and not as a time when she was humiliated by being different from other girls."

"Well, my goodness! you're not criticizing them for *that*, are you? I think it was just as sweet and lovely of them as can *be*, to realize how a girl feels."

Rankin looked at her, smiled slightly, and said nothing. His silence made Lydia thoughtful.

After a time, "I see what you mean, of course," she said slowly; "that it would be better for her perhaps—but if he loves her, her father *wants* to do things for her!"

"I don't say he can do too much for her," cried Rankin. "He can't! Nobody can do too much for anybody else, if it's the right thing."

"And what in the world do you think *would* be the right thing in this case?" Lydia evidently put the question as a poser.

"Why, of course, to pamper her vanity, to feed her moral cowardice, to make her more afraid than ever of senseless public opinion—"

"There, there, that's enough," said Lydia.

"I didn't need to be so violent about it, that's a fact," apologized Rankin.

"But you're talking about people the way they ought to be," objected Lydia, apparently drawing from a stock of inculcated arguments. "Do you really, honestly suppose for a minute that that girl would rather have an opportunity to do something for her parents and—and—all that, than to have a fine dress that would cost a lot and make the other girls envious?"

"Oh, Lydia," cried her companion, not noticing the betrayal of a mental habit in the slipping out of her name. "You're in a state of saturated solution of Dr. Melton. Don't you believe a word he says about folks! They're lots better than he thinks. The only reason anybody has for raging at them for being such a bad lot is that they're such a good lot—they're so below what they could be! There's so much more good in them than bad. You do think that, don't you? You must! There's nothing to go on, if you don't. You do?"

As Lydia began to answer, she felt herself, as once or twice before when with Rankin, suddenly an immeasurable distance from her usual ways of mental life. She looked about her upon a horizon very ample and quite strange, without being able to trace the rapid steps which had carried her away from the close-walled room, full of knickknacks and trifles, where she usually lived. She drew a deep breath of surprise and changed her answer to an honest: "I don't know whether I believe you or not. I never thought of it before."

"What *do* you think about?" The question was evidently too sincere an interrogation to resent.

The girl made several beginnings at an answer, stopped, looked down at her shoe-tip, and finally burst into her little, clear trill of amusement. "You've caught me. I can't remember a single time in any day when I think about anything but getting dressed fast enough to be in time at the next party. Maybe some folks can think when they're dressing in a raging hurry, but I can't. So I don't."

Rankin was very little moved to hilarity by this statement; but he was too young to resist the contagion of Lydia's mirth, and laughed with her, wondering at the mobility of her ever-changing face.

"If you don't think, what do you *do?*" he asked with mock relentlessness.

"Nothing," said Lydia recklessly, still laughing.

"What do you feel?" he went on in the same tone; but Lydia's face changed quickly.

"Oh, lots!" she said uncertainly, and was silent.

The car began to pass some poor, small houses and in a moment came to a standstill in the midst of a straggling village. The young conductor still slept on, his head fallen so far on his shoulder that his breathing was difficult. The motorman, getting no signal to go on, looked back through the window, putting his face close to the glass to see, for it had grown dusky outside and the electric lights were not yet turned on. After a look at the sleeping man, he pushed open the door. "This is Wardsboro," he told them as he went down the aisle, "and the next stop is Hardville."

He was a strong, burly man, and easily lifted the slight, boyish figure of the conductor to a more comfortable position, propping him up in a corner of the seat. The young man's head fell back, and his breathing became long and regular like a sleeping child's. As the big motorman went back to his post, he explained a little sheepishly to the two who had watched the operation in attentive silence: "It's against the rules, I know, but there ain't anybody but you two here, and he don't look as though he'd really got his growth yet. I reckon the long hours are too much for him."

"Do you know him?" asked Rankin.

The motorman turned his red, weather-beaten face to them from the doorway. "Who, him?" he asked. "No, I never saw him till to-day. He's a new hand, I reckon." He drew the door shut with a rattling slam, rang the bell for himself, and started the car forward.

In the warm, vibrating solitude of the car the two young people looked at each other in a silent transport.

There was between them one of the long, vital silences, full of certainty of a common emotion, which had once or twice before marked a significant change in their relation. Finally, "That is something I shall never forget," said Lydia.

Rankin looked at her in silence and then quickly away.

"It's like an answer to what I was saying—a refutation of what Dr. Melton thinks about people."

"Why I never saw anything so lovely!" she exclaimed in a ravished surprise.

Her companion now could no longer constrain himself to look away from her. His voice was vibrant with a deep note which instantly carried Lydia back to the other time when she had heard it, under the stars of last October, as he said: "It's only an instrument exquisitely in tune which can so respond—" He broke off, closed his lips, and, turning away from her, gazed sightlessly out at the dim, flat horizon.

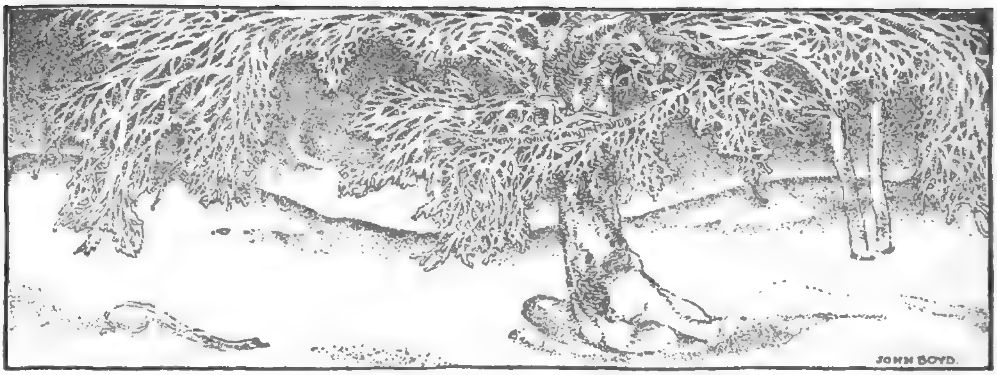
Lydia did not speak then or when, after a long pause, he said that he would better leave the car at the next station. "It has been very pleasant to see you again," he said, bending over his tool-box, "and you mustn't lay it up against me that I haven't congratulated you on your engagement. Of course you know I wish you all happiness."

"Thank you," said Lydia.

Ahead of the car some lights suddenly winking up above the horizon announced the approach of Hardville. Rankin stood up, slipped on his rough overcoat, and sat down again. He drew a long breath and began evenly: "I know you won't misunderstand me if I try to say one thing more. I probably won't see you again for years, and it would be a great joy to me to be sure that you know how hearty is my good-will to you. I'm afraid you can't think of me without pain, because I was the source of such discomfort to you; but I know you are too generous to blame me for what was an involuntary hurt. Of course I ought to have known how your guardians would feel about your knowing me."

"Oh, why should you be so, that all those things happened?" cried Lydia suddenly. "If it was too hard for me, why couldn't you have made it easier—thought differently, acted like other people? *Would* you—if I hadn't—if we had gone on knowing each other?"

The next instalment of "The Squirrel Cage" will be published in the January number.



LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

THE UNSHED TEARS

BY HELEN DUNCAN QUEEN

THE untrimmed cypresses that stood by almost every plot in the overgrown graveyard made a shelter against the steady, cool breath of the northwest Trade; made, too, a ceaseless movement of dark branches against a clear sky. Martha Fifield looked down their ragged alleys—away from the people fringing the freshly cleared square of yellow clay, across the white fence to the stubble-field lying tawny in the sun, and beyond that to a wind-freshened ocean stretching westward to a far bank of fog.

Through the rustle of branches and the steady rumble of surf the dropping clods broke harshly. Martha knew, without looking, how the men, working awkwardly in the binding sleeves of Sunday coats, rotated at "filling in." She clenched her hands against the thud of falling dirt and the final agony of the flat thwacks of the spades shaping up the mound.

She was wondering how the child's mother could stand this final culmination of horror, after five dusty miles of it, driving in the wake of a lagging hearse, when young Marsh, the minister, came confidently to where she stood apart.

"Martha," said he, "come and sing something while they're putting on the flowers; you can."

She shook her head. "I can't, Walter. I'd feel—" half a smile glimmered at her drawn mouth—"as if Tommie Davis were making faces at me. He always did when we sang in school." And she put her handkerchief up over a chin that would not, somehow, keep steady.

He stood silent, looking appealing enough, she thought, with tired eyes, and fine hair stirring in the wind. She made a little, reluctant movement forward—"Well—if I must—" and walked with him close to the foot of the little mound that the neighbor women were beginning to smother with wreaths and crosses of gaudy geraniums.

With an aching remembrance of the cheery, camp-meeting ring of the hymns they had just heard in the little chapel, she put her head back and commenced to sing, in her tender contralto, some pitiful thing about "comfort ye your hearts," with many promises following for reasons. When she had done, her eyes had grown so misty that the mourners were only a darker spot in the cypress shade, and the grave a dancing, kaleidoscopic blur of color.

The benediction over, she turned, half-stumbling, to go; but one of the women caught her arm.

"Stay where y'are jest a minute, Miss

Fifield,'' she whispered shrilly. ''Mis' Davis, she's goin' to have a picture took of the grave, 'fore anybody leaves, an' she wants you standin' there, where you was singin'.''

The clearing tears left Martha's eyes hard, like the lines that etched down to her straight mouth. She looked the length of the grave to where Mrs. Davis stood, dumpy and dusty, beside her big teamster husband. She had thought that these people who were blunted to beauty and joy might yet feel sorrow. But this was an occasion, that was all—a chance to be photographed. It might be *any* one's child, weighted down by that yellow earth and those terrible flowers, instead of poor little, mean little Tommie Davis.

The men shrank into the background, but the women stood in their places, whispering importantly, while the man who edited the weekly paper and made picture postals for the summer campers came and set up his camera. He had round eyes under startled eyebrows, and Martha grew ironically amused over the way he popped in and out under his black cloth, quite as if he were playing peek-a-boo with her. Would the Davises have post-cards made—she wondered, and then she caught the click of the shutter and fled, tripping over mounds that surged up unmarked through the tangle of brush under her feet, to the minister's buggy, hitched at the long rail.

She was sitting very straight, her head resolutely turned from the people straggling out at the gate, when Marsh came, fifteen minutes later, from a final grip of Lem Davis's big hand.

"Can't I take you for a spin down the road?" he asked, as he untied the horse—it annoyed her that his voice shook a little—"or must it be straight home?"

"Home, please," said she, "and drive fast, Walter."

For a mile and more there was only the thud of the roadster's feet on the wind-swept dust. The girl forgot her resentment of the thoughts that shut her out in noticing how the low sun deepened the hollows in the minister's thin face. At last he turned to her.

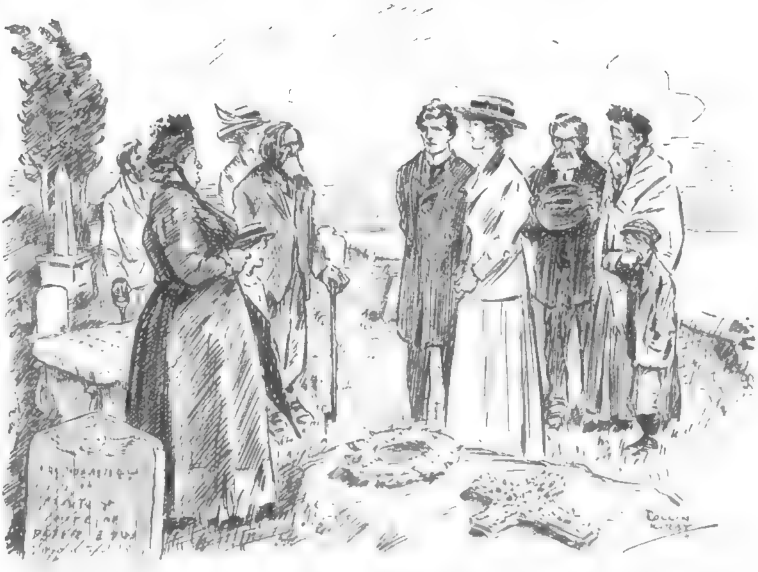
"You sang beautifully, dear."

"Don't talk of that funeral!" she cut him short. "It was barbarous. That photograph, Walter! Have the people no heart?"

"Heart? Plenty of it," he asserted stoutly. "You're judging by externals—missing the point of view. You don't understand his mother's feelings, Martha."

"I'm sure I don't want to," she flashed out against the fancied superiority in his voice, "for they're evidently blunted. Marriage seems a deteriorating sort of process, anyway." She stopped abruptly at sight of his hurt face, and instinctively felt for his ring through her glove. But what she had said was true—she would let the words stand.

They came to the high promontory, with the road skirting the sheer drop of the sandstone bluff, so they could see, far inland, the November twilight creeping out of the east, and on the other side the ocean, still gorgeously alight. He pulled the horse down to a walk; they had stopped there so many evenings to watch the sunset.



SHE COMMENCED TO SING, IN HER TENDER CONTRALTO, SOME PITIFUL THING ABOUT "COMFORT YE YOUR HEARTS."

But Martha spoke. "Let's not wait to-night, Walter. School is out Friday, you know, and there are so many papers and reports—" She lost the end of her sentence in the sudden lurch as Dandy jumped forward under the whip.

"I'll be back in town for the Eversleigh lectures," she began presently, more to break his silence than to speak herself. "Don't you envy me?"

"Not very much," he answered gravely; "there is such a thing as too many lectures."

Martha glanced curiously at him. It was growing difficult to remember, sometimes, that he had been the most brilliant student in their class. Was he different; was the change more than external? She felt baffled and uncertain.

"Your school opens again in February?" he asked presently, with an air of conscientiously contributing to conversation.

"*The* school does," she corrected him. "I'm not at all sure about coming back."

It seemed to the girl that the shoulders that were stooping too soon drooped a little more, that the lines in the worn face deepened. But he looked straight out on the road. If only he would say something! This silence of his put her so in the wrong.

"I've done my best," she cried at last; "honestly I have, Walter. And there's absolutely no result. These children are as dead and dull and apathetic as when I began. And I—I'm no farther along myself. What's the use of stopping one's own growth to accomplish nothing? They will always be the sort of people who will—want pictures of a funeral."

Her outburst brought them to her boarding-house gate, and he stopped the horse. "You'll be leaving, then, Friday night?"

"Yes, on the stage."

"May I come Thursday evening, for good-by?"

"Why, surely, Walter," said she, laughing a little to help her out of the formality that seemed to have gripped them. "Good night."

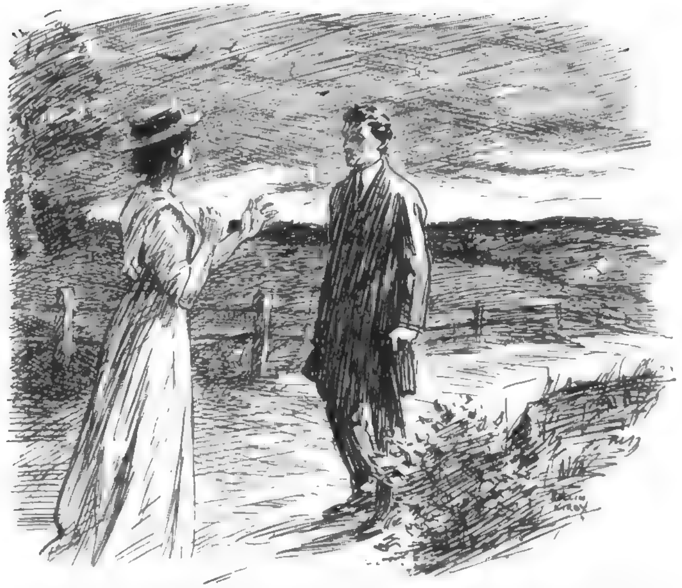
His kiss seemed a dead thing, and she knew he did not stand to watch her out of sight to-night, for she heard the starting wheels when her hand was on the gate. She went in the front way, to avoid the noisy Thurston children, and straight up to her room—past the table, without a glance at its waiting papers—to fling herself face down across the creaking iron bed. Presently she propped her head up on tense hands and stared at the papered wall. There were sprays of blue roses on it, and they always bothered her. Blue roses were an anomaly, to begin with, and the way these grew, even, was annoying. She never could find the beginning and end of any one spray at the same time. Perhaps, though, if she stuck in a pin to mark one end—she got one from the back of her collar, and then held her hand arrested. What nonsense! She must think about Walter and herself and the school.

The school—oh, it was unbearable! Had she trained her good mind—she *had* a good mind, she declared vehemently, and stuck the pin into the center of a fat blue rose that looked unconvinced—had she trained it to teach stupid children in clumpy shoes? Really, though, it was not quite fair to blame the school when Walter was the real, underlying reason.

But was Walter Marsh reason enough for refusing a German scholarship to live in a room with skeptical blue roses on its walls, and a glimpse of the ambitious steeple of his ugly little church from its window? She remembered all the arguments he had used in favor of her coming to take the school in this straggling, irreligious country parish of his—she could do so much, could reach the people in so many ways that were closed to him, could share with them the things that had come to her as by right and had been denied them. It had seemed a task well worth the doing. Somehow she had failed of its accomplishment. The worst of it was that she had tried, had tried conscientiously. She twisted uncomfortably on the bed, which groaned in protest. She had thought she never could fail in the things she really tried.

Suppose she married Walter next summer—wouldn't they always live in some miserable little place like this, where she would go on trying, and failing? And what would there be to compensate for the things she would miss? What would there be? The evenings? Her face went down to hide against the white spread at the thought of them. She had always counted on the evenings, with a fire and close-drawn curtains and the light falling on Walter's clear profile and the white pages of his book. It was so vivid to her that she all but felt his shoulder under her hand, and heard his voice, reading aloud. They had liked the same books, always.

Only, lately, Walter had seemed not to care so much for that sort of thing, and he had said once that living souls were better than dead poetry, or something exasperating like that. If he went on caring less and less, where would her dear evenings be? Besides, how much time to himself—or his wife—did a country minister have? Back in town were all the things and people she cared for—except Walter—clever, admiring people. If she did not watch out, they'd presently cease to be admiring, for she'd cease to be clever. She had been right in saying to Walter that marriage was a deteriorating process.



"WALTER!" SHE BROKE IN, QUIVERING SOMEWHERE BETWEEN TEARS AND LAUGHTER, AND HELD OUT QUICK HANDS TO HIM.

"Supper!" Mrs. Thurston's voice wailed up from the lower hall. Martha jumped and made a hasty dab at her loosened hair before she went down to the hot kitchen where the children, already at the table, clamored to be served. In the lulls came Mrs. Thurston's complaining—at them for misbehaving, at the oven that had not baked evenly, at the flies that settled on the dishes. Martha pushed her plate away and went up-stairs to her papers, the last reports she would ever send in from Oceanside district. She hummed in her throat as she added columns. She had a feeling of release.

Something of the same feeling came as a respite to her taut nerves Thursday afternoon, when at five minutes after four the last child thumped heavy-footed across the rough plank floor and climbed the school-yard stile with a parting jangle of tin cup in tin lunch-pail. She stood still in the middle of the aisle, looking around the cheerless little room. The strong afternoon sun poured in pitilessly through the uncurtained windows, revealing every crack and knife-cut in the unplaned desks and the dusty, battered blackboards. She stretched her arms out and sighed luxuriously.

"Cheer up, Martha, there's only one day more," she said, and went to sweeping out, humming her tune again.

She stopped when she came to the desk that had been Tommie Davis's. His books were still in it. She had thought, when the Davises did not send for them, that she would ask the Peterson children to take them that afternoon. Stupid of her to forget!—and to-morrow was the last day, and the Petersons not coming. She stood irresolute, the few battered little books in her hand, and then nodded decidedly. She would take them up herself, now. The walk would do her good; she needed something to clear her brain before Walter Marsh came that evening. She swept the dust hastily out the door, and picked up the books again.

She had never been to the Davises', but she knew where their road branched from the coast, and took it, climbing quickly up from the bare, brown pasture-fields into a pleasant shade of second-growth timber, which met overhead and piled the sheltered turns with pine-needles. A chipmunk scampered across the road before her and surveyed her, head cocked a-tilt, from the vantage of the top rail of a straggling fence; the low sun found a chink through the palisade of slender trunks and warmed her knitted red jacket into a glow. She unpinned the tam-o'-shanter that matched it, to walk bareheaded, and picked a bit of redwood to pinch between her fingers for the smell.

It was a pretty road—she must tell Walter—she caught her breath, for there was something else, something quite different, that she was going to tell Walter to-night. After that her steps lagged and her eyes bent unseeing on the road before her. Then a black dog she recognized came trotting to meet her, forgetting, perhaps, the many times she had made Tommie drive him from the schoolhouse, and poked his nose into her hand, walking beside her to the wagon-gate that ended the road.

In the middle of the little clearing the other side of the gate was a cabin, with a woman standing in the door.

"If it ain't Miss Fifield!" said she, and came down the path between the abalone shells. "Come right along up."

"Thank you, Mrs. Davis, but really I can't stop," Martha answered nervously. "School is out to-morrow, you know, and I brought—I came—Tommie's books—" She held them out awkwardly to Tommie's mother.

The woman's face did not change expression, but it seemed to tighten and stiffen under the girl's eyes.

"Thanks," said she, and Martha thought the tightening and stiffening had somehow got into her voice. "I was 'lowin' I'd have to send after 'em to-morrow."

"It's warm walking up the hill, isn't it?" Martha ventured, to say something impersonal, as she slipped out of the red jacket.

"It always hets me all up," agreed Mrs. Davis. "You just come in a minute an' let me get you a cold drink. We've a fine well."

Martha followed into the bare-floored front room and sat waiting in the painted rocker until Mrs. Davis came in with the water.

"That was splendid, Mrs. Davis," said she, when she had drunk it all. "Thank you ever so much." And she turned to go.

"Have you seed the picture?" asked the older woman, suddenly.

"The picture?— Oh, you mean— no, I haven't seen it." Martha turned to glance at the wall behind her, half expecting to find it there.

"No, I don't keep it out," said Mrs. Davis, over her shoulder—she was opening a table drawer and unwrapping a package—"but you was so good, singin' that day, that I want you should have one." She held the package open in her hand—picture post-cards. Martha took one silently and stood looking down at it. There were the Davises at one end of the mound, she at the other, and at the side Walter, with the look she liked best of all. Her throat felt choky, and she hastened to speak.

"Thank you, Mrs. Davis; it's a very good picture, don't you think?" She looked up to see something behind the fixed mask of the woman's face that made her impulsively slip an arm around her. Tommie's mother put her face down in the hollow of the girl's strong young shoulder and began to cry. She was pitifully quiet about it, Martha thought, as she fell to smoothing her hair and saying, "There—there—" at intervals, as she would have soothed a child. They stood so a long time before Mrs. Davis raised her head.

"I just can't a-bear them pictures," said she, with little gasps between her words; "but Lem had 'em took because he thought I'd like 'em, so I don't never let on. There ain't many men so good as Lem—and Tommie was all the boy he had."

Her eyes brimmed over again. Martha patted her shoulder.

"Don't—don't distress yourself," she begged helplessly.

The woman shook her head. "I'm not," said she. "You don't know what a lot of good this cry has done me. You see, Lem an' me don't say nothin' about it—we're so afraid of makin' each other feel bad. I ain't cried before him once, not even the day of the funeral, an' when he's home in the evenin' my eyes just ache, holdin' the tears back."

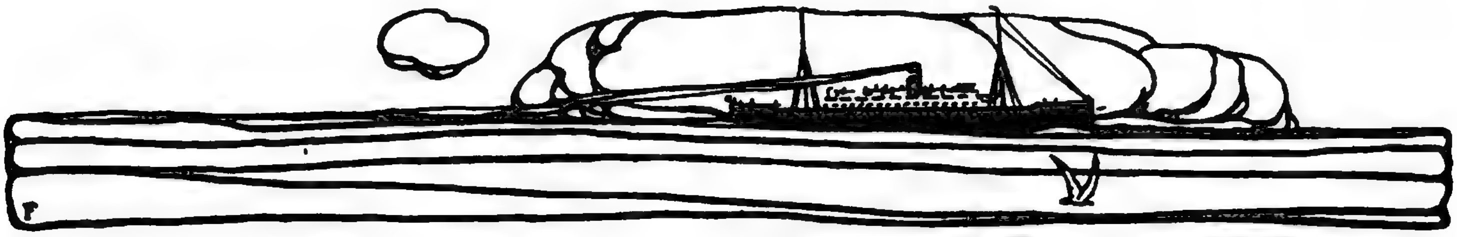
Martha tightened her encircling arm, and bent quickly to kiss her. "I can't tell you how much good it's done *me*, Mrs. Davis," said she, "and I'm coming to see you just as soon as I get back next term. You'll forgive me if I run now—it's getting late, and there's something I must do."

She hurried down the path and tugged impatiently at the rope loop that held the gate. The sun had set, and the road lay dark between the trees. It seemed to the girl to stretch interminably far. What a time it would be before she could get back to the Thurstons'! She must be there by the time Walter came, to meet him, to tell him everything was changed—that she was seeing straight at last. She could bear anything, she thought, but that he should know sorrow, and she not be with him to share it—anything but that she should miss a chance to hold back tears for him.

She was all but running down the last hill, where the trees thinned out to the open fields, when she saw him round the turn, walking quickly.

"Willie Thurston said he saw you start up this way," he explained, his voice chilled with the coldness that had lately settled on them, "and it was growing so dark——"

"Walter!" she broke in, quivering somewhere between tears and laughter, and held out quick hands to him.



THE MOTHER

BY E. HOWELL NEUMANN

THEY were sisters in widowhood and motherhood, though in every other respect they were worlds apart.

The one was tall and full-throated as Juno, with coal-black hair and the languishing eyes of the southern Italian; her hair waved from her forehead and warm, white neck in soft undulations, concealing the little gold rings in her ears; the scarlet kerchief that followed the oval of her face just touched the purple peasant's gown that clothed her young figure. With scarlet cheeks and vivid lips and rounded outline, she looked the embodiment of the sunshine that had shone on her since babyhood. When she spoke, it was with easy gestures of her expressive hands, with her head on one side and her eyes speaking faster than her tongue. On her breast lay a cross, an ancient cross of intricate workmanship, and her eyes glowed when they fell upon it.

The other woman was small and angular; the straight black hair was drawn severely back from a pale and haggard face with the aquiline profile of the Ghetto—a nervous face, wearing the flat look of utter exhaustion. Maria's expansive nature smiled on all alike, as sunshine seeks out every little twig, her soft eyes catching sparks from other eyes as the Sorrento sky smiles back at itself in flowers. Rachel sat still on the edge of her bed, her head hung low. It was the steerage. She sat with her face turned away from all the other immigrants, avoiding glances as if they were blows. She shivered, as if the cold from the dreary steppes of Russia blew on her. She was as nervous as the Ghetto when the czar's emissaries are abroad.

They spoke a different language, they knew a different world, these two women; but they were both exiles fast speeding toward the land of liberty—the one all sunshine, despite her widowhood; the other all shadow, yet with the beacon light of an only son.

Maria Bianchini gave a little gasp and clasped her large and shapely hand over the iron rod of her bed. As the long rows of gray beds rose up to meet her eye with the ship's motion, a small boy swung down the aisle. This was not strange. But back of him came his shadow—his shadow in the flesh. Maria's white teeth flashed and she watched them come, navigating down the rolling floor. The other woman gave no sign, though her sharp black eyes were swimming with light, passionately keen to the existence of her chiefest treasure on earth.

Maria's son came to her and put a grimy, small brown hand into her eager clasp. His shadow swayed to Rachel Kohn and put a grimy, small brown hand into her thin, nervous one. Maria's rippling voice broke into little cries of delight. She bent and kissed her child on the eyes, forehead, and warm, moist lips; she surveyed him at arm's length;

she said many nothings to him. All the while she gazed from one boy to the other.

The Jewish mother turned tense eyes on her son, as if they would draw his very soul to hers; but she said nothing.

For an instant the eyes of the two mothers met in wonder. The boys might have been brothers—they were as like as two peas: the same mischievous eyes of night flashing out from curling lashes; the same ivory skin, and jet-black curls lying like a cloud close to the warm white brows; the same impulsive, ardent faces; the same shrug of a shoulder and dramatic gestures of small brown hands. The son of the southern Italian and the son of the Jew both showed the Oriental touches of color and lineament, with the characteristic curve of brow, of nostril, the high cheekbones, the curl of the hair, the passionate fire of the eyes.

Maria clapped her hands and laughed—it was manifestly a miracle, the resemblance between the two children. She turned a radiant face to Rachel with many an exclamation of astonishment. But Rachel, drawn into herself with much brooding, held aloof. Her eyes dropped away from the smiling eyes of Maria, though she did put out a swift hand and lift Giuseppe's face with her small, supple fingers, till the boy jerked away with a blush.

During the long hours of storm and sickness, or the merry ones when the steerage, gay in spirit and plumage as tropical birds, smiled back at the smiling skies from the open deck, the boys played together. They often ate their supper under the early stars; they played games, taking Maria into their counsel; and she was ever ready to be one of them. But Rachel sat in the shadowland, hugging her grief in dumb passion, with her eye following the wistful devotion of her son to Maria. For he listened to her merry songs, followed her busy fingers as she cut out paper soldiers and war-boats or fashioned pigs out of potatoes; and because he was curious and venturesome, being a boy, he even made free to touch the cross with his finger, his eyes full of wonder. Whereupon Maria smiled and gave him a blue-mantled plaster Madonna and a little string of blue beads, at which Rachel frowned, though he pulled them apart for marbles. Once he had stood with wide eyes watching Maria lavish warm, moist kisses on Giuseppe—his mother's kisses were rare, light as flakes of snow. And Rachel resented Maria's smiles, her friendly overtures, her universal motherhood, the cross on her breast.

A fortnight brought the new land. It rose up one morning before their sea-weary eyes like a structure of fairyland woven over night—the vast range of New York dipping its feet in the bay, the snow-capped peak of the Singer Tower, blue with the early morning haze, rising above the lesser skyscrapers; the deep cañons of streets, and the plumed feathers from myriad chimneys; with Lucifer, Star of Morning, hung low, like Destiny, for eager hands.

Maria wondered what Giuseppe would do, now that the boys were soon to be parted; but she need not have taken the trouble. The physicians at quarantine came aboard. Giuseppe had a little fever. There was a slight eruption over his body; and Isidore, his very likeness, was herein also not unlike to Giuseppe. Then came the parting from the mothers. The boys were sent to Hoffman's Island, to quarantine, with the measles. The mothers, as is the Government custom, were detained at Ellis Island to await the recovery of their sons.

Maria cried and held her arms out to Rachel, seeking comfort in their common woe. Rachel gave no sign, unless her staying close to Maria was a response. She stared into space, more like a dead woman than a living, save that at times her body trembled, shaking hysterically. She shrank from Maria and her sympathy. And Maria soon fell to quiet words; she touched Rachel's pallid cheek with the tips of her rosy fingers, saying in her melodious tongue—of which Rachel knew nothing save the broad vowel of gentleness—that their sons would soon be back—why should they not smile? The boys were not divided—what games there would be! And every day there was the report from quarantine!

The two boys in the children's hospital at the island occupied adjoining cots. The measles were light, and they never tired of playing with each other. Sometimes Giuseppe, when the white-robed nurse was not looking, climbed up into Isidore's cot, and sometimes Isidore would return the visit. The nurse could never tell them apart, nor could the doctors, save for the little identification tag of cardboard, bearing the name, that was tied on each slender wrist.

Without rustle of garments or battling of wings, Fate entered the hospital ward in the innocent form of a marble, a small, white, shining marble in the hands of Giuseppe. Isidore's black eyes flashed as Giuseppe held it up, and he put out a swift hand for it. But Giuseppe did not like to part with it at the moment, so Isidore pounced down into his neighbor's little cot. Giuseppe sprang to the floor, Isidore after him. There was a tussle. They tore at each other's hands. Over and over the two white-gowned little figures tumbled. There was a cry—the marble had rolled along the floor to the register. At the cry the nurse flew down the aisle, and the two small boys tumbled wildly into bed. Two pairs of bright, audacious eyes softly closed; the fighting little fists, with adorable abandonment, lay suspiciously still. The tags from their wrists were in little bits on the floor.

Their pretense at sleep made the nurse choke with laughter as she devoted herself to making new tags and hurriedly tied one to each wrist. The doctors were making their rounds; a little girl was shrieking in German for a glass of water, while a small urchin with placid face and unwinking eyes was politely admonishing her in Basque—which was not understood by any one—to be still; so it was no wonder that Giuseppe was tagged Isidore, and Isidore Giuseppe!

That night—a bleak night of cold, driving rain—something went wrong with the steam-pipes; and for several hours the best efforts of workmen and officials were unavailing to restore the hospital to normal temperature. A damp chill crept through the ward, and, despite extra covers, the next morning, from more than one tiny cot came the sounds of labored breathing and the short, quick hack of suppressed coughing—pneumonia was demanding toll.

Three days later, as the clerk of the records was making out his daily death-report, he found the name of Isidore Kohn among the little pile of wrist-tags that were no longer needed.

The mother at Ellis Island was notified. She sat still, and her mind was a blank—till she heard the voice of Maria. Maria had her boy—and she—Rachel—was bereft! She could not look up into Maria's face. Yet Maria was bending over her, Maria's tender face was close to her, and her great, warm white hands took the cold, thin hands in her own and strove to warm them; Maria's tears were flowing for her. The news of Rachel's trouble was already in the detention-room. As she lifted her wan face, she read it in the silent eyes of foreign women. She was a stranger in a strange land—the Government would bury the boy—it was the usual custom.

All that day Maria watched over her with an immense pity. She often timidly stroked her hair, longing to enfold the stricken, defiant little soul in her mothering arms; but Rachel, rebellious against fate, rebellious against the sight of this mother of a living son, opposed a cold steel shield of resentment to Maria, and would not be comforted. She wished to return to her native land, to seek again familiar faces; the new land had been for the boy, but there was no need—now.

As the *Barbarossa* steamed slowly down the bay in the dazzling white of the noon sunshine, a lonely figure in black hung over the rail on the steerage deck. The sea-line of New York glittered into softer outline with distance and the haze, but the listless eyes of the woman did not watch it. Maria, in the detention-room at Ellis Island, waiting for her own boy to come to her, yet with sorrow for the other mother clutching at her heart, had parted from the dry-eyed woman with ineffable pity. But Rachel had given no response.

The city fast shifted into kaleidoscopic scenes under her unseeing eyes, and the merry voices of little children from a Government barge, rocked by the wash of the liner, reached her. They were gay—heart, costume, and eye—coming from the quarantine station to join their parents at Ellis Island. It seemed an outrage to her that the little voices could be happy when a loved voice could no longer reach her listening ears. Yet as a traveler may peer over an abyss in sheer fascination, so she daringly leaned over the rail.

Her heart stopped—it ceased beating for a long moment. Then she pressed her fingers against her side to still the great throbs that suddenly beat there. Her wide, motionless eyes, like a mother bird's who sees her little one restored to the plundered nest, looked into the sweet, wild eyes of her son. She knew the truth.

With a tremulous cry she flung her arms

round a seaman, shrieking to him in Yiddish to stop the ship, that her boy—her darling boy—was there alive! alive! And he, uncomprehending, gaped at the woman with open mouth—she was mad, mad indeed! He pushed her away, and she fell on her knees, yet boldly scolding him for his slowness, his stupidity. The west wind kissed her hard cheek and blew the hair about her face. He frowned, and called out to a deck-hand to take her away.

She saw them coming toward her. The ship was steaming up, and childish faces crowded over the barge rail to gaze at the departing steamer; among them all she saw but one small face, with mischievous dark eyes. With a sob of joy she was over the ship's rail and struggling in the green, dancing waves.

As the cry went up, "A mad woman overboard!" and the ship slowed down while a boat was put out, a seaman from the barge was grappling with the woman, and rescued and rescuer were soon aboard the barge.

Rachel, faint and exhausted, gasping at the chill that crept over her, and with her overjoyed arms around her son, opened her eyes. There were sudden smiles curving the lips of all classes on the big ship steaming outward; clearing of throats and abstracted smiles of callous deck-hands on the barge nearing the city. The old doctor, his hand on her pulse, a mist in his eyes, knelt like a priest before a naked altar; yet he chuckled in a very human way over her, as he watched her watch her son. Suddenly he caught his breath, for her face had gone white. She rose and knelt on the bare deck, the tears flowing down her pale cheeks. She flung her soul into half-remembered prayers. The turning of Rachel's life lay in that moment—she forgot herself. All looked on in wonder. Even the children ceased their chattering and were smiling faintly.

"Joy's been too much for her. Joy has been too much—" The old doctor shook his head.

But it was Maria she was thinking of, praying for—Maria, who would be down to meet the barge; Maria, who waited for her little son, with the sunshine in her eyes.

The barge, a floating house of laughing children, slowed up, backed into the breakwater of Ellis Island, sliding in close to the heart of the island as to the hearts of the waiting parents. There was Maria, Maria with her beautiful smile, standing serene in the sunshine.

Rachel, woman of gloom, one arm timidly around her son, daring not to press him to her as she thought of the other mother, slowly went down the gang-plank. She threaded her way through the immigrants; her color had risen, and her voice faltered when she began to speak.

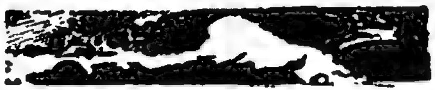
Maria stared at Rachel—stared at Isidore. Then a new light leaped in her eyes. Rachel's boy was not dead! Maria flung back her head and laughed—then the laugh caught in her throat. She took a blind step nearer——

Rachel slowly walked to her, leading the boy, who hung back out of pure perversity of boyhood. But suddenly the smile around Maria's mouth, the frantic demand of her eyes, or perhaps some subtle vision that belongs to childhood, made Isidore throw himself impetuously into her arms. And Rachel, with a wealth of sudden love like a stream whose dam is broken, flung her arms around the two as they stood in an embrace.

"Ours together—ours together!" she was crying in Yiddish.

Maria did not understand the strange words, but she felt their meaning, and all the truth flowed in upon her. As her great heart broke in anguish, and her tears mingled with the tears of Rachel, she leaned back against the strength of the thin, supple arms; she sought the sanctuary of Rachel's sympathy. And Isidore, all boy—mischief and audacity—suddenly flung an arm around each woman and essayed his first English word—"Mother!"—truly one mother. His look was for them both, like the new language that would be theirs together; and the certain worship and wonder of his eye made Maria suddenly catch him to her with a pang of love.

The two women went out into the new land with their burdens, but side by side, and seldom letting out of eyeshot a venturing, wayward boy, who trudged on a little ahead, alive with the immortal hunger of youth.



STRAIGHT TALK

ARE WE OSTRICHES AND PHARISEES?

Your October editorial announces a new and interesting standard. I will restate it briefly. You say that the American ideal demands that our literature, our drama, our art, our discussions of social and political conditions should contain nothing that might offend a child. A magazine should "never publish anything that any broadminded parent would not wish a child to see." "Better a millstone about your neck than offend a child."

Let us agree.

We will take our children with us into the world's theatre. Shall we see Greek plays? No, their greatest play deals with incest. Shakespeare? But Hamlet accuses his mother of prostituting herself. Molière? Hauptmann? Ibsen? Maeterlinck? But they wrote of things which only the full-grown mind and heart of a man can understand. Let us go back to the American theatre. There is no drama there. It is the abode of the child-mind.

We will take the children into the world's library. Shall we let them read of the adulterous Helen or of passionate Dido's love out of wedlock? Surely we shall have to remove Dante, who described every vice and crime known to man. We must not leave such a primer of evil in the hands of the children. And all the great cycles must go. The songs of the troubadours, the Nibelungenlied, and the Norse legends. For they are full of darkness and passion, of rebellion against God and of troubling questions. And surely our children must not read of the glitter and lure of *Guinevere*, or of *Faust*, or *Childe Harold*. Lastly, the Bible? Much of the Old Testament cannot be read to children.

See, we have hung the millstone around the neck of the world's best literature.

Let us take our children to see the world's art. But I need not lead you far here. We, who have no art, have laid the ban upon the body. It must never be exposed. We must keep the tarpaulin on Praxiteles, Michelangelo, Rubens, Ingres, Rodin.

Let us take our children with us when we seek to destroy vice. When we wish to ascertain who is responsible for the pitiful prostitute and what makes the beastlike drunkard, shall we tell them that their fathers are grafters? Shall we initiate them before their time, or shall we, like the ostrich, pretend these things do not exist by refusing to discuss them with our children?

Let us be childish then. Let us, who are no longer children, remain childish. Let this republic, struggling for maturity, remain a juvenile republic.

Or let us be sincere. Let us admit that the problems of a democracy, her ideals, art and literature, are not the problems of children. We must face the truth and strive for it. Let our children, our young misses who crowd to the theatres, busy themselves with childish things. Let us work for our children, not with them. The magazines of America are the greatest disseminators of mature democracy. Let them be equal to their task.

New York City. A. B. K.

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE

I read your breezy article on the Insurgent Sunday-school. It is very clever. It should be very popular; *but from top to bottom it is all wrong*. I do not know who the writer is; but when you talk about religion you get off the track the second you get away from the Bible, and the writer is off the track all through. What he is talking about is not *Sunday*-school work at all. That is *every-day* school work. Economic problems, poverty, labor problems, hygiene, sanitation, sociology, cleaner citizenship, these are all things for the citizen of a Christian town and a Christian country. They should have their proper place in the common school, but the Sunday-school is a different business. Just as Sunday is the Lord's Day and cut clean away from the other days for a different end, by divine authority, so the Sunday-school is to have for its primary object the bringing of the child as a sinner needing a Divine Saviour, to Jesus Christ, and the teaching the child the principles of the Gospel and the Word of God. Our friend, George Creel, is putting the cart before the horse. He is trying to build an Eddystone lighthouse with roof shingles and tacks. Christian character, Christian conduct, life's problems, social duties, these are superstructural; the rock foundation is God the Creator, the Son of God the Redeemer, and the Spirit of God the Sanctifier. And the only text-book that will ever bring any man or woman out on Sunday afternoon to teach, or any boy and girl to learn, is the Bible, the inspired word of God.

CANON DYSON HUGUE.

Memorial Church Rectory,
London, Ontario, Canada.

FROM A FAUNAL NATURALIST

Please, Mr. EVERYBODY, let us have some more of those beautiful nature studies by Mr. Hough.

The story of *O-Mèe-O-Mi*, breathing forth, as it does, the pathos and mysticism of nature, is one of those links which bind us more closely to our kindred of the wild.

And when, in addition, a nature student like Mr. McCutcheon collaborates in pictures which are fairly redolent with the fragrance of woodland glades, the result is beyond compare.

Like *Oliver Twist*, we wish some more.

A MOST FAITHFUL READER.

Eau Claire, Wis.

TEN THOUSAND SOLDIERS OF THE COMMON GOOD

That special article, "The Insurgent Sunday-school," in the October issue is certainly a hummer. I don't know the author, but he handles the subject in a wonderfully effective way. I happen to know that he has produced an article that is absolutely true of the present condition of affairs.

I have been president of this county association for three years, and identified with the work here for sixteen years; and our handicap all the way through has been a state and International Association that was "forninst" progress. They employ so-called "field workers" who, if they were machines in a modern factory, would have been junked years ago. They are entirely without inspiration or instruction.

Warren H. Wilson conducted a "Country Welfare" conference here last spring, and we have, in my own Sunday-school, just taken up in our men's class the series of lessons known as "Studies in the Gospel of the Kingdom," published by the American Institute of Social Service, and edited by Josiah Strong, D. D.

In the past three years we have succeeded in introducing the Graded Lessons into more than ninety per cent. of the schools of this county, with an enrolment of more than ten thousand pupils.

I know of no other theme of so great and vital interest to so large a class of readers, than this phase of Sunday-school work, and I trust you will present further arguments along the same line.

R. C.,
Pres. Macon Co. S. S. Ass'n.

Decatur, Ill.

WATCH TULSA GROW

In the last issue of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is an article on Commission Government, in which Tulsa is mentioned, and its population given at about seven thousand. The census of 1910 shows Tulsa to have a population of 18,182, having grown from 1,390 since the year 1900, and its present population is considered to be, approximately, 26,000. As last year's census figures are about two and one-half times the population figures shown in your article, we feel it only right to call your attention to the error and invite its correction.

Tulsa, Okla. E. T. T.

WE SUSPECT THIS MAN OF ACRIMONY

I think you could do a real service if you would show up the pretensions of the college professor—or rather the college professor's wife. I have a cousin who married a professor who gets $2700 a year. And she is continually talking, talking, about the poor pay a college man gets, the duties and the social obligations that fall on them, and the gross injustice of the world, as exemplified by her life. I don't suppose there's a day goes by that she isn't sending out broadcast complaints about some phase of the subject and its "cruelty."

Her main thesis—I could almost quote it word for word—is about the frightfully hard mental strain that teaching is, and the exhaustion of it all. She even reaches a height where she asks if modern civilization is not a failure.

Even Carnegie has been influenced by this twaddle, and has given all sorts of money to pension off old professors. As though they de-served a special pension, when there are thousands of deserving people, as intelligent, as honest, as valuable to the world, as brain-fagged at fifty-five, as these college people are! Yes, and more brain-fagged.

And I can prove it.

I am a married man, having to take care of a wife and three children. I do brain-work as hard as any college professor. I'm an electrical engineer for one of the greatest electric supply companies in the country. I get to my office at eight o'clock, and I work until six every night—and continuous brain-work too. Think of that, Mr. College Professor! And I get forty dollars a week. And Mr. Carnegie hasn't planned any pension for me either! Now, my cousin's husband gets $2700 a year. That's fifty-four dollars a week, fourteen more than I get, even if he works the same amount of time. But he works only thirty-eight weeks in a year. There's fourteen weeks of vacation right there. And I've watched him, and made inquiries about him, when I've visited there. His hours of work this year —it seems almost unbelievable—are sixteen hours a week. He knows all that is coming in the classes. He has to take but little time for preparation. There is some time spent in looking over papers, however, but he has an advanced student to help. I *know* he doesn't give another full day to his work. But I'll call it three days of eight hours each. (I work nine hours a day, six days in the week.) So he has thirty-eight half-weeks' work, or nineteen weeks. Now you can figure that out yourself, $2700 for nineteen weeks' work is closely near to a rate of $7500 a year, isn't it?

Then there's the sabbatical year. The professor gets half pay for a year's absence, but that adds 1-14 to the rate of his year's salary just the same. That makes it $8000 a year.

And then they complain of their pay, and, worse still, of their hard work. Why, they can't even comprehend what hard work is. Just one summer's vacation like theirs would make me over into a new man. Show them up, Mr. Editor. Let them see themselves as they really are.

Lynn, Mass. ELECTRICAL ENGINEER.

"WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS I THEE ENDOW."

There seems to be so much trouble in these days of strenuous times—hasty marriages, quick divorces, broken wills, etc.—that I have wondered if any one has ever given serious consideration to the wording of the marriage vow, one part of which reads: "And with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

Now this declaration is always made in the presence of the legally required witnesses, and frequently before an entire church filled with humans eager to catch every word said by the minister and other participants in the wedding.

If the ceremony performed by a minister of the gospel is a legal act and binding, why is it necessary for a woman to sue for alimony when suing for divorce? And why is it necessary for a married man to make his will when he has already, in the presence of witnesses, transferred "all" his "worldly goods," etc., "until death do us part"?

William Hard, who recently finished, in "EVERYBODY'S," his valuable series on "The Woman of To-morrow," and who, I see, is now writing in *The Delineator* on the legal status of women, might well elaborate this point.

Muskogee, Okla. A. H. S.

FROM AN "AVERAGE READER."

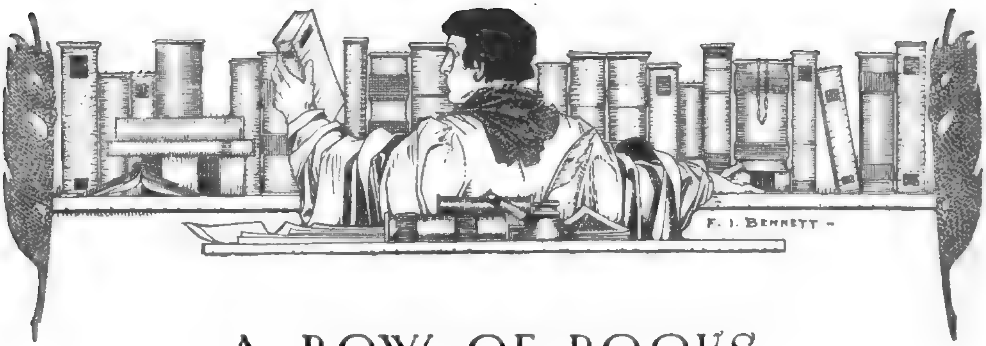
I think "EVERYBODY'S" is the brightest star in the galaxy of magazines, but join L. B., writing in the October number, in asking you not to be afraid of shooting over our heads. There are acres of this common stuff, not bad but innutritious. We want more to awaken thought after the magazine is laid down.

Woodstock, Ill. MRS. W. S.

"MAN-HUNTERS"

"The Mongrel," "Our Human Misfits," "The World in Four Walls," "Watch Commission Government Grow"—am I not fortunate when I find in one number of a magazine four articles that particularly appeal to me? Mr. William Daly, Jr., has grasped and pointed out what most magazine writers on the commission form of government have ignored: the essential difference between the Galveston and the Des Moines plans — people's power to control their city government and public servants by means of the initiative, referendum and recall. Dr. Woods Hutchinson's article on "Our Human Misfits" is timely. Governor West, of Oregon, is trying to put into practise, as far as he can, what Dr. Hutchinson preaches; and he is severely criticized by the "Man-Hunt" philosophers who are ever hungry for a pound of the other man's flesh. Possibly these inverted "Christians," having abandoned the belief in a hell hereafter, can't enjoy life unless some of their brothers are broiling in a man-made hell on earth.

Portland, Oregon. W. G. E.



A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

THE reviewer who sits down to write an estimate of a new book assumes, willy-nilly, a triple responsibility: that of fairness to the author, that of fairness to those of his readers to whom the work is likely to appeal, and that of fairness to those of his readers whom the work is likely to offend. With the best will in the world, one often makes a snarl of it. And so it follows that there is a sort of holiday joyousness connected with the finding of a book that one can confidently label "Read this," and put in the show-case without further ado. Such a book is Margaret Deland's "The Iron Woman" (Harper). It doesn't much matter whether you are a girl in your teens, looking inquiringly forward to the beckoning figure of Life; or a man come to maturity and looking back of you and around you at the muddle and mystery of it—this big-hearted and kind-minded picture of what life brought of inward growth and atrophy and of outward joy and sorrow to a group of half a dozen contemporary Americans will equally engage your interest and equally leave you nearer in sympathy and understanding to the sound and sane heart of humanity.

Last August we drew what seemed to be a somewhat deadly parallel between the lists of foreign and home-grown fiction that had been published during the year; but found a certain comfort in the fact that the latter, in spite of a thumb-handed way of going about it, was at least on the right track in that it was trying to get inside of the shell of life. Now this thumb-handedness is by no means primarily a question of technique. It is much more a question of point of view, or rather of point of departure—a question as to whether you undertake to break into the shell from without or to force it open from within. The external attack consists in inventing for oneself a plot or in proposing to oneself a problem, and then proceeding to furnish the one with more or less efficient actors or to supply the other with more or less adequate protagonists. It is primarily inventive, explicative, controversial, investigatory. The internal attack is less easily defined for the simple reason that it is primarily creative. It may perhaps be said that it is more concerned with life than with theories of life; with concrete human beings than with abstract human problems; that it springs less from an intellectual desire to demonstrate a thesis than from the spiritual necessity of bringing to birth the children of one's imagination. Let us put it broadly that it never uses life as a convenient liquid with which to fill an arbitrarily chosen mold, but fashions fiction into a vessel in order that it may hold the semblance of life.

Mrs. Deland's novel is the best, indeed it is almost the only, recent American example of this purely creative type.

◆

The microscopist who is about to examine the cross-section of a complex although colorless organism, frequently immerses it in a liquid dye in order that its structure may be made visible by the unequal action of the stain upon its component tissues. It is difficult to examine the critical and commentative reception accorded, here and abroad, to such a work as "My Life," by Richard Wagner (Dodd, Mead), without smilingly seeing that one of its immediate effects has been to bring out in strongly contrasted differentiation some of the component tissues of our intellectual organism—each element becoming separately visible by reason of what it has absorbed.

For instance, the perfectly open and self-respecting avidity with which the book has been welcomed in certain circles as likely to throw new light upon old scandals, may almost be said to diagram for us the subtle persistence of the parochial outlook in what passed for intelligent cosmopolitanism. Again, the conviction, quite evident in the minds of some critics, that two thick volumes of vivid and, for the most part, unreservedly sincere narration from the talented pen of so colossal a genius must be, and therefore is, a masterpiece of autobiography, brings concretely before us the part that hero-worship plays in contemporary judgments. While, conversely, many expressions of shocked surprise, indignant deprecation, and bewildered disappointment over the fact that so great a man could have been so small, or that he should have been fool enough to put his pettiness on record, brings startlingly before us the prevalence of the critical desire to find human nature conforming to preconceived specifications, and the scarcity of critical readiness to study it understandingly as it is.

◆

Richard Wagner's autobiography offers us a frank, vivid, and would-be authoritative view of a strictly circumscribed side of its author's life. It contains the detailed record of his physical and mental activities and the summary of his casual impressions. It is intended neither as an apology nor as an interpretation. It is a statement of facts.

Now, on the one hand, these conditions immediately preclude the achievement of (indeed, they deny the attempt to achieve) a revelatory self-study like that, say, of Cellini. But, on the other hand, the result of their enforcement affords us a most interesting and valuable opportunity of observing what we may perhaps call the human side of genius. Wagner, it is true, is here shown to us by himself as obsessedly and uninterruptedly conscious of his possession of super-normal powers. But not only does he vouchsafe us no word of explanation in regard to them, but it may almost be said that the information he gives us in regard to Wagner, the creative genius, is limited to the dates and localities of his ascendency over that other Wagner whose history is here so graphically recorded.

And that other Wagner stands out from the pages of the book as, first, the conscious, devoted, indomitable, and unscrupulous "promoter" of the claims of this genius to recognition; and, secondly, as a man—as what Mr. Arnold Bennett would call a human machine—who, quite without any sense of compromise with conscience or of need for justification, is determined to keep himself fit for the services of this genius and of this promoter at no matter what cost to others or to himself and by no matter what makeshifts.

If these volumes were the work of a third person and pretended to present to us, four-square, the effigy and estimate of a man, they would either be guilty of flagrant criminal libel or would contain an unmatchable portrait of self-centered egotism. Accepted understandingly for what they are, they give us an astonishingly illuminative look-in behind the scenes of human greatness.

◆

Mr. W. M. Reedy's "It is sex o'clock" is one of those rare witticisms the permeating humor of which keeps spreading about the point of its original impact in the mind (like a drop of oil flung upon a cloth) until it ends by standing out as the one salient mark on the intellectual garment of the times. The mental time of day was never more tersely told.

Europe, we are informed, has gone mad over "The Dangerous Age" (Lane), by Karin Michaelis. At any other hour of the twenty-four, Europe would have taken this volume quite calmly; for it is only when the public mind is obsessed by a single subject that it is ready to hail as a revelation a work, no matter how psychologically accurate, in which the outlook of a pathological morbidity is confidently put forward as the normal outlook of the race.

The supposed writer of these letters and of this diary is a woman who, having made an early marriage of convenience and lived up to her bargain with professional irreproachability, finds herself terrified by advancing age, which at once threatens her hold upon her husband and reminds her that she is about to forfeit by default her emotional birthright. The record of her desperate and futile struggle is outlined with a skilled literary restraint, and her self-analytical confessions are often startlingly shrewd. But as she never carries self-analysis to the point of seeing her condition as the result of her past, but mistakes her plight for the inescapable fate of her sex, the book is not a fictional interpretation of a situation sufficiently common (perhaps) to be interesting, but a fictitious self-study of a diseased mind that mistakes itself for the normal type.

I have a friend who is forever jumping up when the cracked bell of the church round the corner rings for vespers and exclaiming, "Is that a fire?" and is forever being told, "No, my dear, it is the six o'clock bell." Europe's literary enthusiasms, just now, remind me of him.

Every time some cracked mind of the moment strikes sex, Europe thinks it is the tocsin of Truth. "The Dangerous Age" is merely the latest false alarm.

◆

We do not often get the chance to foregather, friendliwise, with an expert scientific investigator who is ready to discuss one of his specialties with us, man to man, without his either patronizingly talking scientific baby-talk to us or else paying us the doubtful compliment of addressing us in technical Volapük. And very often, when this rare chance does come along, our expert's specialty is so far removed from the interests of daily life that we do not appreciate our opportunity. Havelock Ellis's "The World of Dreams" (Houghton, Mifflin) is a chance of this kind that I believe many of us would be glad to take advantage of. It discusses with an altogether lucid directness, and at the same time with an unaffected open-mindedness and recognition of the necessarily tentative nature of such inquiries, the probable origin, mechanism, and make-up of experiences which we all share, yet which are so elusive and so baffling that men have ever been of two minds as to whether to regard them as half mystic or as wholly haphazard.

Have you ever noticed how tiresome it is to have some one insist upon telling you what he had dreamed the night before? And how tantalizingly interesting your own vivid dreams appear while they remain in mind? Mr. Ellis makes his dreams interesting to us by using them to make our own intelligible.

OTHER BOOKS

"Researches on the Evolution of the Stellar System," by T. J. J. See. (Thos. P. Nichols and Sons.) A huge volume containing the scientific arguments and mathematical formulæ upon which the eminent author bases a refutation of the tenability of La Place's famous Nebular Hypothesis, and offers for the consideration of the scientific world a new theory as to the basic law of cosmogony. In the opinion of the leading mathematicians and astronomers of Europe and America, the work is likely to mark a turning-point in the direction of scientific speculation and investigation; and it is therefore noted here, not as a work to be read in the original (most of it is beyond the layman's scope), but in order that readers of EVERYBODY'S may be on the lookout for such popular explanations of it and such intelligent explanatory comments upon it as are sure to follow.

◆

"The Miller of Old Church" (Doubleday, Page), by Ellen Glasgow. A love-story of post-bellum days in Virginia, in which the glamour of the author's fictional earnestness and finished style is thrown over a pictured clash of characters that has (in its essentials) long since been rendered trite by repeated treatment.

◆

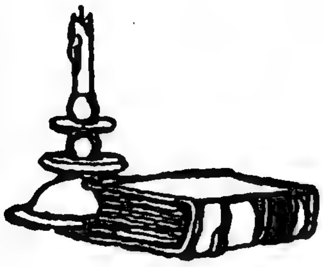
"Miss Gibbie Gault" (Harper), by Kate Langley Bosher. A saccharine sequel to "Mary Cary," which only those are advised to attack who, having partaken of the first dish, find themselves desirous of a second helping.

◆

"The Reappearing" (George H. Doran), by Charles Morice. Another of the books that France is excited over; this time because it contains a *volte face* from ultra-estheticism to reactionary satire, by a well-known critic. It contains an account of Christ visiting Paris; and while it is written with what, by comparison, is consummate skill, it is at bottom as sensationally obnoxious and as satirically futile as Stead's "If Christ Came to Chicago."

◆

"The Price" (Scribner), by Francis Lynde. An exciting yarn that follows the adventures of a young man who robs a bank in order to procure the wherewithal to set up as a philanthropist. A good example of an author who thinks that he is dealing with a "problem," when he is, in effect, only fitting an artificial plot with fairly effective puppets.



UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Editor's Note.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

The door-bell rang, and the mother, who was not yet dressed, sent her little girl to entertain the visitor in the interim—or parlor. It was a lady book agent. The little girl sought to engage her in conversation.

"How is your boy?" she asked.

"Why," replied the lady, "I haven't any little boy."

"No little boy? Well—how is your little girl?"

"But I have no little girl, either."

"Well," persisted the child, nonplused, "what *are* yours?"

◆

A man in a very deep state of intoxication was shouting and kicking most vigorously at a lamp-post, when the noise attracted a near-by policeman.

"What's the matter?" he asked the energetic one.

"Oh, never mind, mishter. Thash all right," was the reply; "I know she'sh home all right—I shee a light up shtairs!"

◆

"You know that fellow, Jim McGroiarty, the lad that's always comin' up and thumpin' ye on the chest and yellin', 'How are ye?'"

"I know him."

"I'll bet he's smashed twinty cigars for me—some of them clear Havanny—but I'll get even with him now."

"How will you do it?"

"I'll tell ye. Jim always hits me over the vest pocket where I carry my cigars. He'll hit me just once more. There's no cigar in me vest pocket this mornin'. Instead of it, there's a stick of dynamite, d'ye mind!"

◆

Miss Joy stood before her Sunday-school class one bright spring morning and said: "Now, I want each of you little folks to tell me what you have to be thankful for this morning." Little Mabel was thankful because God had given her blue eyes. Dorothy was thankful for her wavy hair. Little Willie, freckle-faced and red-haired, sat at the end of the seat. When his turn came, he said: "Teacher, I don't know what to be thankful for. God purty nigh ruint me."

◆

Surgeon-General Walter Wyman, of the U. S. Public Health Service, was at one time visited by the then principal representative of Tammany in Congress. While waiting for some papers to be brought to his desk relative to the subject of the Congressman's visit, the Surgeon-General sought to draw his visitor's attention to the importance and effectiveness of the public health work of the Service by handing him a rather large bound volume containing public health reports for the year just ended. Upon the arrival of the expected papers, Dr. Wyman turned again to his visitor, naturally expecting some encouraging comment. To his surprise he found the representative of America's foremost commonwealth balancing the unopened volume upon his palm. Meeting the interrogative glance of the Surgeon-General, he solemnly remarked:

"Great Scott, General! If you dropped that on a man it would kill him, wouldn't it?"

❧

When Mr. Taft was following college baseball more closely than he has a chance to do now, he set out one afternoon for a game between Yale and Princeton. He was in the habit of buying two seats so that he might have plenty of room. When he got to the grandstand he forked out two tickets. The usher took in the situation at a glance and led the way to the seats. When he reached them he paused.

"What's the trouble, young man?" asked Mr. Taft.

"Sorry, sir," said the usher, "but if you sit in these two seats, there's going to be some difficulty; they're on opposite sides of the aisle."

❧

Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, of Washington, in company with several other gentlemen, recently acquired a considerable acreage of wild Western land, the idea being to hold it for investment. The other parties were all men of such wide interests that a few thousand acres, one way or the other, to any of them seemed a mere bagatelle. Mr. Blythe, not having their wide experience of slathering money around the country, regarded it more portentously. Six months or so after the purchase was made, one of the largest operators wrote him that it was the consensus of opinion that it was a pity to allow the land to eat its head off in taxes while they were waiting for results, and had decided to stock it with cattle and have it turning in an income. They were arranging, he said, for about ten thousand steers, and would apportion one thousand of them to Mr. Blythe. Mr. Blythe rushed to the telegraph office and wired him: "How much does a steer cost?" The answer came back in a few hours: "Average price of steer about twenty-two dollars;" whereupon Mr. Blythe telegraphed back: "Buy me one steer and call him Clarence."

❧

A painstaking mother of two children was attempting to give them a serious idea of her anxiety to make them good, and to make plain to their minds the gravity of the task before her. Overcome with the impossibility of ever attaining her mother's ideal, three-year-old Frances answered in all earnestness: "Don't try to make us good, mother, just shoot us."

❧

A certain island in the West Indies is liable to the periodical advent of earthquakes. One year before the season of these terrestrial disturbances, Mr. X., who lived in the danger zone, sent his two sons to the home of a brother in England, to secure them from the impending havoc.

Evidently the quiet of the staid English household was disturbed by the irruption of the two West Indians, for the returning mail steamer carried a message to Mr. X., brief but emphatic——

"Take back your boys: send me the earthquake."

❧

Typographical errors are often so fearfully and wonderfully made as to arouse suspicion. Thus there was consternation in the office of the Chicago *American* recently, and all excuses and loud assertions on the part of the proofreaders availed not. There it was, in big black type, on the first page: "Michael Farley Dead from Hearst Disease."

❧

There was a grinding of wheels, the air came on slowly, and the train groaningly stopped. An irate and weary passenger grabbed the sleeve of the porter as he hurried through, and demanded:

"What's the matter now? This is the third time we've stopped. What's wrong?"

"Nothin', suh, nothin'," replied the suave and courteous Ethiopian. "Dat's jest de block system workin'."

❧

A kindergarten teacher in a foreign district asked the youngsters, one morning a few days before Christmas, to show by action something that they wished Santa Claus to bring them. There was no response.

In order to show more clearly what was expected, she arose and marched around the circle with knees stiff and head erect, meaning to convey the idea of a tin soldier.

"Now, children," she said, "what is it that I wish for Christmas?"

"I know, I know, teacha," cried Fritz, waving his hand. "A *man!*"

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Robert Frothingham Adv.
Manager

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

NOTE:—MR. STEFFENS SAYS HIS FINAL WORD ON CENSORSHIP ON PAGE 796

WE WISH very much to have you understand just why we refuse to carry certain kinds of advertising, and if you think our position wrong in any detail, please tell us.

We often find it extremely difficult to make up our own minds about advertising that is offered to us.

The advertiser has rights.

What right has a magazine to discriminate between advertisers, running the copy of one and refusing the copy of another?

Here are two companies selling land: why accept the advertising of one and decline the other?

Why does EVERYBODY'S decline whiskey advertising and run Malt-Extract?

Why run cigars and tobacco and decline cigarettes?

Why decline patent-medicine advertising even in the case of those remedies generally known to have merit?

Isn't that crowding discrimination?

Now that the pure food law is in force and the *possibly harmful contents of every package or bottle are clearly stated on the label*, isn't the public thoroughly safeguarded?

Grown men and women ought to know enough not to take stuff that will do them harm—ought they not?

Anyhow, they have a right to do with their own bodies as they like—have they not?

The general principle on which we proceed in declining advertising is very simple.

We will not run in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE *any advertising that we suspect might do harm to any of the readers of the magazine in morals, health, or pocketbook.*

It is possible that we might be compelled to run some of the business we decline.

Magazines might be reckoned as common carriers.

But advertisers would not care to bring suit and thereby advertise the fact that they have been suspected.

Besides, plenty of other publishers will take their copy.

Hundreds of newspapers and magazines would have to go out of business if they did not run the business EVERYBODY'S will not run.

TELL US WHAT YOU THINK

If the suspected advertising is going to be run anyhow, what good do we accomplish for the public or ourselves when we decline to run it?

We wish you would think of these problems of ours. Not in a narrow, prejudiced fashion, but in a big, broad way; and tell us what you think.

Are we wasting our time, besides losing money, in trying to safeguard the public?

Here is a case in point.

A land company, operating in a distant state, sends us a page of advertising. The men behind the company apparently have good records. If the public buys their land and they carry out their promises, and the land is all they claim, it is a good investment.

But we have no means of knowing about the land—no way of making sure that promises will be carried out. There is a chance that the public will lose.

What would you do?

Here is an industrial concern with a good record. It wishes to enlarge its factory and do business on a bigger scale. If the public will buy its bonds, it may go ahead to great success. And it may not. How is any one to know?

When the chances seem to us excellent, we sometimes take the business. We could have hundreds of thousands of dollars of land and bond and mine business, if we would take it.

Bringing safe and good investments to the attention of the public is worth while; but we are extremely timid about risking other people's money. It is often very difficult and very expensive to investigate a prospective advertiser. We can not afford to employ accountants and experts on land and mine and bond values, unless the advertiser plans to spend a lot of money with us.

Making money by carrying doubtful business, and thereby making it easier for our readers to lose money, would not contribute to our peace of mind.

That isn't "holier than thou," you see. It gets down to enlightened selfishness, with our own peace of mind as the desideratum.

While securing our own peace of mind in turning down practically all such business, we are probably being unfair to some sound business, and depriving our readers of some safe opportunities to make money.

What do you think?

ADVERTISEMENTS WE DECLINE—AND WHY

We decline cigarette advertising, because we do not care even remotely to help any boy acquire the insidious habit which undermines his health and his morals.

Whiskey and liquors generally we decline because we never had any respect for the saloon business, and do not care to be a party to it; especially do we not care to bring the bar into the home.

Malt is hard to classify. It is a liquor and a food and a medicine—a tonic. It is accepted by magazines quite generally. Do you think it should be declined?

We decline patent medicines, especially those that are designed to be used internally.

Grown men and women ought to know enough not to take anything harmful.

But——

Rules for a well man are not rules for a sick man.

A sick man is in no condition to prescribe anything for anybody, least of all, himself.

We haven't the slightest doubt that thousands of people are kept ill by the constant use of patent medicines.

Thousands are made ill by reading the literature.

A sick man ought never to diagnose his own ailment, prescribe for himself, or permit a patent-medicine advertisement to prescribe for him.

We believe that a sick man ought to consult a physician from whom he can learn what's the matter with him and what's the best remedy.

Physicians are prescribing more than medicine nowadays. They give just as little medicine as they must, and stop it at the first possible moment.

We have no slightest doubt that a good physician is the cheapest and best investment for a sick man.

"HOLIER THAN THOU?"

Holding these views, how could we run patent-medicine advertising in our pages? Making it easier for sick people to do exactly what, we believe, they should not do.

We have no quarrel with patent medicines. Many of them are meritorious. Many can be used to great advantage and profit under the physician's advice.

But—until some firm of patent-medicine makers comes along which recognizes these dangers we have pointed out and avoids them in its advertising and makes its appeal to the physician instead of to the public, we shall not be likely to change our policy.

It is horrible to think of the millions of dupes searching so eagerly for health, the prey of the conscienceless advertisements of the conscienceless patent-medicine men.

Is that "holier than thou"? Is it not rather the horror all right-hearted people must feel toward men who will prey on the illness and weakness of their fellow men.

Some of the magazines are proving that they can live and prosper without running such business. Some of the newspapers also are declining it and thriving.

We cherish the hope that gradually all magazines and newspapers will find a way to live without carrying any business that might harm any readers in morals, health, or pocketbook.

LINCOLN STEFFENS BELIEVES CHRISTIANITY WOULD WORK—HERE—NOW. See Page 796

Vol. XXV

Everybody's Magazine

No. 6

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Copyright, 1911, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.

Published by THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, Spring & Macdougal Sts., New York City
5, Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W. C., England
Entered at the New York Post-office as Second Class Matter
Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada

They Belong on the First Train

SHE looked across the table, at a recent dinner-party, and seeing that her *vis-à-vis* was a magazine man, she uttered to him this amazing bit of dinner-table cleverness:

"Why don't the magazines learn a trick from the railroads? They carry their passengers in one train and their freight in another train. But you magazine people hitch your freight to your Pullmans. You couple your reading-matter and your advertisements all in the same train."

"Madam," replied the publisher, "if you meant that challenge seriously, I would ask you right back, what is the reason of comparing a magazine with a railroad, anyway?

"But if you meant the question 'just for purposes of conversation,' then I'll answer it in the same terms.

"In the first place, while freight cars are not hitched behind passenger coaches any more, express cars full of merchandise, besides mail and baggage cars, are hitched in front of your Pullmans and make up half the train.

"In the next place, if you would pay Pullman prices for your magazines we might go the railroads one better, and not carry any freight at all, as you call our advertisements.

"When you buy books for your library you pay what they cost to make, with a little profit over for the publisher.

"But when you pay fifteen cents for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, for instance, you ought to know that it costs about eighteeen cents to produce it and bring it to you—with no profit at all for the publisher. What the publisher really gets out of your fifteen cents is just eight cents, after all the middlemen are paid.

"In other words, each copy of this magazine

(Read the rest of this on page 4)

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FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

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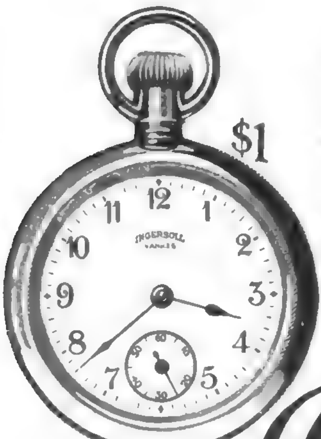
They Belong on the First Train

costs the publisher over 100% more than what he gets from you.

"When you are willing to pay a Pullman price for your magazines, we'll talk of running our advertisements in another train—*maybe*."

"I like that 'maybe' of yours," here interposed the host from the head of the table; "for the magazine publisher would be a fool to run his advertisements in another train even if he could. The public likes them too well. The public wouldn't buy a magazine without advertisements. The public wouldn't respect such a magazine. It would look like a freak. It would look as if the advertisers stayed out of it because they thought the readers were freaks.

"No," he concluded; "your advertisements are not freight cars. They are too close to what we are all thinking about; they are bright, entertaining news. Really, they are the most current news a magazine carries. They belong on the first train."

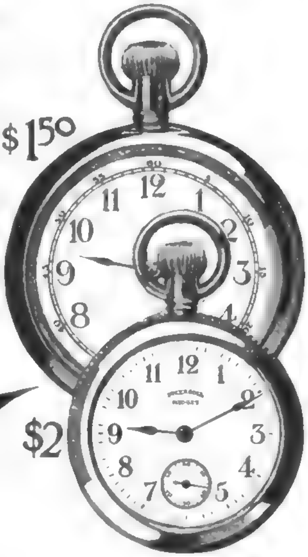


For the Boy and His Father
For Sister and Mother too

Ingersoll watches are so reliable and fit into so many special occasions for men and women, and delight the young people so much, that they are universal Christmas presents.

Men's and Boy's Models, **$1.00**; thin model,	**$1.50**
small size	**2.00**
Women's and Girl's Model, a tiny time-keeper in nickel and gun metal finishes . .	**$2.00**

Sold by 60,000 dealers throughout the country.

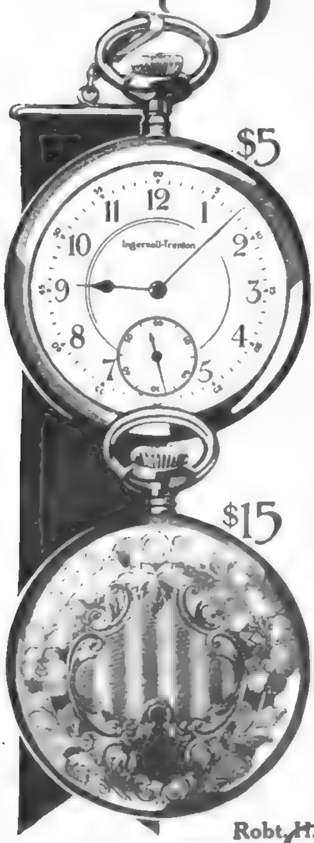


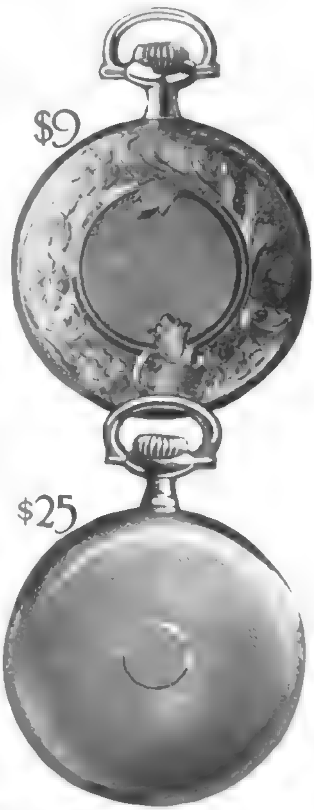
Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton

Can you think of a present so exquisite, so perpetually useful as a fine, jeweled watch?

There is no moderate-priced watch that compares in beauty or precision with the Ingersoll-Trenton.

Go to your jeweler's, and see the *Jeweled Ingersoll-Trenton* in a splendid selection of plain and fancy engraved, gold-filled Ingersoll-Trenton cases; and remember, the cases are as much a part of the "I-T" values as the movements.





Jeweled Watches
The best gift of all

"I-T" movements and cases are positively guaranteed, and each watch bears our plainly marked price tag. You know you are getting the right value. Other watches are sold in all kinds of cases at all kinds of prices. Your Christmas money buys a finer watch in the Ingersoll-Trenton than in any other.

The 7-Jewel "I-T" movement, in a solid nickel case	**$5.00**
The 7-Jewel "I-T" movement, in a 20-year gold-filled "I-T" case . .	**$9.00**
The 15-Jewel "I-T" movement, in a 25-year gold-filled "I-T" case . .	**$15.00**
The 19-Jewel "I-T" movement, fully adjusted to 5-position, temperature and isochronism is equal to any American watch at any price; in 20-year gold-filled case .	**$25.00**

Sent prepaid by us on receipt of price. Booklet on request.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 27 Ashland Building, New York

If you want namby-pamby reading, do not buy The Delineator

This Publication is too wide-awake, too alive, too full of joy and beauty and common sense and all other up-to-dateness for anybody who still lives in the dark ages.

On the Other Hand: If you want to know what people are doing—if you have any curiosity as to what makes a woman well-read and well-dressed; a good talker and a good housekeeper; an economist of working time and a hearty enjoyer of leisure—just buy a copy of the new Delineator.

If you want to know where your husband's money will go when he dies, buy up The Delineator from October last. William Hard is doing the writing.

Mrs. Mary Stewart Cutting's brilliant new story, "The Lovers of Sanna," begins in January.

"Why I Refused $25,000 a Year," also in January, is the story of a woman's business success, one of our series of "Autobiographies of Real Women."

But why talk?
The proof of the pudding is in the eating.
Our first subscriber is with us yet.
Buy one new copy. Then you will subscribe.

THE DELINEATOR

$1.50 a Year **15 Cents a Copy**

Make *this* Christmas last all winter

Among the Columbia Graphophones and Grafonolas between $17.50 and $200, the four instruments illustrated on this page are *representative*.

Columbia Hornless Graphophone "Lyric" $25

Columbia

Intelligent comparison is the basis of intelligent buying We are asking you to do the one very thing that you must do if your buying is to justify your own judgment: Make comparisons!

You cannot afford to make such an important purchase as that of a musical instrument, in the dark. Make comparisons!

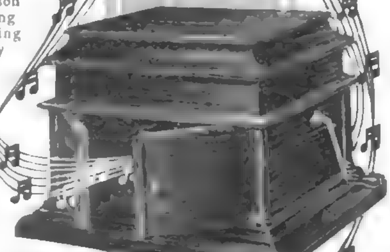
We have just issued a new Catalog of Columbia Graphophones, Hornless Graphophones, and Grafonolas Don't make the mistake of buying a musical instrument before you have received that catalog from your dealer, or from us by mail direct. If you do not yet own a record-playing instrument, now is the one best time to do it. If you do own one, exchange it! Any Columbia dealer will quote you a liberal allowance.

Columbia instruments play any make of disc records, just as Columbia Double Disc Records may be played on any disc machine. We have a new 184-page catalog of Columbia Double-Disc Records by a *majority* of the greatest artists in the world — great names and *great records*. Send for it.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Gen'l, Box 211, Tribune Building, New York

Headquarters for Canada: McKinnon Bldg., Toronto. London, Earlsfield, S. W.

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World. Exclusive selling rights granted to dealers where we are not actively represented



Columbia Grafonola "Favorite" $50

Columbia Grafonola "Regent Jr." $150

Columbia Grafonola "Nonpareil" $150

the one ideal gift for all the family for all the year around

Beechwood

A Cultural and Practical School

For Young Women

If by choice or necessity a young woman is led to some vocation, she will succeed if she has been trained along the line of her natural aptitude. The practical is as important for her as for her brother.

Beechwood offers College Preparatory, College Departments, Conservatory of Music, Art, Arts and Crafts, Oratory. Courses in Domestic Science and Arts, Secretaryship, Normal Gymnastics, Normal Kindergarten as electives. Free, healthful country life near Philadelphia. Unusual buildings. Rooms with private bath. Moderate terms.

Apply for catalogue to

M. H. REASER, Ph. D., President **Jenkintown, Penna.**
Mrs. THEODORA B. RICHARDS, Associate

The Tome School for Boys

An Endowed Preparatory School

Enrolment limited to boys of high character.
Tuition, $700. Elaborately illustrated book on request.

THOMAS STOCKHAM BAKER, Ph. D.
PORT DEPOSIT, MARYLAND

MASSACHUSETTS, Wellesley Hills.

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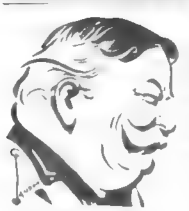

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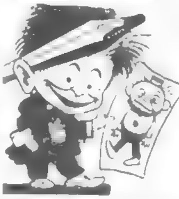

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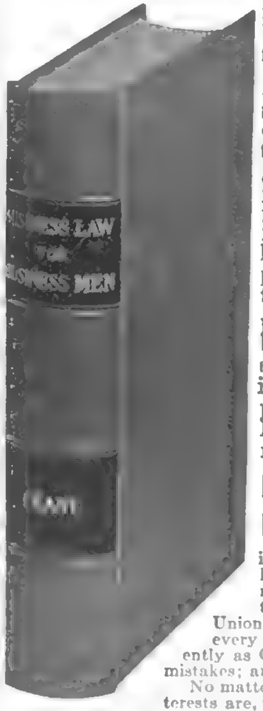
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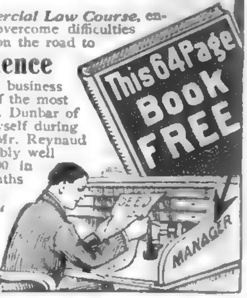

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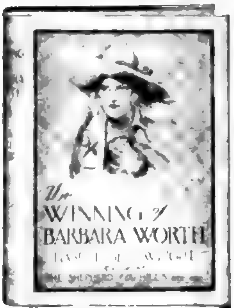

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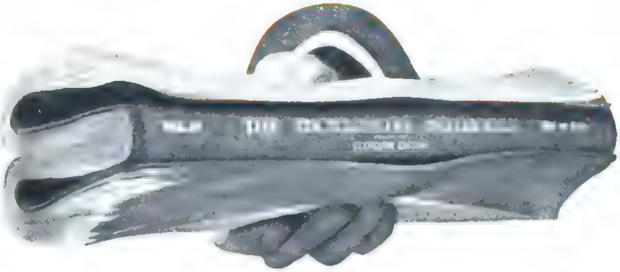

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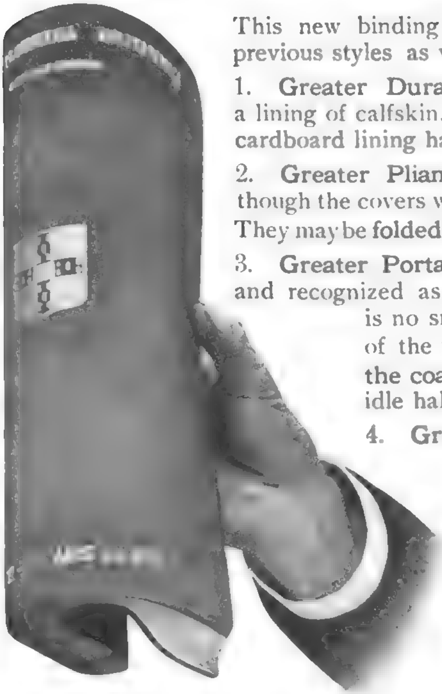

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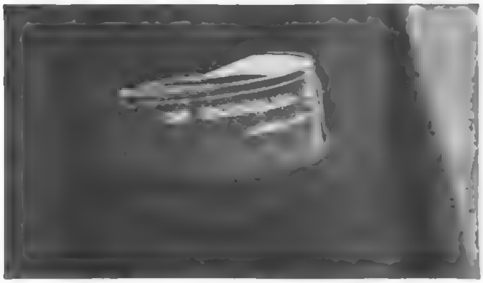

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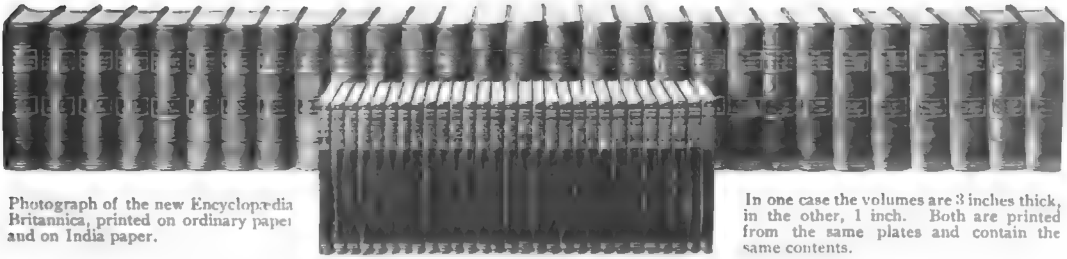

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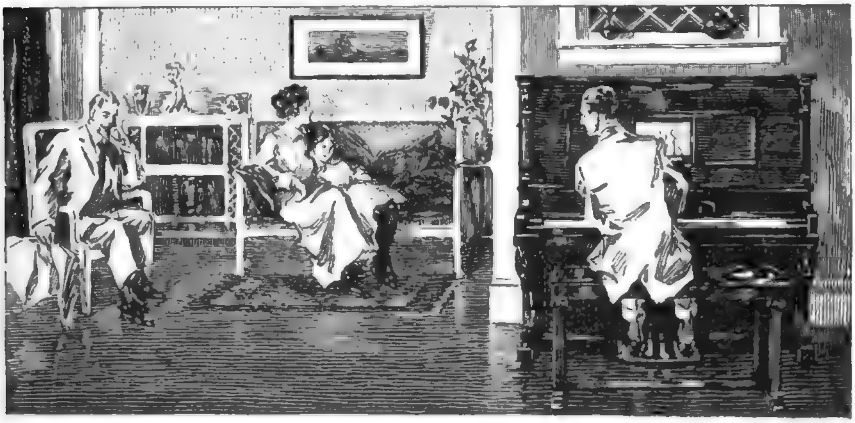

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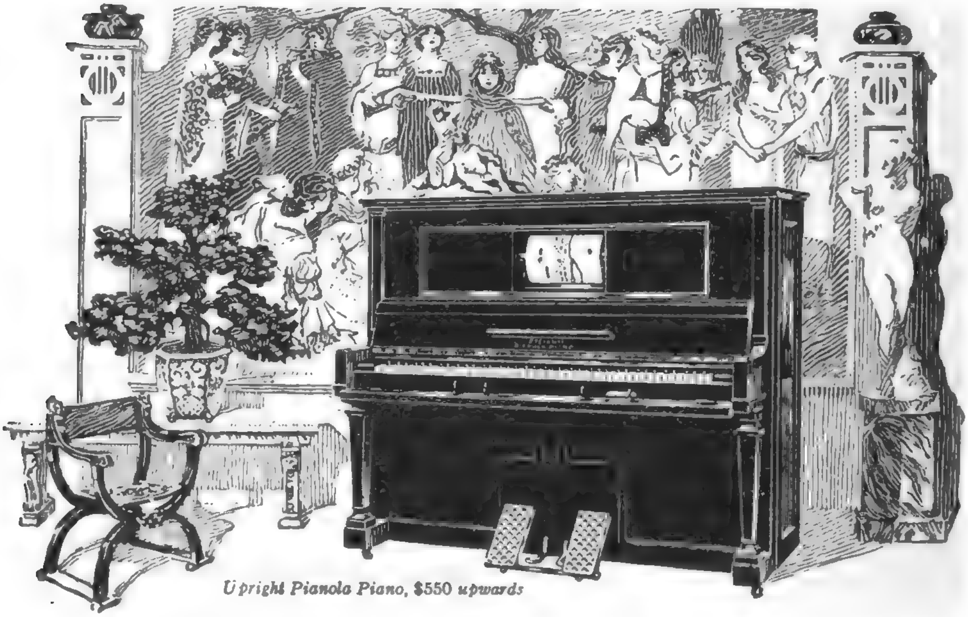

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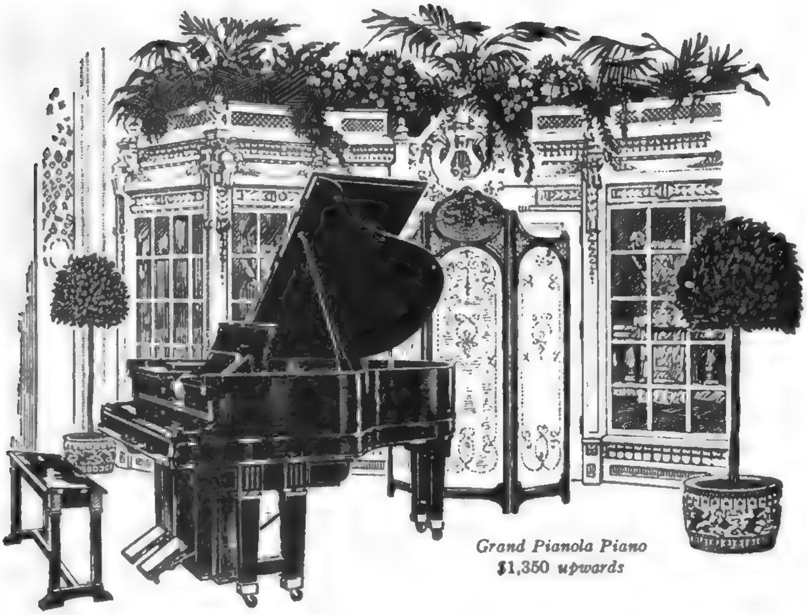

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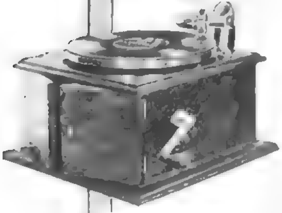

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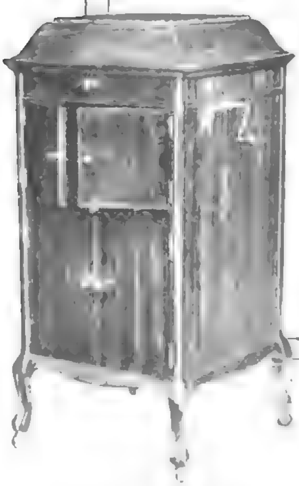

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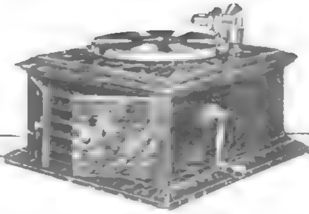

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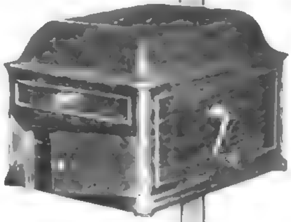

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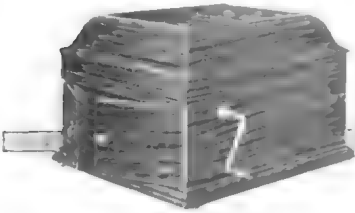
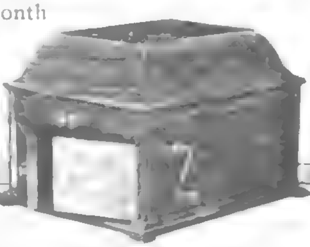


Victor-Victrola IX
Mahogany or oak $50



Victor-Victrola X
Mahogany or oak $75

Victor-Victrola XVI
Circassian walnut $250
Mahogany or quartered oak $200

Right off the vines!

GREEN, tender, delicious—*these* are the peas we use for Campbell's Pea Soup. They cost us twice what we would have to pay for dried peas such as ordinarily used. But the flavor is worth the difference. The question of cost never enters into the quality of

Campbell's SOUPS

These peas come right from our own farms and are made into soup the same day—boiled, rubbed through fine colanders, and blended with rich milk and uncolored creamery butter.

Topped with a tablespoonful of whipped cream and served at one of your dinner affairs or dainty luncheons, this perfect soup is a delight both to the eye and the palate. It brings the flavor of springtime to your table in mid-winter if you choose.

You cannot realize the exceptional quality of Campbell's Soups until you try them. That is the only way.

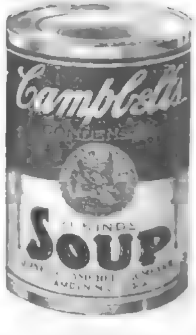
When sleigh-bells jingle and
pulses tingle
And frost is in the air
This bouncing boy finds
health and joy
In Campbell's luscious fare.

21 kinds 10c a can

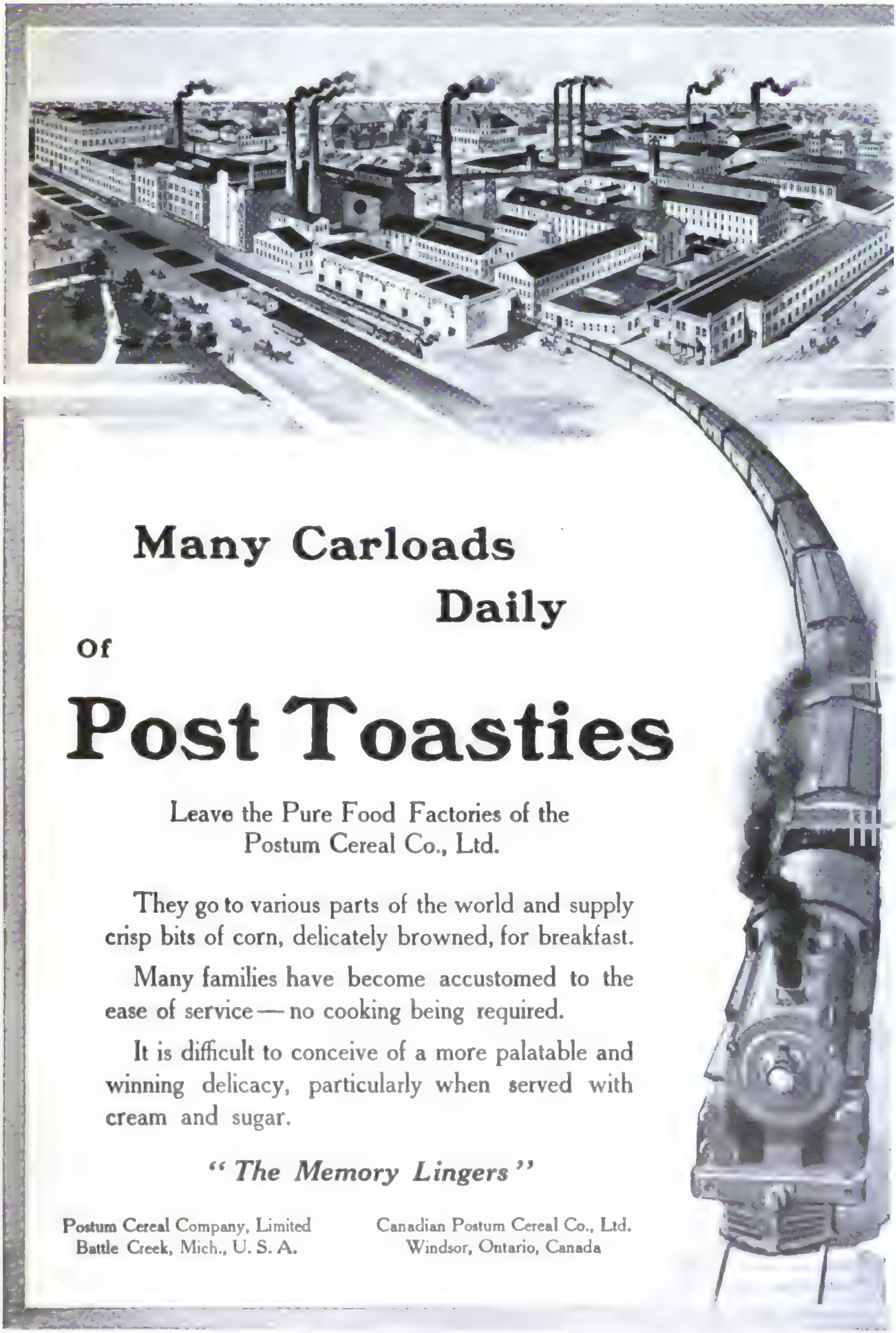
Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY, Camden N J



Look for the red-and-white label



Many Carloads Daily of

Post Toasties

Leave the Pure Food Factories of the
Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.

They go to various parts of the world and supply crisp bits of corn, delicately browned, for breakfast.

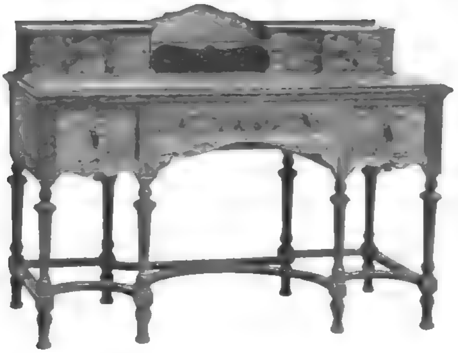
Many families have become accustomed to the ease of service — no cooking being required.

It is difficult to conceive of a more palatable and winning delicacy, particularly when served with cream and sugar.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



THE development of the furniture industry and the great reputation of Grand Rapids as its center is indelibly associated with the Berkey & Gay Furniture Company.

OUR workmen produce their results today upon the same principles which obtained with us over fifty years ago. Some of our workmen have been with us almost that long. We cannot hurry. Furniture that is hurried soon displeases. Lasting furniture must not only be of trustworthy wood, but it must be of a design that continues to please year after year, because of its artistic perfection and its truthful execution.

OUR pieces become a part of your home; they are not simply something you have bought to use until you weary of them or they wear out. They are

For Your Children's Heirlooms

YOU will find that our furniture fits your new home or harmonizes equally well with the old one. It is made for the Bed Room, the Dining Room, the Living Room, the Library and the Hall. In practically every city today you will find a store handling Berkey & Gay furniture. The display on the floors, and our magnificent book of direct photogravures will enable you to see and choose from our entire line of more than two thousand pieces. We do not print a catalogue; we do not make that kind of furniture.

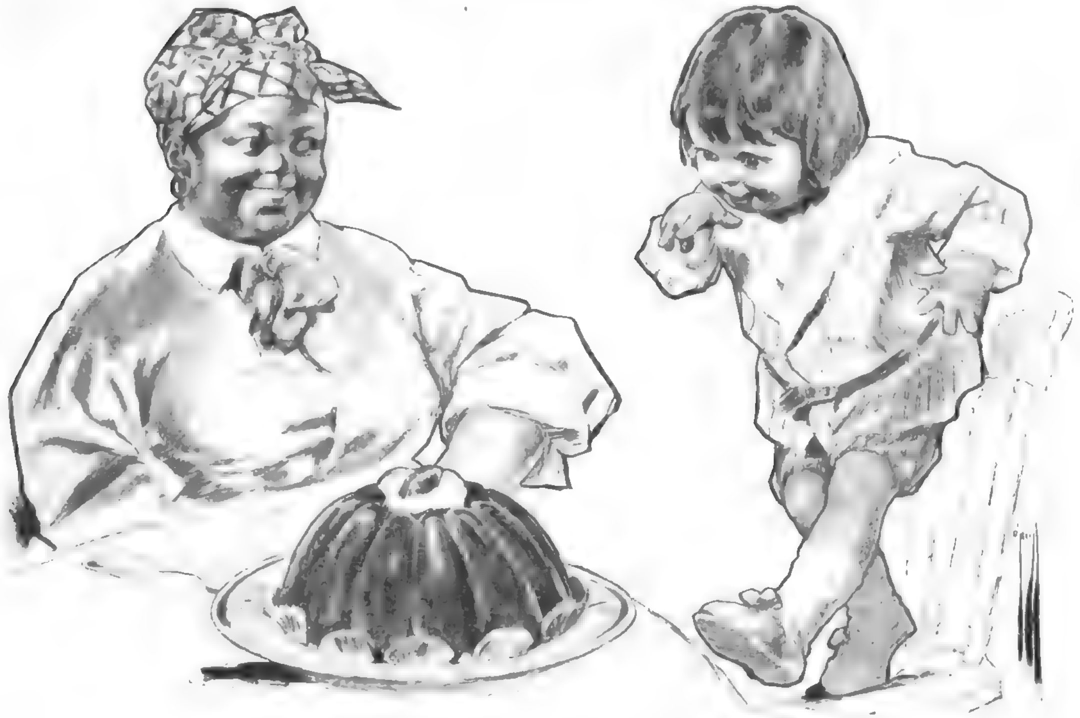
OUR de luxe book, "Character in Furniture," illustrated by Rene Vincent, is an interesting and authoritative story of period furniture. It is an expensive publication — for us. For you — we will send it by next mail for 15 2-cent U. S. stamps. And, if you ask, we will also send the famous Eugene Field poem, "In Amsterdam," which mentions us. It is done in colors and never fails to delight the reader.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE

This is the inlaid mark of honor that is in or on every Berkey & Gay piece

Berkey & Gay Furniture Co.

159 Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan



Dinah and Her Jell-O Dessert.

"There's yo' Jell-O and peaches, chile. Yo' goin' to like dat. Jell-O's fine for chil'en 'at likes good things to eat."

Dinah is a cook—a great cook—but even Dinah cannot make other desserts so dainty and delightful as those she makes of

JELL-O

They are "fine for children" and everybody else.

Any of the seven flavors of Jell-O may be used for these desserts, and for additional variety, peaches, pineapple, oranges, bananas, or other fruit may be added or used to garnish them. The Jell-O flavor is so delicious that it is never *necessary* to add anything to make it better.

A Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute by anybody.

The seven flavors are: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

All grocers sell Jell-O, 10 cents a package.

JELL-O
LEMON
JELL-O
LEMON
10¢
THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.

The beautiful recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold, will be sent free to all who write and ask us for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.

Exquisite Cases for Ladies' Watches

Reliable Gold-filled

These illustrations show Ladies' sizes of the celebrated "Crescent" and "Jas. Boss" gold-filled watch cases.

From them you can judge the artistic designs and the quality of the engraving. But to get the full effect you should see the cases themselves at your jeweler's.

His stock is selected from more than *three thousand* patterns. Probably he has just the case you want—if not, he can procure it for you.

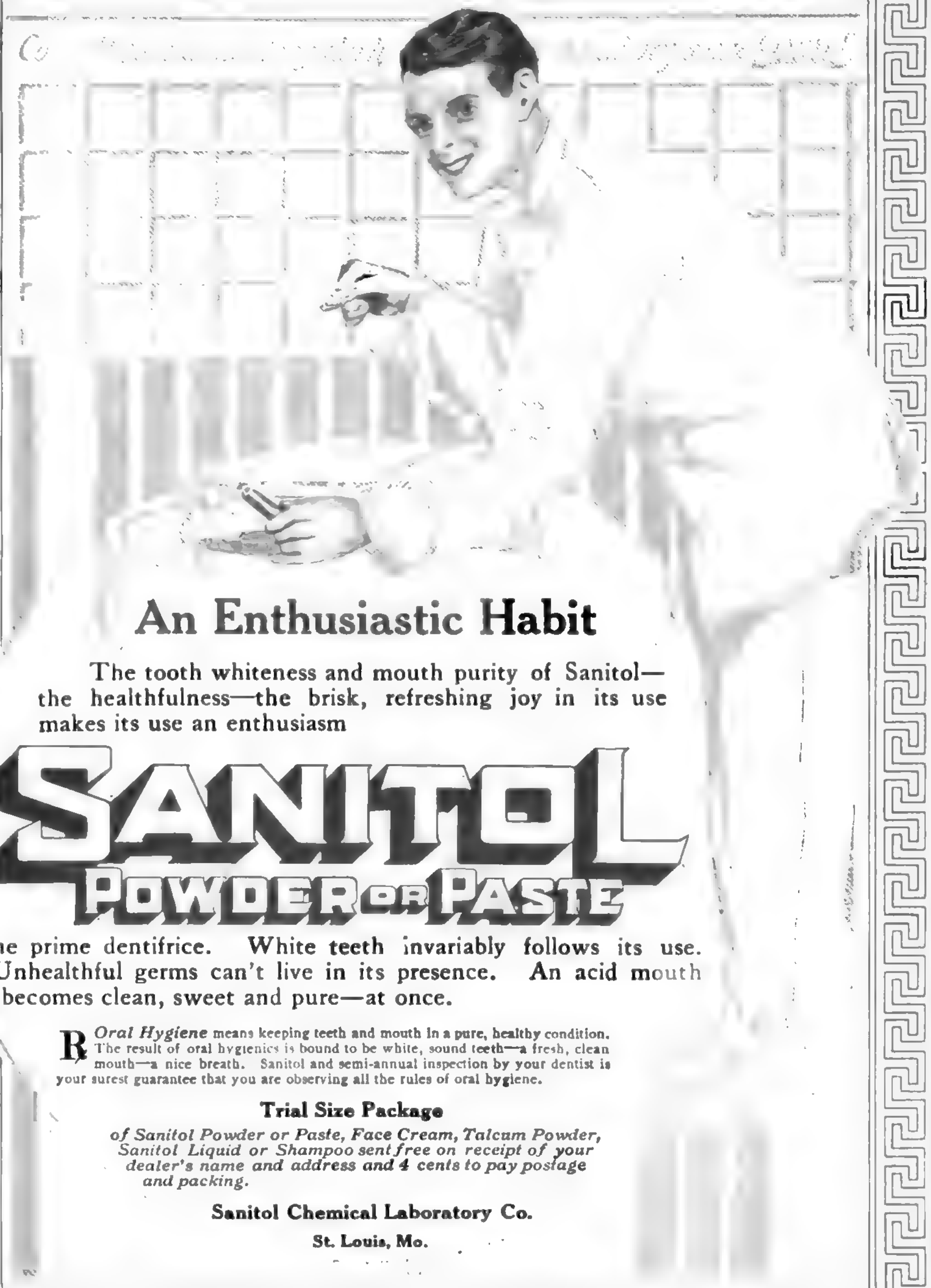
But be sure that you are getting a "Crescent" or a "Jas. Boss" *gold-filled* case—and not some cheapened case that is merely *washed* with a thin film of gold.

Don't be misled by "Guarantees," stamped inside the case.

Find the "Crescent" or the "Jas. Boss" trade-mark, as you see it in the lower right-hand illustration.

These marks are your safeguards. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade and have been for fifty years.

The Keystone Watch Case Co.
Established 1853
Philadelphia



An Enthusiastic Habit

The tooth whiteness and mouth purity of Sanitol—the healthfulness—the brisk, refreshing joy in its use makes its use an enthusiasm

SANITOL
POWDER OR PASTE

the prime dentifrice. White teeth invariably follows its use. Unhealthful germs can't live in its presence. An acid mouth becomes clean, sweet and pure—at once.

℞ *Oral Hygiene* means keeping teeth and mouth in a pure, healthy condition. The result of oral hygienics is bound to be white, sound teeth—a fresh, clean mouth—a nice breath. Sanitol and semi-annual inspection by your dentist is your surest guarantee that you are observing all the rules of oral hygiene.

Trial Size Package

of Sanitol Powder or Paste, Face Cream, Talcum Powder, Sanitol Liquid or Shampoo sent free on receipt of your dealer's name and address and 4 cents to pay postage and packing.

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co.

St. Louis, Mo.

Barrett Specification Roofs

X
Mitchell's

View of business district, Kansas City, from Baltimore Hotel

EVERY roof in the above view of the Kansas City business section, with the exception marked X, is a Barrett Specification type of roof.

Such a preponderance is not unusual.

A birds-eye view of *any* American city, Chicago or New York for instance, will show enormous roof areas laid along the lines of The Barrett Specification, testifying to the almost universal approval which such roofs have won.

Barrett Specification Roofs are greatest in durability and their net cost per foot per year of service, is far below that of any other roof known. In other words, Barrett Specification Roofs give more protection per dollar of expenditure than any other kind.

Copy of the Barrett Specification ready for incorporation into building specifications free on request.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

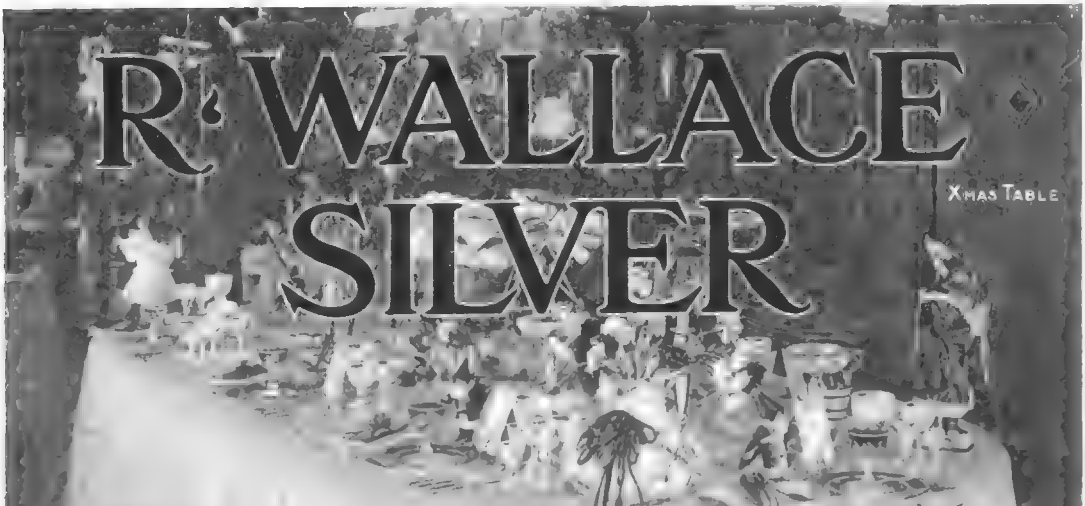
If any abbreviated form is desired however the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Pittsburgh
Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis New Orleans Seattle London, Eng.
Canadian Offices:—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Halifax, N.S.

TRADE B MARK



Washington Pattern

Laurel Pattern

TRADE MARK
RW&S
STERLING

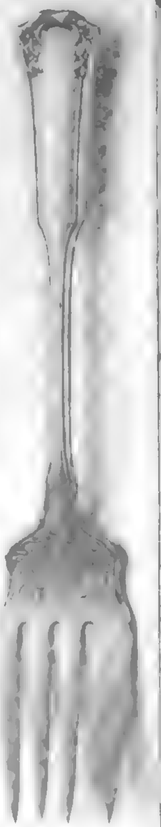
FOR the Christmas dinner table, our new Sterling Silver Service, The Washington, is ideal. It makes, too, an ideal Christmas gift.

This simple, graceful pattern is redolent of the spirit of the Colonial period. All the expert genius of our craftsmen has been lavished on its production. It embraces all the features that characterize the best Sterling Silver.

TRADE "1835 MARK
R. WALLACE"
Silver Plate That *Resists* Wear

Besides bearing the *Sterling* character, 1835 R. WALLACE Silver Plate has an additional plating on the parts exposed to wear, thereby increasing the wear resistance three-fold. The pieces *last.*

Any piece bearing our trade-mark which does not give positive satisfaction in any household will be replaced.



A post card brings our interesting book "The Dining Room, Its Decorations and Entertaining," including "How to Set the Table," by Mrs. Rorer.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
Box 25, Wallingford, Conn.

RW&S STERLING

New York Chicago San Francisco London

"1835 R.WALLACE" Silver plate

Add to your own pleasure this year by presenting a gift that conveys the value of intrinsic merit as well as the thought of personal sentiment.

Globe-Wernicke
Sectional Bookcases

in Sheraton and other art styles of real mahogany and beautifully figured oak are always acceptable as holiday gifts, being as decorative as they are useful in the home.

Art catalogue containing many clever suggestions for Individual Christmas Libraries mailed on request. Also copy of Hamilton W. Mabie's new booklet "*The Blue Book of Fiction.*" Such publications will help you solve the holiday problem. **Prompt Shipments—Freight Prepaid Everywhere.**

Address Dept. F

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati

Branch Stores
New York - - 380-382 Broadway
Philadelphia - 1012-1014 Chestnut Street
Chicago - 231-235 So. Wabash Avenue
Boston - - 91-93 Federal Street
Washington - 1218-1220 F St., N. W.
Cincinnati - 128-130 Fourth Ave., E.

Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar 1912

The Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar for 1912 is an art creation worthy of more than passing notice.

The subtle charm of outdoor life, the captivating beauty of the typical American girl and the artist's masterful portrayal of man's best friend—the horse—combine to make a picture that will instantly appeal to every lover of the artistic and beautiful.

In panel form, seven inches wide and thirty-six inches long and printed in twelve delicately blended colors, this Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar will harmonize well with the furnishings of any room, home, den or office.

No advertising matter whatever, not even the title nor the months, are printed on the front.

Scores of calendars, far less artistic, are sold every year at 75c to $2.00 each, but *we send you this calendar free,* hoping it will serve to remind you that

Pabst Extract
The "Best" Tonic

strengthens the weak and builds up the overworked—relieves insomnia and conquers dyspepsia—helps the anaemic and turns nerve exhaustion into active, healthy vim—encourages listless convalescence to rapid recovery—assists nursing mothers and reinvigorates old age.

The U. S. Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage

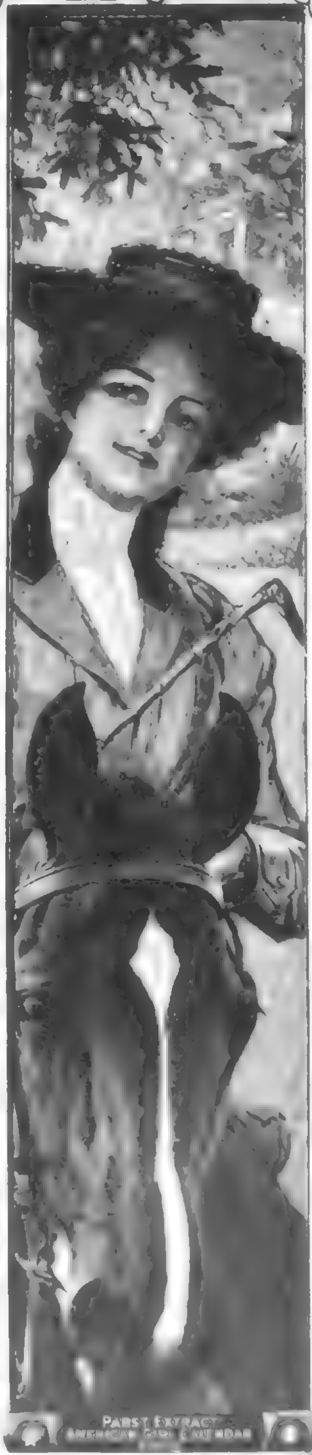
ORDER A DOZEN FROM YOUR DRUGGIST

Insist Upon It Being Pabst

This Calendar is FREE

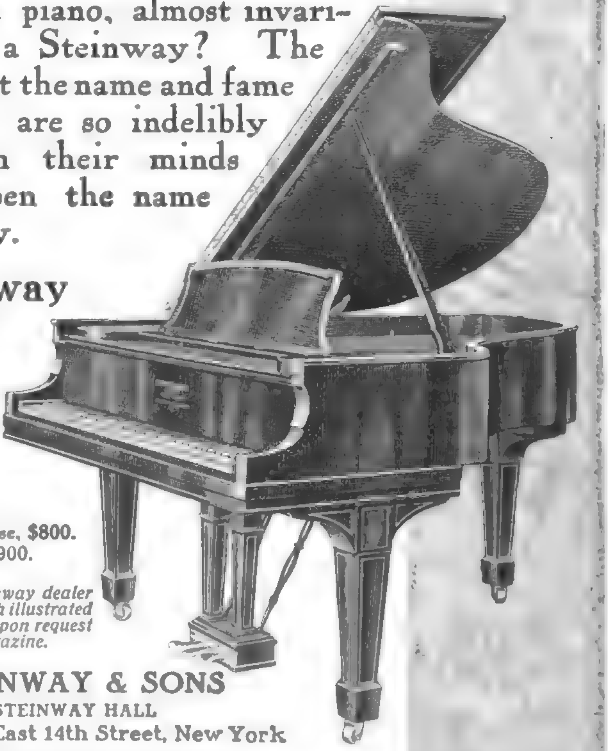
All we ask is that you send us ten cents, stamp or coin, to cover cost of packing and mailing. The demand for these beautiful calendars will be great, so write at once if you wish one.

PABST EXTRACT CO. Dept. 19 Milwaukee, Wis.



STEINWAY

Why is it that authors of all nationalities, when having occasion to refer to a piano, almost invariably call it a Steinway? The answer is that the name and fame of Steinway are so indelibly impressed on their minds that they pen the name unconsciously.



The Steinway Miniature

A grand piano in small compass—Made to retain all the essentials of a true grand.

Price, in Ebonized Case, $800.
In Mahogany Case, $900.

The name of the Steinway dealer nearest you, together with illustrated literature, will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS
STEINWAY HALL
107 and 109 East 14th Street, New York
Subway Express Station at the Door

The Easiest Way To Keep Your House Clean

RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning offers a means not only for cleaning floors and floor coverings, but of keeping *everything inside the house immaculately clean.*

Walls and wall decorations, ceilings, filmy curtains, draperies, heavy hangings, upholstered furniture, bookcases and books, beds, bedding, clothing, the insides of pianos—everything in and about the house—cleaned with RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning can be kept absolutely free not only from dust but from moths, vermin and their eggs.

RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning can be installed in any building, large or small, old or new, town or country.

Wherever installed, it will pay for itself in from eighteen to thirty months.

It pays for itself, first, because it does away with the annual or semi-annual tear-up called housecleaning (and housecleaning costs more than you think unless you have figured it out).

It pays for itself, second, because it doubles and trebles the life of carpets, hangings, furniture, wall-paper, decorations; and keeps everything always bright and new.

RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning does away with the worst drudgery a woman knows: without any of the back-aches or annoyances of sweeping and dusting, it insures an absolute cleanliness such as sweeping and dusting could never make possible.

But even convenience and ease and perfect cleanliness are of secondary importance when compared with the actual, traceable, provable saving of money that vacuum cleaning brings. (Write us for the proofs.)

"RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning

"Collect the Dust—Don't Spread It"

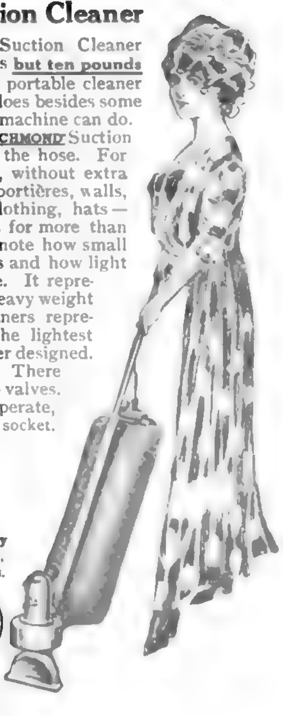
RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning embraces every provedly successful type of apparatus. It includes Hand Power Cleaners for $29.00; ten-pound Portable Electric Cleaners for $73.00, and built in the House Plants for $225.00 to a 40-sweeper plant such as cleans Marshall Field's Store, all on our "Easy Payment Plan" of 50 cents per week and upward, or a liberal discount will be allowed for cash.

Our "Special Agency Plan" enables live, energetic young men to become the RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning Representatives of their respective communities. Our "Special Correspondence Course in Salesmanship," together with direct instructions from our trained representatives, insures success. Write for particulars. Local agents wanted everywhere.

Send for booklet entitled "How RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning Saves Money"; also reference book giving names of 1,800 prominent installations all over the world.

A Truly Portable Suction Cleaner

The RICHMOND Portable Suction Cleaner shown in the illustration weighs but ten pounds instead of sixty. All that any portable cleaner can do, this one does. And it does besides some things which no other portable machine can do. You can, for example, use this RICHMOND Suction Cleaner either with or without the hose. For use with the hose, we furnish, without extra cost, special tools for cleaning portières, walls, books, bedding, upholstery, clothing, hats—in fact, tools and attachments for more than twenty different uses. Please note how small and compact the RICHMOND is and how light and readily portable it must be. It represents as great an advance over heavy weight vacuum cleaners as these cleaners represented over brooms, for it is the lightest and simplest suction cleaner ever designed. There is nothing to wear out. There are no gears, no diaphragms, no valves. Nothing to jiggle loose. To operate, simply attach to any electric lamp socket. Cost only 1c per hour to operate.



THE MC CRUM-HOWELL CO.

Largest Makers of Vacuum Cleaning Systems in the World

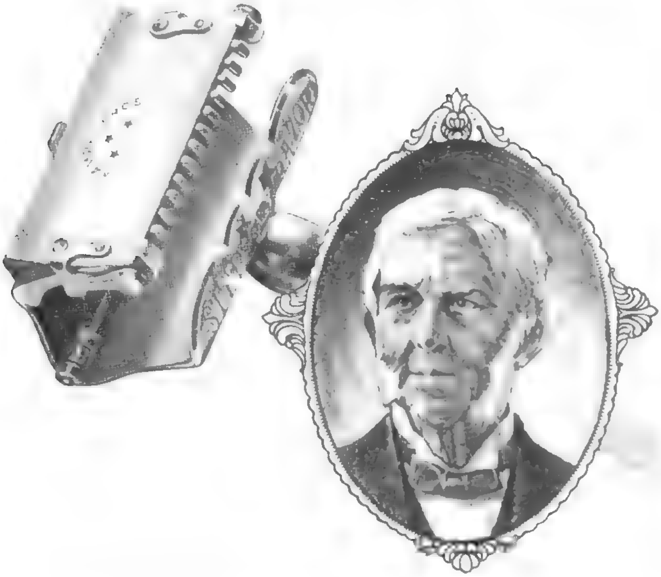
RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning Systems (manufactured and sold under the protection of the **Basic Kenney Patent** and 84 others); RICHMOND and "MODEL" Heating Systems; RICHMOND Bath Tubs, Sinks, Lavatories; RICHMOND Concealed Transom Lifts, Casement Window and Outside Shutter Adjusters.

General Offices: NEW YORK, 610 Terminal Bldg. CHICAGO, 451 Rush St. MONTREAL, 15EE Concord St.

Branches or Agencies in other Principal Cities

Seven Manufacturing Plants: One at Norwich, Conn.; two at Uniontown, Pa.; one at Racine, Wis.; one at Chicago, Ill.; one at Philadelphia, Pa.; one at Montreal, Can.

STAR
Safety Razor



The Opinion of Oliver Wendell Holmes

Turn to your set of Holmes—the volume containing, "Our Hundred Days in Europe." On pages thirteen and seventeen, or thereabouts, depending on the edition, you will find the following expression of opinion and narrative of experience:

"With the other gifts came a small tin box . . . . I supposed it to hold some pretty gimcrack, sent as a pleasant parting token of remembrance . . . . It proved to be a most valued daily companion, useful at all times, never more so than when the winds were blowing hard and the ship was struggling with the waves. There must have been some magic secret in it, for I am sure that I looked five years younger after closing that little box than when I opened it . . . .

"The first morning at sea revealed the mystery of the little round tin box. The process of shaving, never a delightful one, is a very unpleasant and awkward piece of business when the floor on which one stands, the glass in which he looks, and he himself are all describing those complex curves which makes cycles and epicycles seem like simplicity itself. The little box contained a reaping machine, which gathered the capillary harvest of the past twenty-four hours with a thoroughness, a rapidity, a security and a facility which were a surprise, almost a revelation . . . .

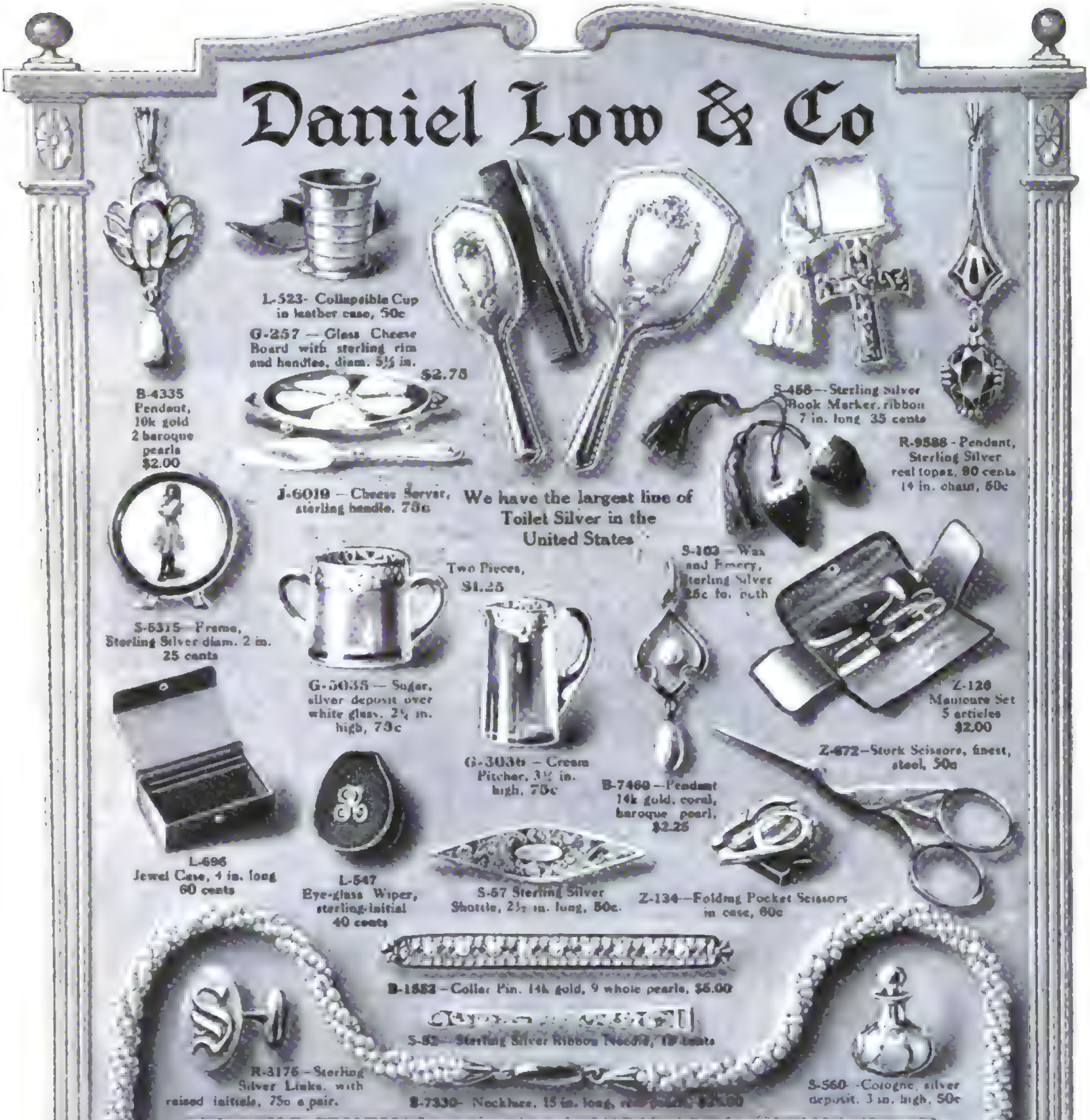
"The mowing operation required no glass, could be performed with almost reckless boldness, as one cannot cut himself, and in fact had become a pleasant amusement instead of an irksome task. I have never used any other means of shaving from that day to this . . . . I determined to let other persons know what a convenience I had found the 'Star Razor' of Messrs. Kampf, of New York, without fear of reproach for so doing. I know my danger—does not Lord Byron say, 'I have even been accused of writing puffs for Warren's blacking?' I was once offered pay for a poem in praise of a certain stove polish, but I declined. It is pure good-will to my race which leads me to recommend the Star Razor to all who travel by land or sea, as well as to all who stay at home."

We have written a booklet ourselves that tells more about the Star Safety Razor. We will send it gladly on request.

Price, with automatic stropper, $6.75 to $14.00. Other styles, $1.75 to $5.25

KAMPFE BROTHERS **12 Reade Street, New York City**

Daniel Low & Co



L-523- Collapsible Cup in leather case, 50c

G-257 — Glass Cheese Board with sterling rim and handles, diam. 5½ in. $2.75

B-4335 Pendant, 10k gold 2 baroque pearls $2.00

J-6019 — Cheese Server, sterling handle, 75c

We have the largest line of Toilet Silver in the United States

S-458—Sterling Silver Book Marker, ribbon 7 in. long 35 cents

R-9588 - Pendant, Sterling Silver real topaz, 90 cents 14 in. chain, 60c

S-5315—Frame, Sterling Silver diam. 2 in. 25 cents

Two Pieces, $1.25

G-3035 — Sugar, silver deposit over white glass, 2½ in. high, 75c

G-3036 — Cream Pitcher, 3½ in. high, 75c

S-103 — Wax and Emery, Sterling Silver 25c for both

Z-120 Manicure Set 5 articles $2.00

Z-672—Stork Scissors, finest, steel, 50c

B-7460 —Pendant 14k gold, coral, baroque pearl, $2.25

L-696 Jewel Case, 4 in. long 60 cents

L-547 Eye-glass Wiper, sterling initial 40 cents

S-57 Sterling Silver Shuttle, 2½ in. long, 50c.

Z-134—Folding Pocket Scissors in case, 60c

B-1882 – Collar Pin, 14k gold, 9 whole pearls, $5.00

S-82—Sterling Silver Ribbon Needle, [illegible]

R-3175 – Sterling Silver Links, with raised initials, 75c a pair.

B-7330- Necklace, 15 in. long, [illegible]

S-560 -Cologne, silver deposit, 3 in. high, 50c

Our YEAR BOOK Helps in the Art of Giving

It is a Free 250-page Cyclopædia of Christmas, revised and re-revised by our experience of distributing millions of gifts for persons of the highest refinement and taste. It is equally helpful whether you have one dollar or one hundred to spend, and the prices will make your Christmas purse seem longer than usual. It gives a wider range of selection than any shop, and yet you select in your easy chair. It tells you the exact truth about the quality, looks and size of each article. It never tries to urge you into spending more than you wish, or into taking something you do not like.

Send for one or more of these articles. We deliver free anywhere in the United States, daintily packed, guaranteeing safe arrival and absolute satisfaction.

Write Today for the Year Book

with illustrations of 10,000 articles in gold, silver, leather and brass.

DANIEL LOW & CO. (Est. 1867), 222 Essex St., Salem, Massachusetts

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DOLLARS SAVED

UNDERFEED

HEATING WAY

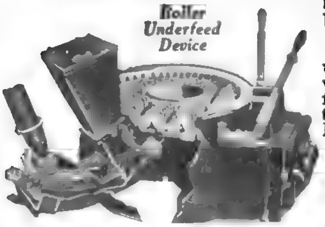
Send for Free Catalog

SECURITIES of undoubted worth that pay 5% interest are rated profitable investments. What *small* return that seems in comparison with the profits insured by an Underfeed heating system investment! Of every dollar now spent for coal in heating the old-fashioned way, 50% to 66⅔% can be *saved* by installing the UNDERFEED system—coal-fed-from-below and all-fire-on-top. The tremendous *every-winter* coal waste—smoke, gases and ashes, which result from the usual coal-burning way, means *needless* waste. By the Underfeed plan all these *generally wasted* elements must pass through the fire, are consumed and converted into heat units. A combination of this rational plan and the use of the *cheapest* coal insures a saving of ONE-HALF to TWO-THIRDS each year to every user of

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed

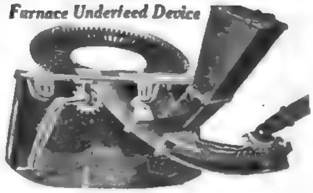
HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR FURNACES-STEAM-HOT WATER BOILERS

Pea and buckwheat sizes of hard and soft coal and *cheapest* slack, which would *smother* fire in other heaters, yield in the Underfeed as much *clean, even* heat as *highest* priced coal. The few ashes are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers. Adapted to all buildings large or small, Underfeed heating systems ADD to the renting or selling value of *any* building.


Boiler Underfeed Device

J. L. Wilcox, of Green Bay, Wis., writes: "I have used the Underfeed for five years, and heated my whole house throughout. My season's coal bills of from $42 to $47 have been *less* to heat eleven rooms than it once cost me to heat only *part* of my house. I consider it the best and most economical furnace."

We'd be glad to send many fac-simile testimonials like this and our Underfeed Furnace Booklet or Boiler Catalog—all FREE. Use coupon. Plans of our Engineering Corps are also FREE.

Furnace Underfeed Device


THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 306 W. Fifth St., CINCINNATI, O.

Furnace Dealers, Plumbers and Hardware Dealers—Write TODAY for Money-To-You Plan.

Send Coupon Today and Learn how to
SAVE
1/2 to 2/3
of your
Coal Bill.

Fill in, cut out and mail TODAY.

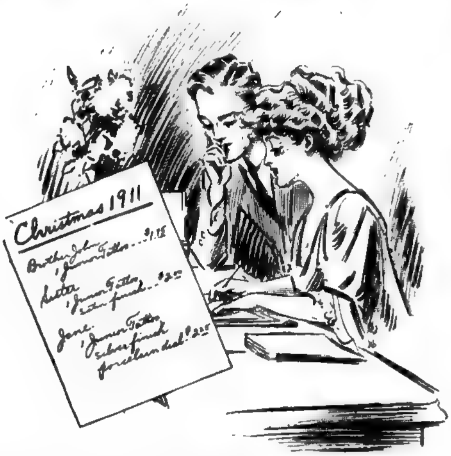
THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 306 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

I would like to know *more* about how to cut down the cost of my Coal Bills from 50% to 66⅔%. Send me—FREE—

UNDERFEED Furnace Booklet.......
Boiler Booklet.......
(Indicate by X Booklet you desire)

Name.. *Street*..............................
Postoffice.. *State*...............................
....Name dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

Put the Junior Tattoo On YOUR List



THE ALARM CLOCK OF MANY USES

"*G-o-o-d* morning!" calls the Junior Tattoo. And you open your eyes to the cheeriest alarm you ever heard. There's even a "smile" in its silvery tongue.

Hardly larger than a watch—it's a thing of beauty—an accurate timekeeper—and a *handy* ornament *anywhere.*

It makes a sensible, useful and beautiful Christmas present—suitable for bedchamber or library, the children's, guests' or servants' room; for the chauffeur, in the office—anywhere.

Price $1.75

Satin Gilt Finish, $2.00 **(Duty Extra in Canada)** **Silver Finish, porcelain dial, $2.25**

As a traveler's clock, nothing better—serviceable and attractive—in red leather case, $1.25 extra.

Send for the Junior Tattoo "Family" Circular. This shows the members of the family—various artistic styles and designs—in gilt, brass, silver and solid mahogany. All have the intermittent alarm feature and two-inch dial.

Ask your dealer to show you the "Junior Tattoo." If you cannot buy it at home, send price for as many as you want. We will ship express prepaid, if you give dealer's name.

You could not give a more useful or artistic present than a Junior Tattoo. **Suitable for HIM, or HER, or will fit nicely in ANYBODY'S stocking.** Ask your dealer or write *today.*

Half Size

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN.

ESTABLISHED 1817 **133 Hamilton Street**

VASELINE

The Purest Petroleum Jelly

Vaseline is the absolutely pure petroleum jelly.

Many petroleum jellies are mere distillates of crude petroleum. Vaseline is the *best* petroleum jelly carried to a still higher degree of refinement and concentration by a special process of filtration. You are not using the purest petroleum jelly, unless the name "VASELINE" is on the bottle, box or tube.

HOW MANY KINDS OF VASELINE DO YOU KNOW?

A thousand and one ailments—unavoidable, but none the less annoying—occur in every household. Do you know that the Vaseline Varieties provide prevention and treatment and cure for virtually all these minor ills? Do you know that Vaseline is an ideal skin lubricant? That it is one of the best known mediums for conveying other standard remedies? Vaseline specialties combine standard specifics, such as Carbolic Acid, Menthol, Capsicum, etc., with the safe, soothing and healing efficacy of Vaseline. You can get complete information about Vaseline and its uses by sending for our free book offered below.

USE VASELINE IN CONVENIENT, SANITARY TUBES

Vaseline in tubes is kept free from dust and germs—the Vaseline is always clean and fresh—no other hand ever touches what you use. The tubes are pure tin (no danger of lead poisoning) and are recommended by physicians as the safest and best way to use Vaseline.

Each of the following Vaseline Varieties has an *important* use in *your* household:—

Mentholated Vaseline
Vaseline Cold Cream
Vaseline Camphorated Cream
Carbolated Vaseline
Capsicum Vaseline
Vaseline Oxide of Zinc
Borated Vaseline
Perfumed White Vaseline
Camphorated Vaseline
White Vaseline
Vaseline Camphor Ice
Pomade Vaseline

GET OUR "HOME REMEDIES BOOK"—*FREE*

Tells you all about the Vaseline Varieties—their many special uses—and other valuable information.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
34 State Street New York
Branch Offices: London and Montreal
Proprietors of every "Vaseline" Product

Capsicum Vaseline

Better than a mustard plaster; easier to apply and does not blister the skin. Rub on at night for sore throat or cold in the chest.

Mentholated Vaseline

Relieves headache, neuralgia or any nerve pain. Menthol soothes the nerves, while Vaseline conducts it directly to the seat of the trouble.

Carbolated Vaseline

This antiseptic dressing is the safest way of utilizing the cleansing and healing values of Carbolic Acid with the soothing comfort of Vaseline.

White Vaseline

Colds, and sore throats respond immediately to White Vaseline treatment—taken internally.

Has no taste.

Vaseline Cold Cream

Safest for sensitive skins. Cleanses, heals, beautifies, preserves the complexion. Produces a healthy, clean, creamy skin. Positively will NOT promote the growth of hair. Will not decompose.

Some Gas Mantles
are not Welsbach

The Century Dictionary says a gas mantle is the "Cylinder used in the incandescent gas light of Auer von Welsbach."

It is true that more than half the mantles sold are Welsbach mantles.

But at least four-tenths of them are not Welsbach. They are imitations, deceptively similar in outward appearance, but utterly lacking in the essential Welsbach quality—that of service.

The reason we sold 31 million mantles last year is because the 27 million we sold the year before made good.

If you want a brilliant, durable mantle that will give excellent service—buy the genuine Welsbach. Look for the "Shield of Quality" on the box. This trade-mark is our guarantee and your protection against imitators.

This Shield of Quality
STANDS FOR GENUINE
Welsbach
OUR TRADE MARK ON EVERY BOX

Welsbach Company

Sold by all gas companies and dependable dealers.

Ask your dealer for our free booklet, "Making a Mantle."

© 1911, BY C.P. & CO., N.Y.

DONCHESTER

an evening SHIRT

A CLUETT DRESS SHIRT with a bosom that remains flat and smooth. It is so attached to the body of the shirt that no matter what position the wearer may assume, the bosom will not bulge.

$2 *to* $3

Send for Donchester booklet

CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, 433 River St., Troy, N. Y.

Old Hampshire Bond

[13]

Stationery That Fits Your Business

THERE is a certain color, a certain size and a certain style of printing for your letterheads that harmonizes with the character of your business. Whether you sell art objects or manufacture brooms, there is one right kind of stationery and many wrong kinds.

Old Hampshire Bond

[14]

OLD Hampshire Bond is the first step towards the right kind because it is a bond paper—and bond paper is preferable for all business correspondence because it is the cleanest, toughest and most pleasant to handle of all paper.

[15]

BEFORE buying any more stationery you should see the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It shows a wide selection of letterheads and business forms. One style of printing, lithographing or engraving, on white or one of the fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond, is sure to express exactly the feeling-tone you desire for your stationery.

Write for it under your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company

South Hadley Falls
Massachusetts

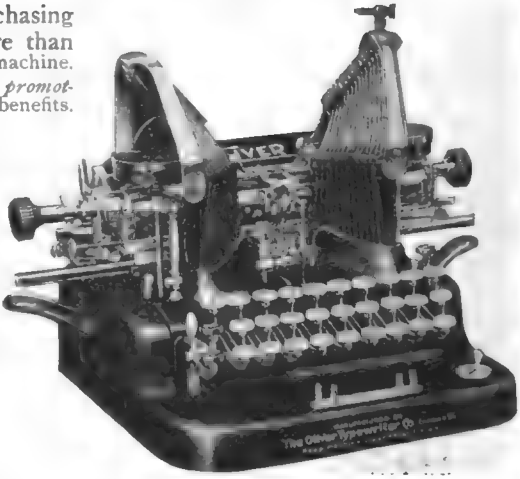
The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

"17 Cents a Day"

The Plan That Promotes Success

THE "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan of purchasing The Oliver Typewriter means more than promoting *sales* of this wonderful writing machine.

This Plan is a positive and powerful factor in *promoting the success* of all who avail themselves of its benefits.



It means that this Company is giving *practical* assistance to earnest people everywhere by supplying them—*for pennies*—with the best typewriter in the world.

The "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan is directly in line with the present-day movement to substitute *typewriting* for *handwriting* in business correspondence.

Ownership of The Oliver Typewriter is fast becoming one of the essentials of success.

"17 Cents a Day" and The

Printype

OLIVER

Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

There is no *patent* on the "17-Cents-a-Day" Purchase Plan.

We *invented* it and *presented* it to the public, with our compliments.

The "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan leaves *no excuse* for writing in primitive *longhand.* We have made it so easy to *own* The Oliver Typewriter that there's no need even to *rent* one.

Just say "17 Cents a Day"—*save your pennies*—and soon the machine is *yours!*

The Oliver Typewriter is selling by *thousands* for 17 Cents a Day.

When even the *School Children* are buying machines on this simple, practical Plan, don't you think it is *time* for *you* to get an Oliver Typewriter?

17 Cents a Day Buys Newest Model

We sell the new Oliver Typewriter No. 5 for 17 Cents a Day.

We guarantee our No. 5 to be absolutely our best model.

The same machine that the great corporations use.

Their *dollars* cannot buy a better machine than you can get for *pennies.*

The Oliver Typewriter No. 5 has many great conveniences not found on other machines.

We even supply it equipped to write the wonderful new PRINTYPE—for 17 Cents a Day.

Make the Machine Pay Its Cost

The Oliver Typewriter is a *money-making* machine. It helps "big business" pile up huge profits.

Tens of thousands of people rely on The Oliver Typewriter for their very *bread and butter.*

A small first payment puts the machine in your possession.

Then you can make it *earn the money* to meet the little payments.

If you are running a business of your own, use The Oliver Typewriter and make the business *grow.*

If you want to get a start in business, use The Oliver Typewriter as a battering-ram to *force your way in!*

The ability to operate The Oliver Typewriter is placing young people in good positions every day.

Get The Oliver Typewriter—on the "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan—it will help you win *success.*

Ask About "The Easy Way"

to secure the newest model Oliver Typewriter No. 5. The Art Catalog and full particulars of the "17-Cents-a-Day" Purchase Plan will be sent promptly on request. Address

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY

Agencies Everywhere (143) **821 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago**

A Christmas Morning

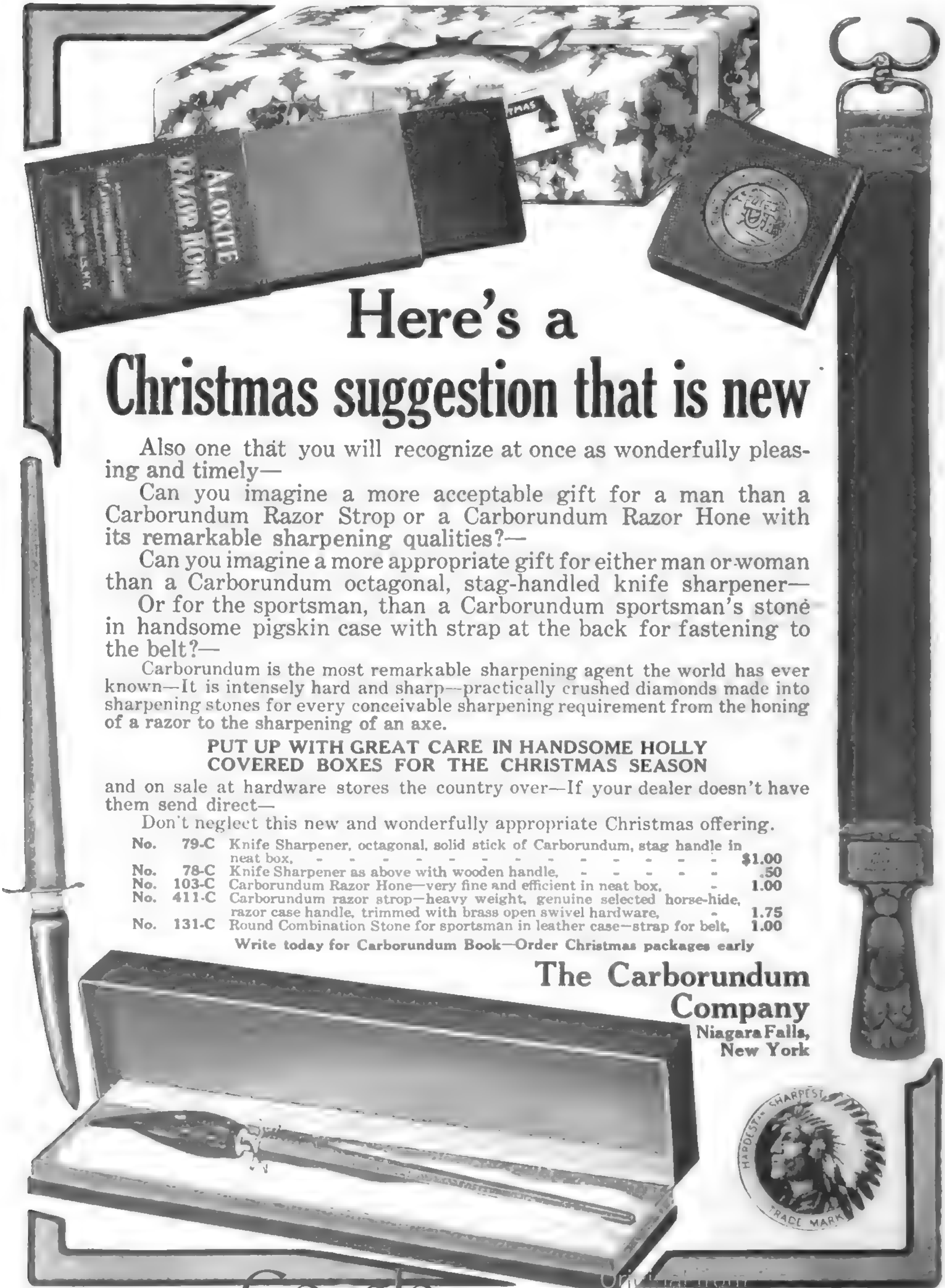
KODAK

All the child-world invites your Kodak. Wherever the children are there is endless opportunity for a Kodak story—a story full of human interest to every member of the family. And there's no better time to begin that story than on the *home* day—Christmas.

There are Kodaks now to fit most pockets and all purses and practical little Brownies, that work on the Kodak plan and with which even the children can make delightful pictures of each other. There are Brownies as cheap as one dollar and Kodaks from five dollars up—no excuse now for a Christmas without the home pictures. Write for our catalogue—or better still, let your dealer show you how simple and inexpensive Kodakery has become.

Make somebody happy with a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



Here's a Christmas suggestion that is new

Also one that you will recognize at once as wonderfully pleasing and timely—

Can you imagine a more acceptable gift for a man than a Carborundum Razor Strop or a Carborundum Razor Hone with its remarkable sharpening qualities?—

Can you imagine a more appropriate gift for either man or woman than a Carborundum octagonal, stag-handled knife sharpener—

Or for the sportsman, than a Carborundum sportsman's stone in handsome pigskin case with strap at the back for fastening to the belt?—

Carborundum is the most remarkable sharpening agent the world has ever known—It is intensely hard and sharp—practically crushed diamonds made into sharpening stones for every conceivable sharpening requirement from the honing of a razor to the sharpening of an axe.

PUT UP WITH GREAT CARE IN HANDSOME HOLLY COVERED BOXES FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

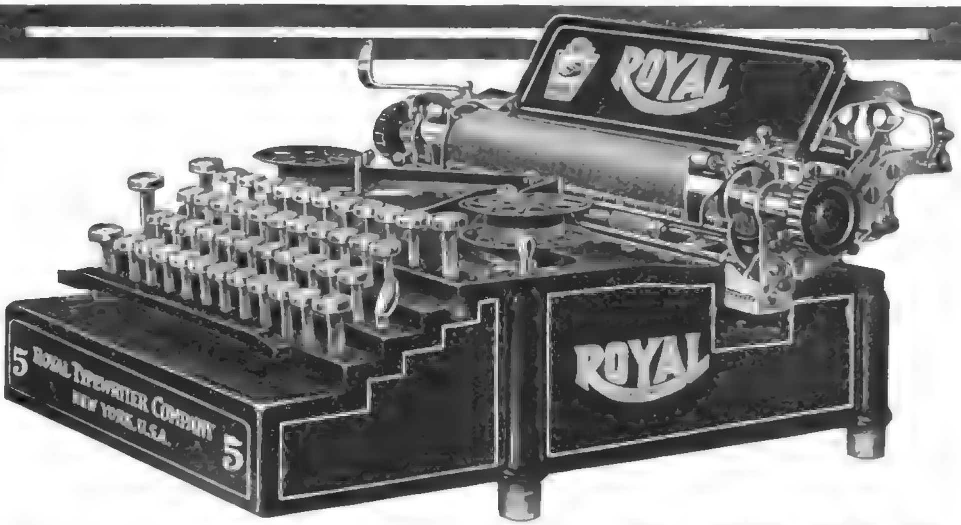
and on sale at hardware stores the country over—If your dealer doesn't have them send direct—

Don't neglect this new and wonderfully appropriate Christmas offering.

No.	79-C	Knife Sharpener, octagonal, solid stick of Carborundum, stag handle in neat box, - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	$1.00
No.	78-C	Knife Sharpener as above with wooden handle, - - - - - -	.50
No.	103-C	Carborundum Razor Hone—very fine and efficient in neat box, -	1.00
No.	411-C	Carborundum razor strop—heavy weight, genuine selected horse-hide, razor case handle, trimmed with brass open swivel hardware, -	1.75
No.	131-C	Round Combination Stone for sportsman in leather case—strap for belt,	1.00

Write today for Carborundum Book—Order Christmas packages early

The Carborundum Company
Niagara Falls,
New York



NEW·MODEL·5·ROYAL STANDARD TYPEWRITER

The Machine the Business World has been Waiting for

We Guarantee

That the Royal Standard Typewriter is made of the highest grade materials obtainable and by the most skillful workmen money can hire

That it will do work of the best quality for a greater length of time at less expense for upkeep than any other typewriter, regardless of price

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY

Every Royal has back of it this guarantee—one which no other typewriter concern has ever dared to make. Do you think we would make such a guarantee if we did not *know* the Royal has the simplicity and durability to enable it to outclass any other machine? Back of the machine and the guarantee are the resources and experience of one of the largest organizations in the industry.

BECAUSE of its guaranteed high-grade construction, its embodiment of every practical improvement and feature found in any other machine, *combined with low price,* the New Royal No. 5 is truly the machine the American business man has been waiting for.

Here it is, the king among typewriters, challenging the world to show a machine that can do better work, easier work, or more work, *no matter what its price!*

Has **Two-Color Ribbon.** Only one which insures *perfect* two-color writing; overlapping of colors impossible.

Has **Back Spacer.** Touch the key and the carriage draws back one space; a popular feature—convenient in billing, tabulating, making corrections.

Has **Tabulator.** An important and valuable improvement, perfected with usual Royal simplicity and efficiency.

Has **Tilting Paper Table.** Found only on the Royal; gives instant access to all margin and tabulator stops; a time-saver and great convenience.

Has **Hinged Paper Fingers.** Permits writing to extreme edge of paper (either side)—exclusive with the Royal.

Write at Once for Free Literature

Then let us demonstrate the Rugged Royal in your own office, on your own work, free of all obligation to you. If you want to see it alongside of some other machine, so much the better. **The Royal shines by comparison.**

$75 is price of Model 5—same as charged for Model 1 with Tabulator. Everything included. No extras.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Room 66, Royal Typewriter Bldg., New York

Branch offices and agencies in all principal cities of the world

UNCLE SAM SPEAKS ANOTHER GOOD WORD FOR

"THE WOOD ETERNAL" **CYPRESS** *"THE WOOD ETERNAL"*

Dept. of Agriculture, Forest Service, Bulletin 95, Page 44, issued June 30, 1911, says of *Cypress:*

"The properties which fit it for such wide use are the freedom of the wood from knots and other defects . . and the *long period which the wood may be expected to last.* To this might be added handsome appearance, which frequently has much to do with popularizing a wood."

CYPRESS AVERTS REPAIR BILLS

Further on CYPRESS, the same Government Report says: "The wood contains little resin and thus affords *a good surface for paint,* which it holds well. . . . It is a popular wood where it is subjected to dampness and heat. It shrinks, swells or warps but little. . . For the parts of houses exposed to the weather it serves equally well."

CYPRESS LASTS PRACTICALLY FOREVER

Both quotations above are from Bulletin 95, (page 44) U.S. Dept. of Agr. (Forest Service), June 30, 1911.

"The Money You Don't Have to Spend on Repairs is ALL PROFIT."

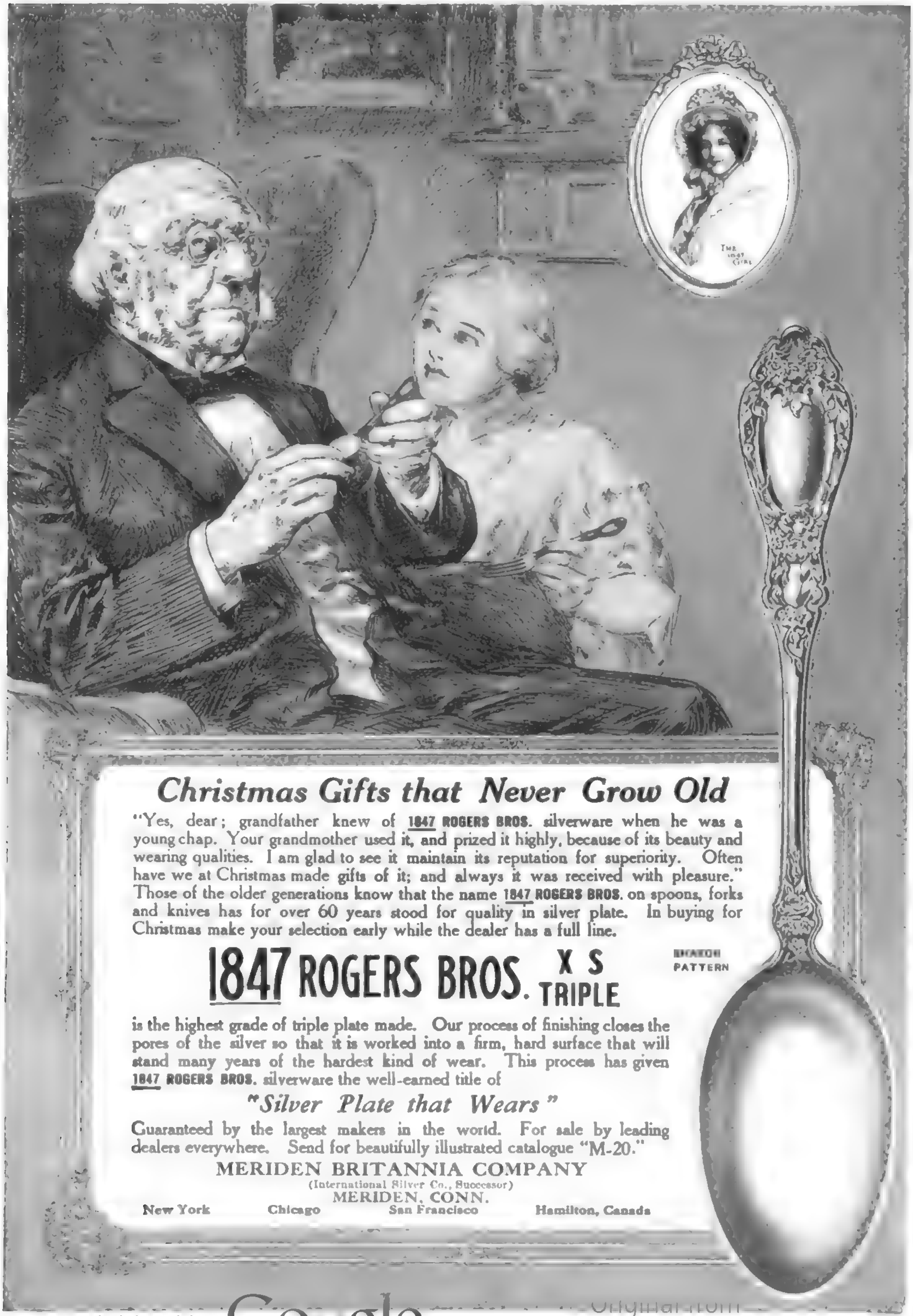
When planning new improvements or repairs to old ones, just remember—*"With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE."*

WRITE TODAY for VOLUME ONE of the CYPRESS POCKET LIBRARY, with Full Text of OFFICIAL GOVT. REPT. *Also Full List of 31 Other Volumes.* (FREE on request.)

Let our "ALL ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel.

SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
1200 HIBERNIA BANK BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

INSIST ON CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S. IF HE HASN'T IT, *LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY.*



Christmas Gifts that Never Grow Old

"Yes, dear; grandfather knew of **1847 ROGERS BROS.** silverware when he was a young chap. Your grandmother used it, and prized it highly, because of its beauty and wearing qualities. I am glad to see it maintain its reputation for superiority. Often have we at Christmas made gifts of it; and always it was received with pleasure." Those of the older generations know that the name **1847 ROGERS BROS.** on spoons, forks and knives has for over 60 years stood for quality in silver plate. In buying for Christmas make your selection early while the dealer has a full line.

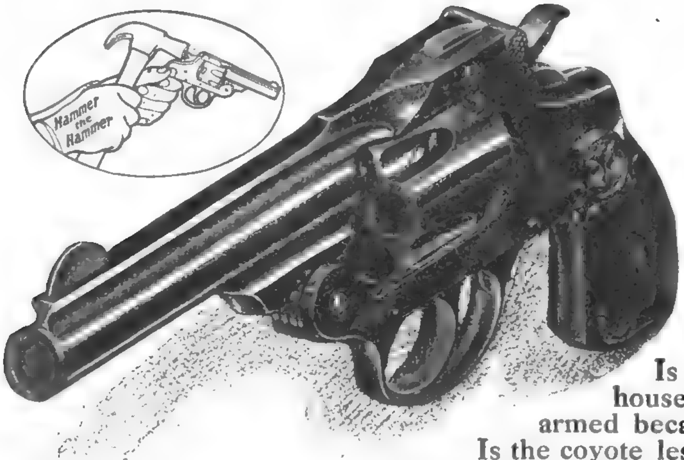
1847 ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE

is the highest grade of triple plate made. Our process of finishing closes the pores of the silver so that it is worked into a firm, hard surface that will stand many years of the hardest kind of wear. This process has given **1847 ROGERS BROS.** silverware the well-earned title of

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Guaranteed by the largest makers in the world. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for beautifully illustrated catalogue "M-20."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
(International Silver Co., Successor)
MERIDEN, CONN.
New York Chicago San Francisco Hamilton, Canada



YOU NEED A REVOLVER

Is the thug, the yeggman, the house-breaker less liable to go armed because *you* are defenseless? Is the coyote less dangerous among sheep than among wolves? Would society be safer if *criminals* were the only possessors of arms?

For the inexpert—for the man who simply wants to be prepared, if occasion arises, to defend the lives and property for which society holds him responsible—the Iver Johnson is built. It is absolutely safe—it can not be accidentally fired through nervousness or failure to adjust catches and levers. It has permanent tension wire springs which do not weaken with age. It is accurate, exquisitely made, hard-hitting—and you can **"Hammer the Hammer"**

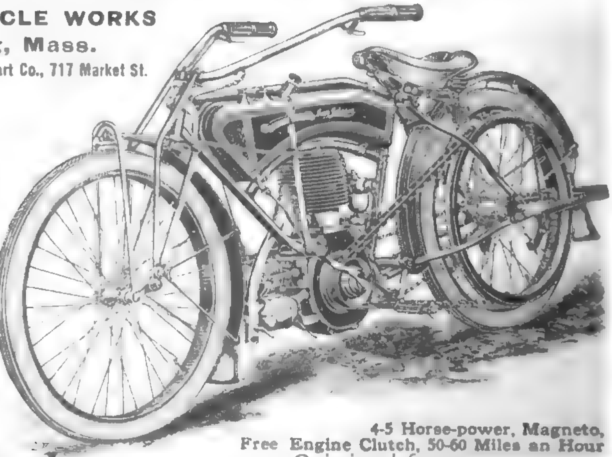
IVER JOHNSON

THE superiority of Iver Johnson Bicycles and Motorcycles is akin to the superiority of a fine watch over an alarm clock. Our standards of machine work and steel tempering are infinitely higher than the standards of any cycle factory in the world, due to the exact requirements of firearms construction. Our bearings are absolutely true and are tempered for lifetime wear. In our motorcycle, the motor is a marvel of machine work. It gives more power, causes less trouble and will outwear any motor that was ever built. Don't buy a bicycle or motorcyle without having first read our catalog.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
126 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York, 99 Chambers St. San Francisco, Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.

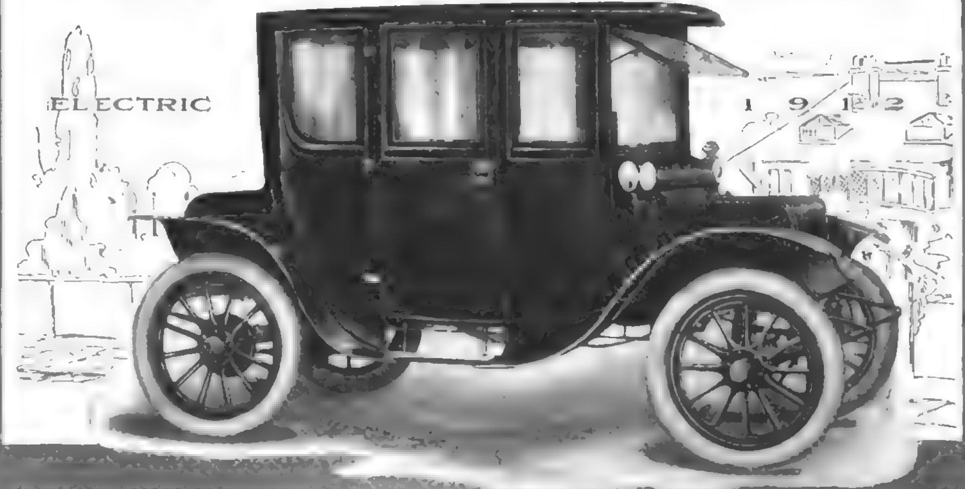
For Christmas

Safety Revolvers
Single Barrel Guns
Truss Bridge Bicycles
Boy Scout Bicycles
Motor Cycles



4-5 Horse-power, Magneto, Free Engine Clutch, 50-60 Miles an Hour

SILENT WAVERLEY



FULLY EQUIPPED, $3,500

Compare the First Electrics with This Big Five-Passenger Limousine

Silent Waverley Electrics, representing sixteen years of manufacture could be placed side by side. This exhibit would show the progress, year by year, in the most completely equipped plant in the world devoted to electric vehicles. At one end would be one of the first Waverley Runabouts, at the other end would be

The Silent Waverley Limousine-Five

"Full View Ahead"

Design and Construction Patents Applied For

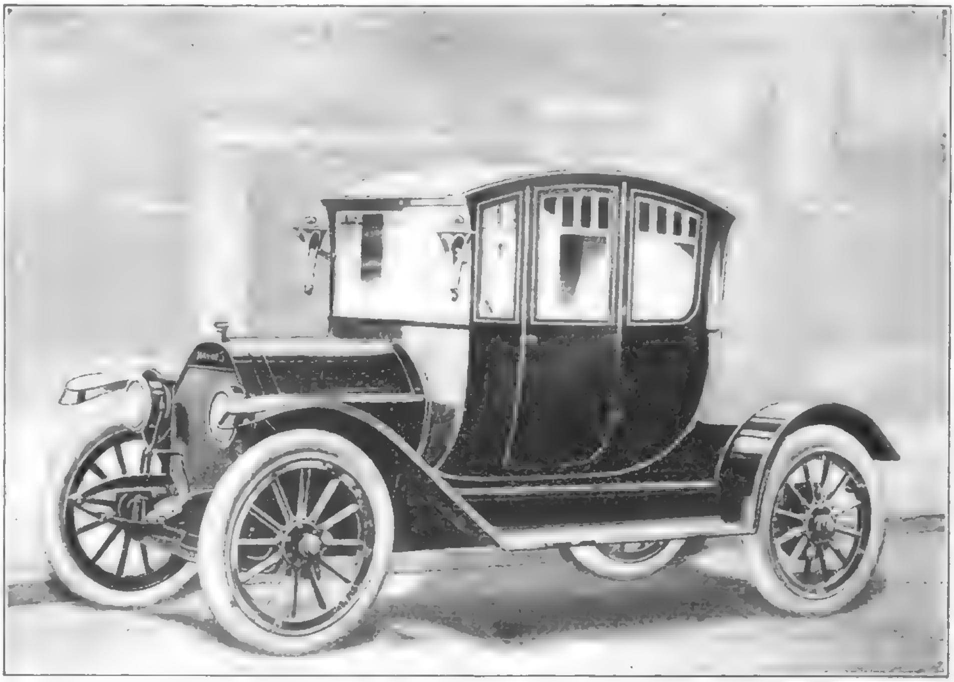
Between these would be Waverley Electrics of every year, in daily use, giving satisfactory service to their owners. You would see here the first application of Shaft Drives in large numbers to electrics of modern design, the first (the only) shaft-driven electric car operating with equal success on either solid or pneumatic tires, the first electric with four full elliptic springs and torsional supporting cross springs, and finally, the first Five-Passenger Electric Limousine, and the first full view ahead in a large enclosed electric.

Exide, Waverley, National, Ironclad or Edison Battery, Solid or Pneumatic Tires.

Write for Waverley Art Book, richly illustrated in colors. Full description of the Limousine-Five, 1912 Four-Passenger Brougham, Coupe, Victoria-Phaeton, Roadster, Stanhope and other models.

The Waverley Company

Factory and Home Office, 161 S. East St., Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.
New York, 2010 Broadway St. Louis, 4432 Olive St.
Philadelphia, 2043 Market St. Chicago, 2005 Michigan Blvd.
Dealers in several hundred other principal centers
Addresses on application



Beautiful HAYNES Cars

FOR nearly twenty years the Haynes has had all the sturdiness, engine-excellence and superior construction that the best automobile experience and skill could command. And now for 1912 we have added grace of lines and beauty of finish and equipment not surpassed by *any* automobile at any price.

Haynes Model 21 Colonial Coupe has scored a triumph since its introduction a month ago. It will be one of the most popular cars on American boulevards this winter. Haynes Newport and Berlin limousines reflect *character* in every detail.

All Haynes enclosed bodies are *positively* interchangeable with Haynes touring bodies. Model 21 Colonial Coupe for this winter and the same chassis with a roomy 5-passenger touring body for next summer makes an ideal combination at a price only slightly higher than the Coupe alone.

The Haynes for 1912 offers a complete line of body types, on our two standard chasses: Model 21, 40-h. p., 4¼x5½ motor, 120 inch wheel base; Model Y, 50-60-h. p., 5x5½ motor, 127½ inch wheel base. Prices $2100 to $3900, fully equipped.

Write for 1912 Haynes catalogue, and name of our dealer nearest you. Address

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO., Dept. H, Kokomo, Indiana
1715 Broadway, NEW YORK 1702 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

Rauch & Lang Electrics

The New Rauch & Lang Electrics Are Now on Exhibition in All of the Principal Cities

A POST CARD addressed to the Rauch & Lang Company, Cleveland, Ohio, will bring you the name of the Rauch & Lang agent in your city and the new Rauch & Lang catalog. These agencies in every city are conveniently located in beautiful showrooms, where the elegancies of the new cars may be most minutely observed.

The cars have a longer wheel base—a larger body with more spacious interiors and luxurious upholstering.

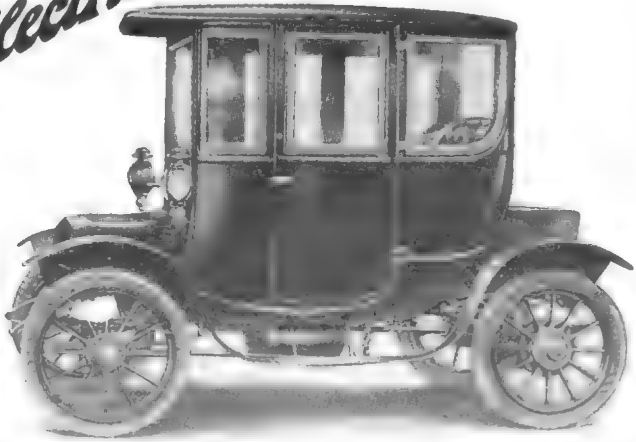
Easier entrance and exit are afforded by a dropped frame, which also adds to the appearance.

Exide or Exide "Hy-Cap" Batteries, standard equipment, optional. Edison or Exide "Ironclad" at an extra cost.

Special Electric Pneumatic or Motz High-Efficiency Cushion Tires optional. Have our agent give you indisputable facts regarding our control and mechanical features. Ask him about the special Rauch & Lang inspection service.

THE RAUCH & LANG CARRIAGE COMPANY
2313 West 25th Street
Cleveland, Ohio
(108)

Rauch & Lang Electrics

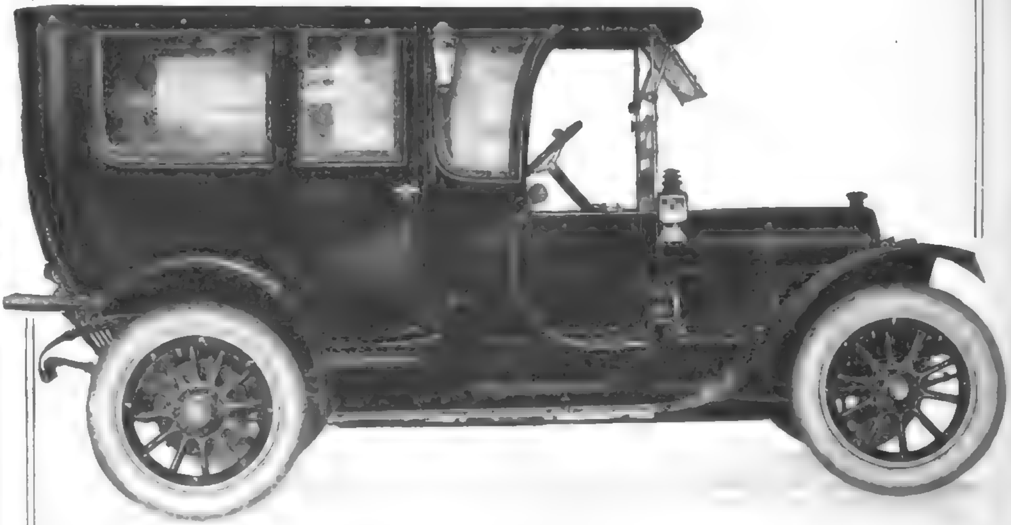


POPE QUALITY HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED

After you have satisfied yourself that the

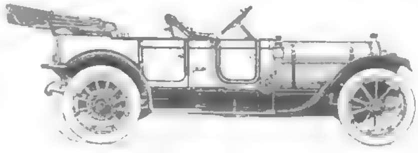
POPE-HARTFORD

Has no superior in any feature



Consider the price

4 cyl. 40 h. p. Touring Car $3000. *4 cyl. Limousine $4150.*

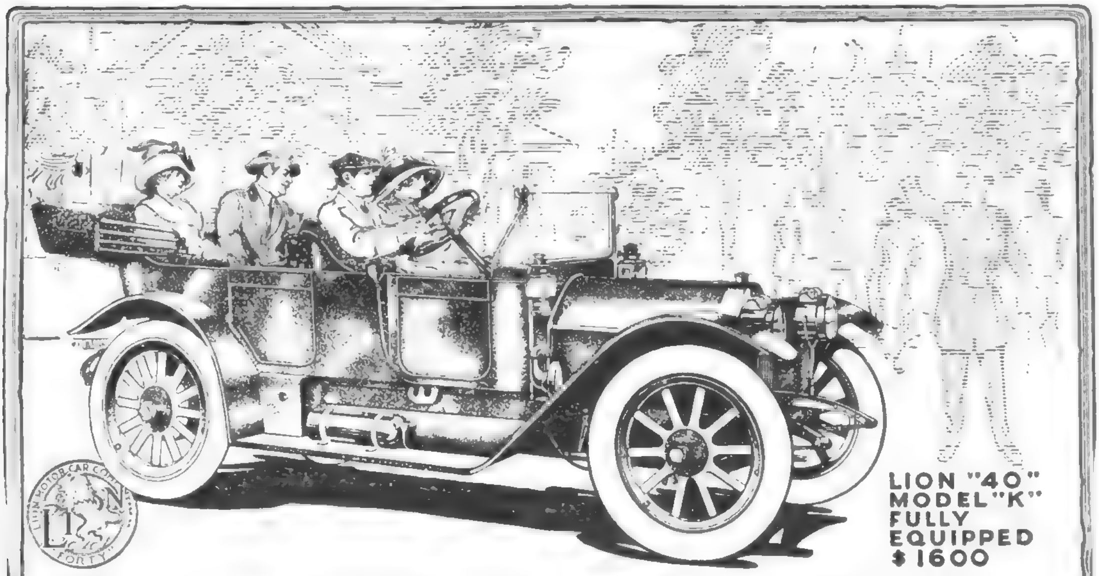


Six cylinder Touring Car,
Model 28, $4000.
With catalogue equipment

Pleasure Vehicles
Three Ton Trucks
Public Service Wagons
Catalogues on request (specify which)

The Pope Manufacturing Co.
Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

34 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN THE MANUFACTURE OF HIGHEST GRADE MECHANICAL VEHICLES



The Lion "40" Starts from the Seat

No cranking—No more wrenched backs and sprained or broken wrists—Simply the turning of a little switch on the dash, and the engine starts.

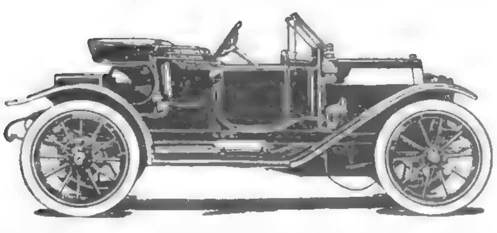
Do you realize what it means to have a car with a simple, positive, reliable, self-starting device—to be free from the labor and bother of the always obstinate crank—to get into the car and start the engine as easily as you would push the button of an electric light?

Big thing isn't it? Big, dominant and revolutionary as the other features of this masterful car,

It is only one of the reasons why you should buy a Lion 40

Note a few of the other points of striking superiority—

Full forty horsepower—unit power plant—all enclosed—An engine that responds instantly to every demand—that is quick, flexible, abundantly powerful. Equipped with positive Self Starter.
Full floating rear axle—Hess type—A characteristic heretofore of cars costing $3,000 or more.
36x4-inch Firestone or Diamond tires, quick detachable.
Booth demountable rims—one extra rim furnished.
Enameled lamps—Searchlight tank—Silk mohair top.
Rain-vision wind shield.
Speedometer.
116-inch wheelbase—14-inch brake drums—both brakes internal expanding.
Wonderfully flexible, easy-riding springs—50 inches long in rear—40 inches in front.
Clean cut straight lines, foredoor body—handles and control inside. Full set brass robe and footrails—Tools, repair outfit, etc., complete, $1600.



Motor, 40 H. P., Sliding Gear, 36x4" Tires, 116" Wheelbase Fully Equipped.

Did you ever see specifications like that for anything but a high priced car?

And the specifications tell only half of the story—Lion quality stands out pre-eminently in the day after day, year after year service it gives—It is a significant fact that no "Lion" owner ever envies the owner of any other car no matter what its price.

Write today for the 1912 Catalog. It's a beauty, and it has a real story to tell.

We have an Attractive Proposition for Dealers in territory not yet closed for 1912.

Lion Motor Car Company, 601 Fulton St., Adrian, Michigan

Limited Train Conductors Must Have Accurate Time.

Conductor J. L. Servis, of the "Golden State Limited" train on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, whose picture is shown here, wrote us the letter printed below about his Hamilton Timekeeper.

The Hamilton Watch

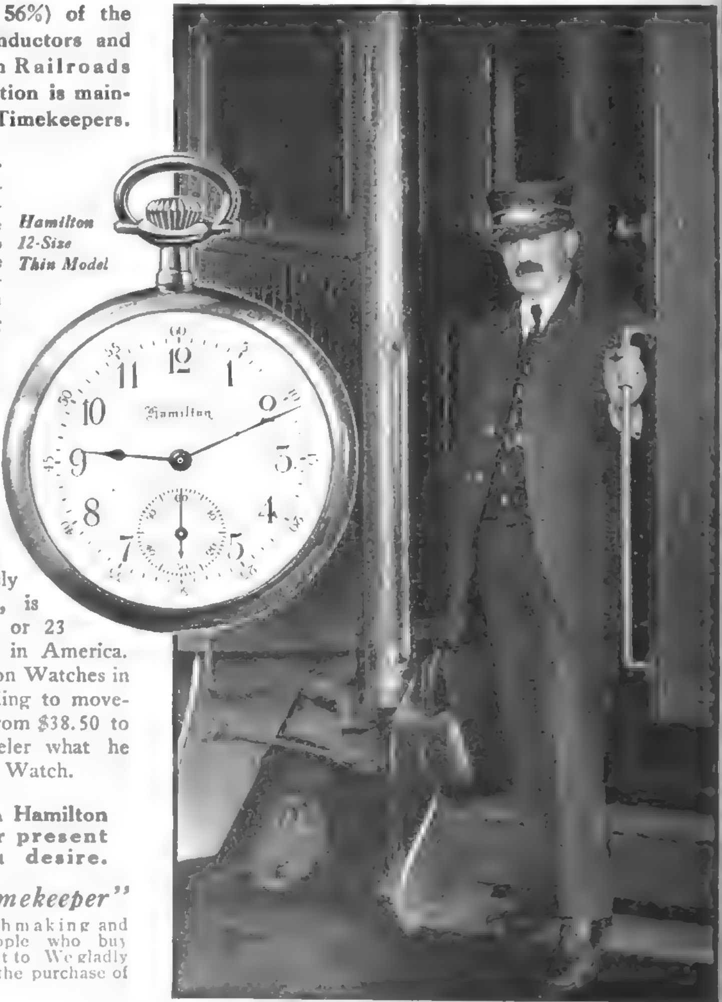
The Railroad Timekeeper of America

Over one-half (about 56%) of the Engineers, Firemen, Conductors and Trainmen on American Railroads where official time inspection is maintained carry Hamilton Timekeepers.

JOLIET, ILLINOIS, 1911.

"About one year ago I purchased a 992 Hamilton Timekeeper. It was taken from the shipping case, set, and given to me. It kept PERFECT time from the start, not even requiring the slightest regulation (which I consider remarkable). It is still keeping PERFECT time and I could not be induced to part with this movement for any reasonable consideration. It is by far the best watch I ever carried in my 23 years' service as Conductor."

J. L. SERVIS,
Conductor.


Hamilton 12-Size Thin Model

The beautiful 12-size Hamilton, shown here, which has proved marvelously and continuously accurate, is the finest and thinnest 19 or 23 jewel 12-size watch made in America. Prices of complete Hamilton Watches in case and box vary, according to movement, size and jeweling, from $38.50 to $125.00. Ask your jeweler what he knows about the Hamilton Watch.

Jewelers can supply a Hamilton Movement for your present watch case if you desire.

Write for "The Timekeeper"

It contains facts about watchmaking and timekeeping that many people who buy watches do not know, but ought to. We gladly send it to those interested in the purchase of a reliable watch.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, Dept. B, Lancaster, Pa.

OUT OF THE GRAY DAYS
INTO THE GOLDEN DAYS

ROSES are blooming in California. Soft sunlight is gilding venerable missions and tropical palms with the splendors of perfect days.

The gold of the orange, the green of eternal Summer, the sapphire of a welcoming sea—they're all there in this sparkling land of winter wonders.

And less than three days away from Chicago or St. Louis by the direct route of lowest altitudes on the de luxe

Golden State Limited

via Rock Island Lines

— No Excess Fare —

The journey's a vacation wonder in itself! Swiftly and smoothly this superb train takes you out of blizzards into flower gardens and orange groves—to the shores of Summer-seas.

Rock Island

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The through fast "Californian" and other good trains with standard and tourist sleeping cars, every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis, for the Pacific Coast.

Beautiful free booklet sent on request.

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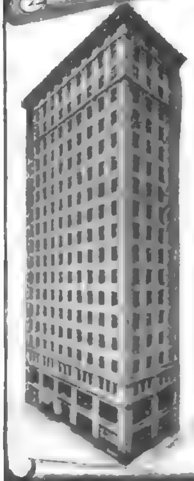
The Man and the Factories Behind the Steger Piano

When you see the name **Steger & Sons** on a piano, remember that it means something more than mere name association. It means that the man who more than a quarter of a century ago built the first ***Steger*** piano supervises the manufacture of every **Steger & Sons** piano that leaves the factory. Under such conditions it is not surprising that their popularity has made the ***Steger*** factories the largest in the world—that these famous instruments sell at remarkably low prices, made possible only by the ***Steger*** policies of visible, audible result-valuation and small margin of profit.



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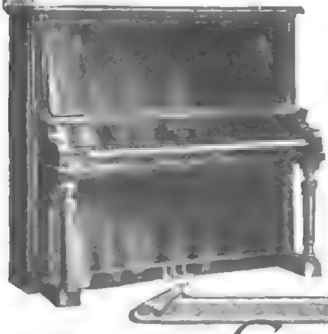

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Liberal allowance made for old pianos.

Write us today for new Catalog—it is yours for the asking—and will give you some wonderful information.

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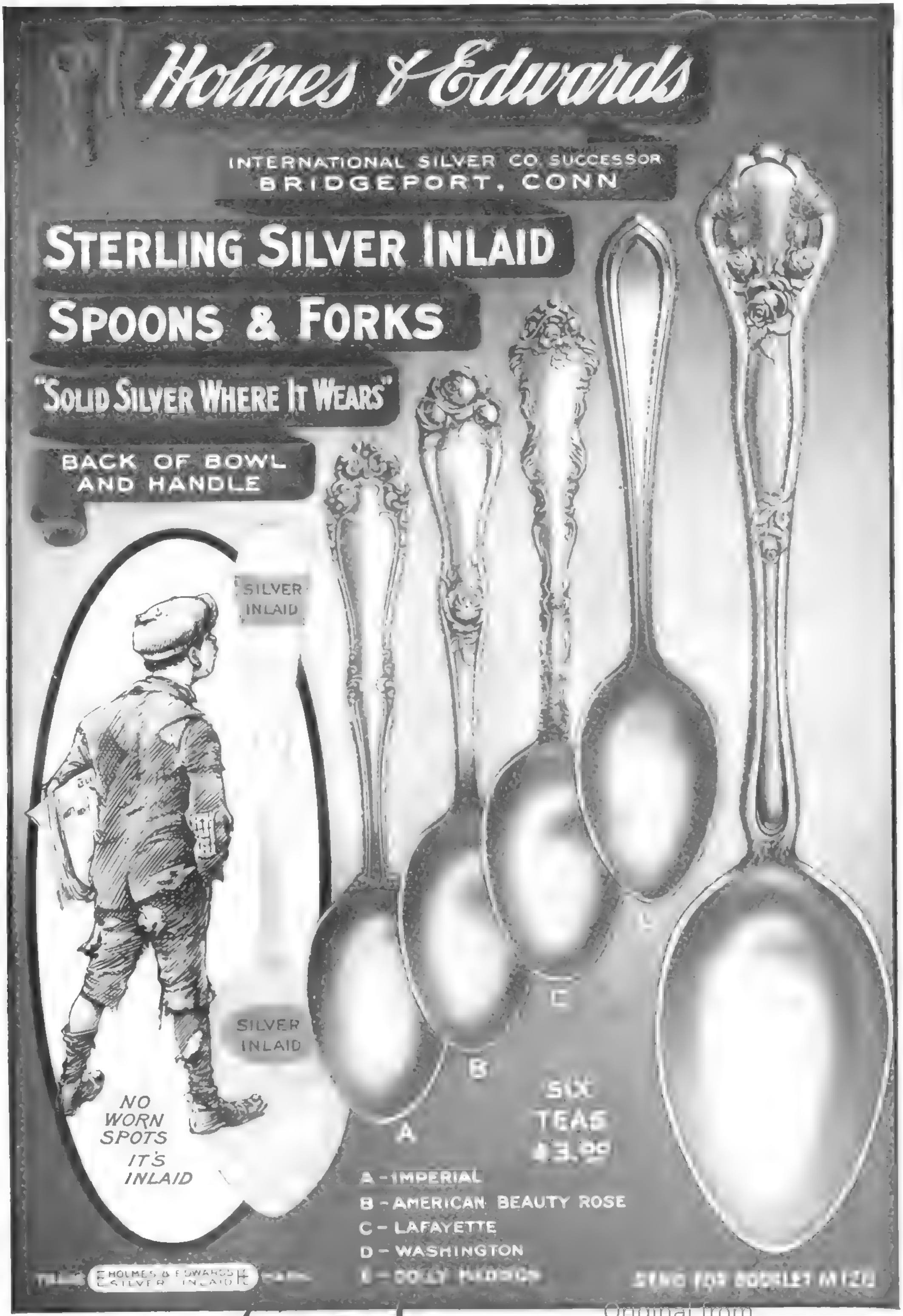
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and be assured that no other gift, however costly, can be of higher quality. But be sure you get "Wilburbuds"—the choicest chocolate in its daintiest form. Should you be offered some of the many counterfeits, write direct to us, the makers of

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An Exquisite Example of Wilbur Flavor

Enclose one dollar with your letter, and we will send you a beautiful ***more-than-a-pound*** box of these meltingly smooth, tantalizingly delicious sweets. Each bud wrapped in tinfoil.

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Every Woman Will Want to Know About This Remarkable Piano

For a hundred years piano-builders have been striving to make a sounding-board that would give *every note* the full 100% of rich tone beauty that the best notes have.

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Don't ever rest satisfied until you have heard this surpassingly beautiful "Homo"-tone piano. It will be your standard to judge all other pianos by.

Get the FREE "Homo"-toned Booklet. Tells you in a nutshell of the most remarkable advancement in the whole world of piano tone.

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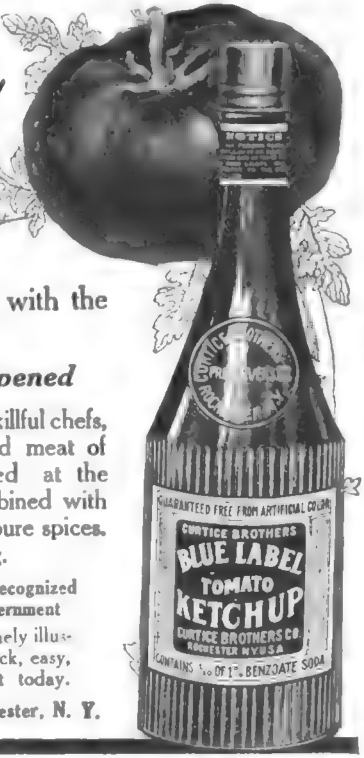
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Made with scrupulous care by skillful chefs, in spotless kitchens from the solid meat of juicy, red ripe tomatoes picked at the moment of their perfection, combined with just the right proportion of rich, pure spices. No artificial flavoring or coloring.

Contains only those ingredients recognized and endorsed by the U. S. Government

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EVERY father and mother want to keep the boys at home nights, and would vastly rather have them bring their friends there to play Billiards and Pool than to meet them in the public poolroom, which often is merely the back room of a saloon.

Every young man wants to play Billiards and Pool—wants to play well. The Burrowes Home Billiard and Pool Table is scientifically constructed and adapted to the most expert play. Many of the leading professionals and experts of the country, including some of the champions of world-wide reputation, keep in practice by using a Burrowes Table at home. Every shot, every angle is true and correct, hence to learn or practice on a Burrowes Table means to become proficient on any table.

Burrowes Tables are made in sizes up to 4½x9 feet (standard), for rooms of different dimensions. They are easily set up, and quickly taken down and put out of the way. They may be set on dining-room or library table or mounted on their own legs or folding stand. All cues, balls, etc., free.

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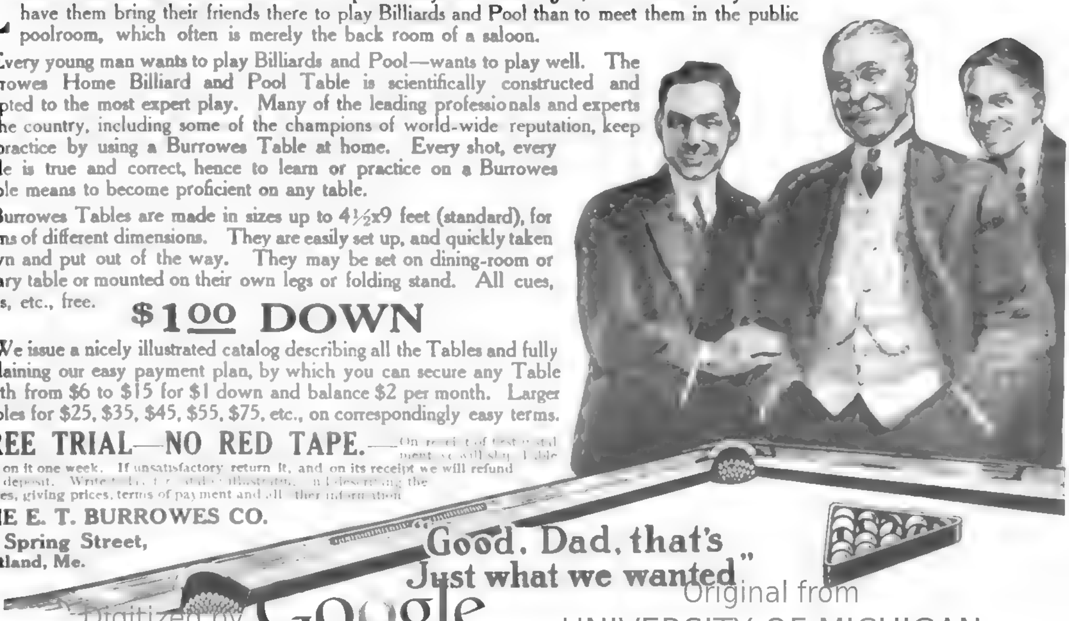
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CORR-MESH
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FIRE-PROOF CONSTRUCTION AT SMALL COST WITH CORR-MESH

CORR-MESH is an expanded metal lath with high stiffening ribs made in a single unit, and is the result of twenty years experience.

CORR-MESH saves time in construction —saves cost in material— and saves space. A 2-inch stucco wall on CORR-MESH serves factories as well as an 8-inch brick wall and costs only one-half as much. It also saves one square foot of floor space every two running feet.

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CORR-MESH for walls and partitions takes the place of studding and lath.

Factories constructed of CORR-MESH and concrete are fire-proof, permanent and of dignified appearance.

Everyone who intends building should learn all about CORR-MESH. Write on your business stationery telling us the style of building you are contemplating and we will send you FREE suggestions and our 48-page CORR-MESH handbook, containing complete plans showing the many economical uses of this material.

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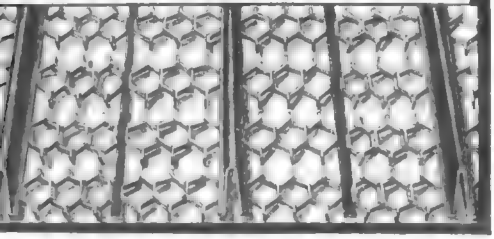

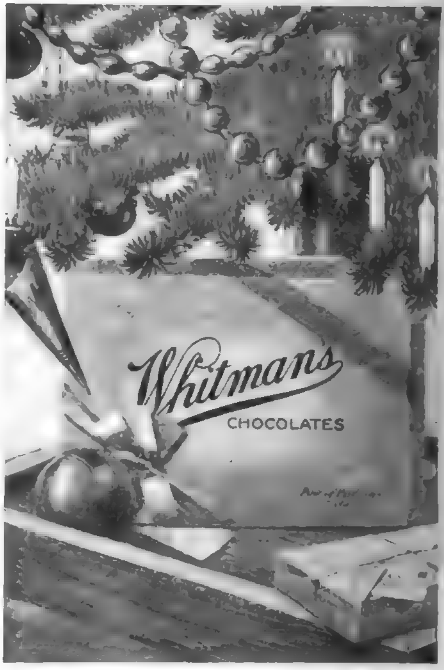

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A new illustrated guide to chocolates and confections.

Seventy kinds of sweets in sealed packages,

Costing from five dollars to five cents a package.

Sent free, now, to help the choice of Christmas candies.

Whitman's

A Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks
The chocolates without cream centres — $1.00 the pound.

Pink of Perfection
Chocolates or Confections, $1.00 the pound—

and other famous assortments. Sold *only* by the Whitman agency everywhere, or mailed, postpaid, where we have no agent, on receipt of the retail price.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
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Makers of Whitman's *Instantaneous* Chocolate

The Delightful Ease and Comfort

you feel after your morning bath is greatly enhanced if you have used "4711" White Rose Glycerine Soap. Try it. Once used no other soap will satisfy. It is a real Glycerine Soap — not one in name only. Ask for "4711" (Forty-seven-eleven) — avoid substitutes.

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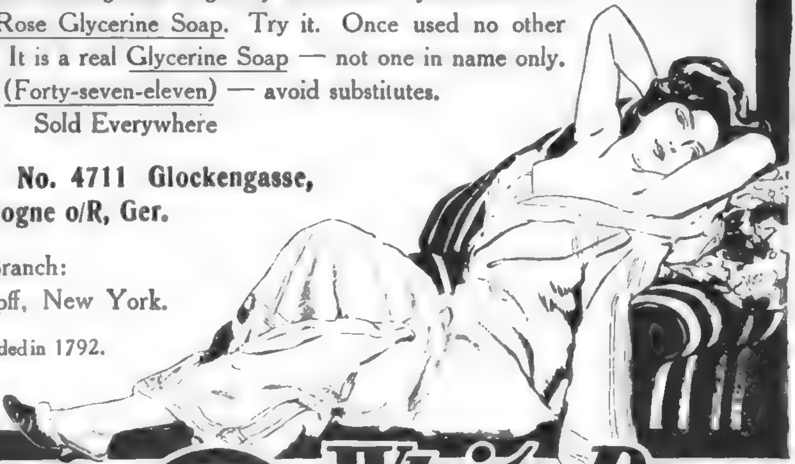
House Founded in 1792.



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GLYCERINE SOAP
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No. 4711. White Rose Glycerine Soap

Are You Satisfied With Your Income?

Would $500.00 a year or more on the side be an object to you?

YOU can easily make that, and more too, if you have a back yard, or a little land, and are willing to devote two hours a day to the work. The poultry business cannot be overdone. There are 91,000,000 people in the United States, and there will be more next year, and those people must be fed. The growth is in the cities. **Consumers are increasing twice as fast as producers.** High prices have come to stay. Start a business of your own and get your share of the billion dollars a year that is spent for poultry and eggs.

"SIDE-LINE POULTRY KEEPING"

$1,188.05 Is the amount cleared by F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H., in 1910, from his hens. Mr. Dunlap is a country merchant and postmaster, and does not have over two hours a day on an average to devote to his hens. The full story of his success, his methods of feeding, marketing, etc., are described in the book, "Side-Line Poultry Keeping."

$1,009.31 R. A. Richardson of Haverhill, Mass., a shoe cutter, made his hens pay him $1,009.31 in 1910, and kept working at the bench at the same time. How he did it is told in "Side-Line Poultry Keeping."

"SIDE-LINE POULTRY KEEPING"

Is the name of a new book by Edgar Warren, the popular and reliable writer upon poultry topics. It is written for the man or woman who wants to add to their income in spare time that will not interfere with their present occupation. It is so plainly written that the person who never kept a hen, by following the instructions of the book, can make a success from the start. Tells what breeds pay and what do not. Discusses pigeon raising, fruit growing, berries and gardening in connection with poultry. Describes two simple, practical poultry houses which can be built at low cost and sold when the owner gets through with them. Tells how to hatch and brood chicks, both naturally and artificially, and describes a wonderful brooder system that can be installed at low cost. Do you know how to pick out the layers? Can you tell with your eyes shut which hens are laying and which are not? "Side-Line Poultry Keeping" will show you. It will tell you what to feed for eggs, how to get fertile eggs, how to grow green food in winter, **how to make lice powder that will kill the lice as soon as it touches them, what to do in case of sickness, etc., etc. Shows you how** you can get the top-notch prices for what you have to sell. Has a chapter on "Laying Down Eggs," which gives the two methods which are absolutely safe and reliable. Lay down eggs in March and April, and sell them in November and December, and make 100 per cent profit. Drawings and description of a trap-nest with which to keep individual records. Gives Mr. Dunlap's cure for White Diarrhœa. Tells how to send dressed fowls to market with empty crops without shrinkage in weight. These are but a few of the good things in the book.

Special Offer
Only $1.00

96 page book and the leading Poultry Paper for 2 years.

Invaluable to every man who wishes to make money on the side, and indispensable to the man who is looking forward to the free, independent, healthful life of the poultry farm. Ninety-six pages; illustrated. **Price,** 50 cents, or with the American Poultry Advocate one year, 75 cents, two years' subscription and book for $1.00, or given as a premium for two yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each. **Our paper is handsomely illustrated, 44 to 110 pages, 50 cents per year. Three months' trial, 10 cents.** SAMPLE FREE. Catalogue of poultry books free.

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Have you read the article by H. G. Wells, on page 743?

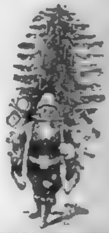
The kind of Toys described therein and many others can be procured from

F. A. O. SCHWARZ

Fifth Avenue and 31st Street, New York.

The largest establishment in the world devoted exclusively to Toys, Dolls, Games and Novelties.

Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue.



$6.50
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The Reason

YOU can unpack and assemble ready to use all the above furniture in one evening.

THE REASON—Back of these sensational prices is our original system of manufacturing in sections and shipping direct to you knocked down in a compact box.

This reduces the freight rate two-thirds, eliminates expensive wrapping and crating and avoids two profits; also clerk hire, store rent, expense and investment.

You do not risk one cent. Use the furniture for thirty days in your home. Prove our claim that you cannot duplicate it for double our price—then, if you are not satisfied, notify us and we will return all the money you have paid.

We Make Quality Furniture Only

Free catalog of 100 bargains, giving full details. A postal brings it to you.

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The oldest and largest firm of its kind in the world.

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Every one admires a brick house. Few realize its low cost and economy.

Brick is the most beautiful, most reliable, really the cheapest building material in the world. The cost of wood has risen until a wood house costs more to build and maintain than a brick house.

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Two Books of New House Designs from leading architects' offices, sent on receipt of price.

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"A Cube Makes a Cup"

You can not resist the tempting flavor of Steero Bouillon and you will be delighted by the simplicity of its preparation.

"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) Made by **American Kitchen Products Co.**, New York

Just drop a Steero Cube into a cup, add boiling water and the bouillon is ready.

Send for Free Samples

If grocer or druggist can not supply, send 35c for box of 12 Cubes, postpaid; tins of 50 and 100 Cubes are more economical for regular use.

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Under Pure Food Law, Serial No. 1

"STEERO"
CUBES

Would YOU Hire a Man Over 40?

For the past several years, there has been a lot of talk about the **"40 year deadline."** A big question has been raised and the solution is of vital importance to every man in business, whether **young** or **old—employer** or **employee.**

You have already answered it in your own mind. You know that you have never discriminated against any man **on account of his age alone.**

You **may** refuse to employ the untrained man whom you believe is too old to learn. But the **trained, efficient man,** whether his age be 25 or 50, is the man you are constantly on the lookout for—whose help you **must have** in the conduct of your business Yes, you **would** hire a man over forty if he fulfilled **your** requirements—

You Would if He Were a Sheldon Man

The SHELDON man of 40 has learned to think. He is in the VERY PRIME of his career. He is OLD ENOUGH to have that maturity of judgment--that strength of purpose--that makes for success in business.

He has learned how to combine initiative with the ability to wait He has found the way to develop his natural talents to the very utmost. He knows modern business principles and methods. He has not gone to seed--HE IS A FINISHED PRODUCT

Your employees should be your MOST VALUABLE ASSET. Every instinct of self-interest as well as humanity, prompts you to develop them to the point of MAXIMUM efficiency.

A book has been written which tells how to accomplish this result the Sheldon way--it is yours for the asking, without cost, although it has been worth thousands of dollars to others. A postal or letter will bring it. Send for it NOW.

THE SHELDON SCHOOL

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DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

EVERY Dixon package contains full measure of conscience.

Dixon pencils are made so good that the first sale makes the buyer a steady customer. That is Dixon *history*—eighty-four years old.

Send for our booklet—Dixon's Guide for Pencil Users. Tells all about the right pencils for all uses.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY, Jersey City, N. J.

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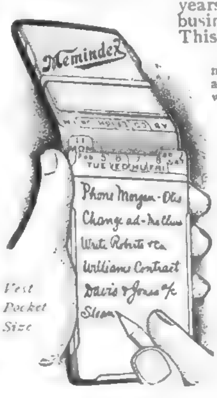
"There is no limit to its usefulness." "Nothing on the market can approach it." "I would not be without it for $25 a year." "It has paid for itself a hundred times over." "The handiest possible thing in the line of note-book and tickler."



No Other Device Answers Its Purpose

Has made good in 100 kinds of business. A fresh dated card comes to the front each day in the handy leather pocket-case, showing reminders for the day and space for more jottings; also for following days. Dated cards for the year in cabinet make an ideal desk system. Money back if not satisfied. Write for new booklet and name of dealer nearest you.

Express prepaid on receipt of price
Genuine Morocco case, quartered oak tray and cards . . $3.50
Genuine Seal-skin case, solid mahogany tray and cards . 5.00
Other styles from $2.00 up. Sunday cards extra 35
Prices in Canada 20% more, duty paid.

WILSON MEMINDEX CO.

122 Dey Street, Rochester, N.Y.

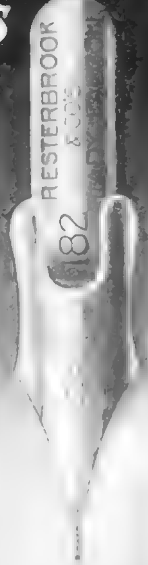
Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

There's a difference in pens. *Esterbrook's* are not only the smoothest writing, but the longest wearing.

Ask your stationer

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
26 John Street, New York.
WORKS.
Camden, N. J



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The MOST POPULAR WATER
SAN FRANCISCO
NEW ORLEANS

FOR CHRISTMAS

Any man would appreciate the

Krementz Collar Button Set

**For a Christmas Gift—
a Bridge or Euchre Prize**

Four Krementz One-Piece Buttons—for front and back of neck and sleeves in an attractive ribbon-tied box.

**14-K. Rolled Gold Plate; will wear a lifetime
One Dollar the Set**

10-K. Gold, $4.00 **14-K. Gold, $6.00**

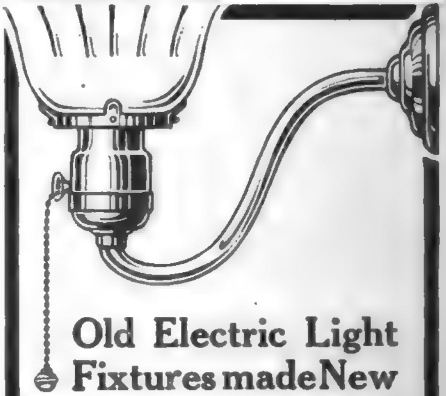
Quality stamped on back of each button and guaranteed.

Sent on receipt of price; if not sold by your jeweler or haberdasher.

Booklet on request.

KREMENTZ & CO., 84 Chestnut St., NEWARK, N. J.

Krementz Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons go in like a Needle—hold like an Anchor.



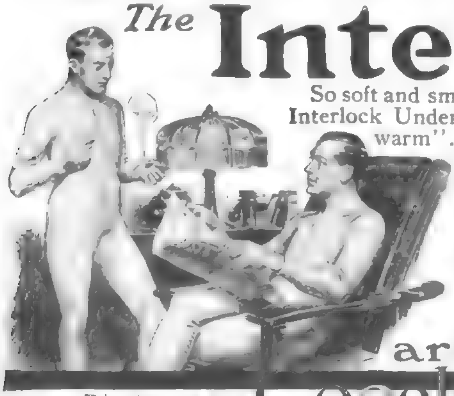
Old Electric Light Fixtures made New with Little Cost

Free booklet, "Pull Socket," tells you how. Send a post-card today to Bryant Electric Co., 1423 State Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

Also **illustrates** the latest thing in electric light fixtures and **tells about** the **newest improvement** in sockets—the socket all up-to-date fixtures are now equipped with—the **genuine**

Be sure that it is a B-r-y-a-n-t. The booklet tells why!

The **Interlock** *UNDERWEARS*



So soft and smooth and light you are only conscious of Interlock Underwear because it keeps you "good and warm". The most comfortable winter underwear you ever wore—two gauzy fabrics knit into one. Your dealer will explain.

Several leading manufacturers make Interlock Underwear, and their own labels may appear on the garments. Be sure the word Interlock and the metal lock are there. They stamp it genuine Interlock Underwear. Cotton, mercerized cotton, and merino; different styles, grades, and prices, from the inexpensive to the luxurious garments.

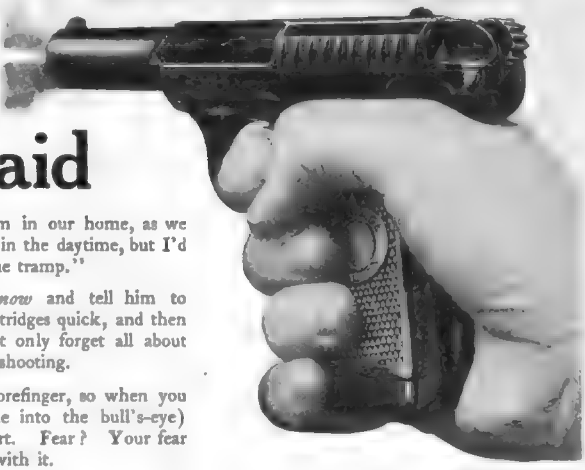
For Men and Boys—shirts or drawers, 50c and up; union suits, $1 and up. **For Infants**—shirts, pants, and sleeping garments, cotton, merino, wool, and silk, 25c to $1.50. Ask your dealer for one of the Interlock Underwears. **Write us for illustrated booklet and sample.**

General Knit Fabric Company, Utica, N. Y

Interlock

are lightest *for* warmth

ONLY The Burglar Need Be Afraid



YOU often hear people say: "I'd like a pocket arm in our home, as we feel so unprotected and helpless at night, and even in the daytime, but I'd be more afraid of the gun than of the burglar or the tramp."

If you will just call up your hardware dealer *now* and tell him to send up a Savage Automatic and a hundred rounds of cartridges quick, and then go out into an open place and shoot a few rounds you'll not only forget all about fear of the Savage Automatic, but you'll be proud of your shooting.

You know the Savage aims as easy as pointing your forefinger, so when you find yourself firing shot after shot into the target (some into the bull's-eye) nothing can hold your enthusiasm down. It's great sport. Fear? Your fear of the gun will be gone, and your fear of burglars will go with it.

The man or woman whose fingers close upon a Ten Shot Savage Automatic can rely on instinct to shoot unerringly ten steel-jacketed bullets straight in the dark.

Detectives Wm. J. Burns, Wm. A. Pinkerton and Walter Duncan carry it. Buffalo Bill, Dr. Carver, Bat Masterson, E. C. Crossman, and most of the great gun men endorse it.

If you have trouble getting a Savage, write us.

"BANISHES FEAR," "THE TENDERFOOT'S TURN"—TWO BOOKS FREE

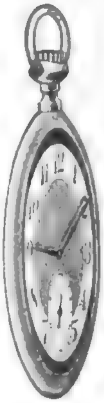
One tells how to banish fear; the other is Masterson's great gun book.

THE GREAT SAVAGE 303 RIFLE

is still the greatest high-power repeater. All real sportsmen prefer it. Send for new free Savage Rifle Catalogue. Savage Arms Co., 4132 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

GRUEN PRECISION VERITHIN WATCH



Gruen Verithin

We put foreign watch makers to work on American ideas—

and the combination of this wonderful workmanship and ingenuity has resulted in a thin watch—made thin from the ground up—not cut down from a thick watch.

Half as thick as the ordinary watch, the Gruen "Verithin" Watch has a beauty and grace hitherto impossible to obtain.

WRITE FOR OUR PORTFOLIO showing styles of cases and works with complete price list. Where we have no agent, we will see that you are supplied.

"Gruen-Verithin" for Men, adjusted grade; $22, 25, 30, 35, 40, 50, 60.

In grades marked "Precision" on watch, $45, 75, 85, 100, 125, 150, 250.

Gruen watches for women, $16, 17.50, 25, 30, 40, 50, 75, with precious gems up to $1200.

GRUEN WATCH MFG. CO.
5th Ave. & Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.
Manufacturers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1876.

Factories in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Madre-Biel, Switzerland.

Let us show you how sound bonds will safely increase your income

The house of E. H. Rollins & Sons, founded 1876, enjoys an unexcelled reputation with this nation's bankers for successful bond investments.

Every bond we offer for sale has been purchased outright by us. Every bond we own has withstood the most exacting reliability tests that our organization of specialists knows how to apply.

We have at all times investment bonds of the soundest type. It will pay you well to investigate our standing and then become acquainted with us personally.

Write today for our quarterly publication, The Rollins Magazine, and circular 509.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS
Investment Bonds
Boston New York Chicago Denver
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The Ostermoor Smile

OSTERMOOR Mattress $15.

Write for 144-page Book, with Samples, Free

Don't buy a mattress on hearsay or mere "claims"; don't think because the outside looks good the inside *is* good; get proof and facts about mattresses by writing at once for the instructive and entertaining Ostermoor Book.

The Ostermoor is sanitary, dust-proof, moisture-proof; never mats nor packs and never needs remaking. Over half a century of service and *proven quality* back of every mattress.

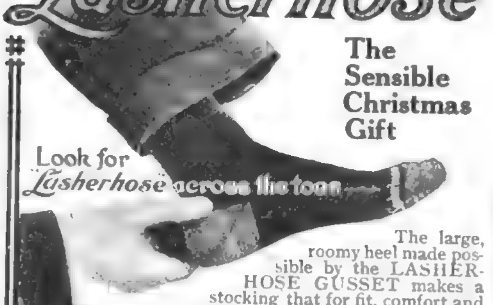
Avoid "just as good" imitations. Our trade-mark is your guarantee. When necessary, we ship mattress 4 ft. 6 in. wide by 6 ft. 3 in. long, weighing 45 lbs., express prepaid on 30 nights' free trial, same day we get your order. Money back if you want it.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 107 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Built—Not Stuffed

The "FEEL of the HEEL" combines comfort and style in "Lasherhose"


Look for Lasherhose across the toes

The Sensible Christmas Gift

The large, roomy heel made possible by the LASHERHOSE GUSSET makes a stocking that for fit, comfort and wear excels any other hose ever made.

The 34 extra courses not only make a more comfortable heel, but give more room for the instep, making your hose wear better because the strain is taken away.

Don't confound the Lasherhose gusset with the ordinary **heel seam** of other hose. Ours isn't a **seam**, but a **gusset** knit on the only machine that **can** knit a **gusset**. These machines are owned patented and controlled by us.

Lasherhose are made from the best materials and are all **fully guaranteed.**

15c per pair 2 pairs for 25c. 12 pairs $1.50. Better grades up to 50c per pair.

If your dealer hasn't them, we'll send postpaid on receipt of price. Be sure and state size and color when ordering direct.

Send for our booklet showing all styles and colors and giving prices on all grades.

VERMONT HOSIERY COMPANY, Bennington, Vt.

(Factories at Bennington, Vt., and Northfield, Vt.)

YOUR Copy of "1911-12 Models in ALBRECHT FURS" is Ready for YOU.

It will show you the latest and most stylish furs at prices to suit every purse. Every article made in the famous ALBRECHT workrooms, out of skins bought direct from trappers. Half a century experience in furs exclusively, guarantees every piece that bears the ALBRECHT trade-mark.

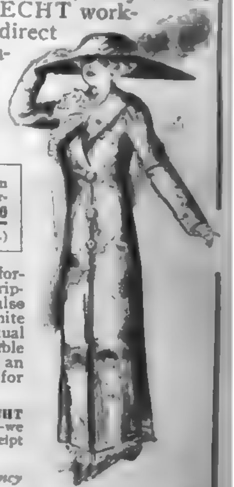


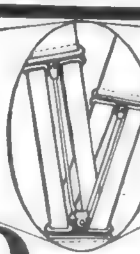
Illustration shows ALBRECHT Russian Black Pony 52-inch Boulevard Coat, guaranteed. Sent express prepaid on receipt of - - - - - - - **$60.00**
(Send bust measure, waist length, height and weight.)

Send for catalog—gives valuable information how to choose furs—their description and actual name in plain English, also corresponding trade names and definite prices—color photographs from actual furs—interesting facts not procurable elsewhere. You'll want it to make an intelligent selection. Sent free—write for Catalog No. 28 NOW.

Ask the best dealer in your town for **ALBRECHT FURS.** If he hasn't them, write us direct—we will fill your order, express prepaid, on receipt of price.

References—Any Bank or Mercantile Agency

E. ALBRECHT & SON ESTABLISHED 1855
6th and Minnesota Sts., Station "S," Saint Paul


When you move—they slide like this.

Plexo Suspenders

For the Man of Action

WEAR Plexo Suspenders and you'll never know you have suspenders on—most comfortable, *lightest*, strong suspenders made. Can't chafe, can't bind—the sliding cord won't let them. Mighty good-looking. At all good shops, or of the makers: **50c**

KNOTHE BROS., 122 Fifth Ave., New York

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WARDWOVE WRITING PAPER

is the selection of the discriminating woman. It has the texture, the smoothness and the body which convey that indefinable quality that is required for the best correspondence. The paper is of high quality yet medium price.

Ask your dealer for WARDWOVE. If he cannot supply you, if you will send us his name and address we will be very glad to send you a sample of this writing paper free of charge, that you may try it and note its fine quality.

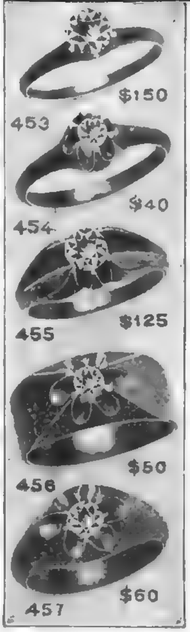
Dealers wanted everywhere for
WARD'S BOSTON STATIONERY.

Address for sample, Dept. B

SAMUEL WARD COMPANY

57 to 63 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT



For Christmas Gifts

These handsome Diamond Rings are our **Great Leaders**, meeting the popular demand in Style, Quality, Price and Easy Terms of Payment. We have cut prices to the lowest notch—some almost in half. We are heavy buyers and direct importers, and get lowest rock-bottom prices in all foreign Diamond centers. You get all the benefit.

453—Tiffany	- - - -	**$150**
454—Loftis Belcher	- -	**40**
455—Heavy 6-prong Tooth	-	**125**
456—Flat Belcher	- - -	**50**
457—Round Belcher	- -	**60**

Finest Quality pure white Diamonds, perfect in cut and full of fiery brilliancy. Mountings are all 14k Solid Gold.

CREDIT TERMS: One-Fifth Down, Balance in 8 Equal Monthly Amounts.

Write for Christmas Catalog. Over 2,000 beautiful illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Solid Gold Jewelry, Silverware and Novelties for Christmas presents. Select anything desired, have it sent to your home or express office, all charges prepaid. If entirely satisfactory, send us one-fifth of the purchase price and keep it, balance in eight equal monthly amounts. A Diamond constantly increases in value. Great bargains in ladies' and men's Watches for Christmas presents.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
Diamond Cutters
Dept. G 864, 108 N. State Street
CHICAGO, ILL.
Branch Stores: Pittsburgh, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.

Here's Safety Warmth Comfort

You can't drive in safety, in winter, unless you are comfortably protected against the elements.

The "Spring Belt" Auto and Driver's Robe

Patented

is a necessity for Men and Women who ride or drive in winter. The only robe which gives complete protection and safety, and perfect control of foot pedals. On in a jiffy (just step into it)—instantly removable—no buckles or snaps—not a bag—not a robe—a combination of the two. No loose ends—Spring hugs body automatically—Foot "pockets" keep feet toasty warm. Keeps warmth in—cold out. See it and you will want it.

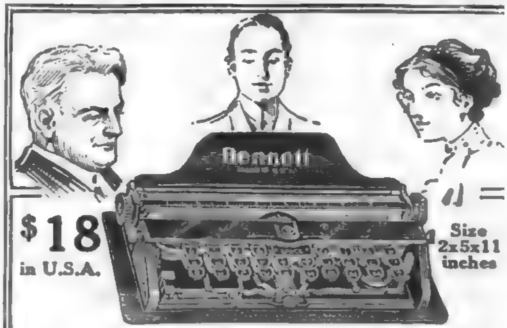
Our No. 1 "Spring Belt" Robe, made of heavy rubber drill, lined with beautiful, fine green Plush, lined leather "shoes"—price **$8.50** express prepaid.

Our No. XX Robe, made with rubber drill face and lined with fine Kersey Cloth, leather shod "shoes"—price **$6.50**, express paid.

If you cannot obtain these from your dealer, send direct to us.
Money refunded if not satisfied.

Chicago Auto
Robe Supply Co.
Dept. 42
119-123 South
Market Street
Chicago, U. S. A.

Don't forget to send postal for your free copy of our beautiful illustrated catalogue, showing our complete line of famous **"Spring Belt" Auto and Drivers' Robes** for men and women. Prices from **$6.50 up to $25.00. Write today.**



$18 in U.S.A.

Size 2x5x11 inches

The Most Wanted Gift

Decide right now to give the one you are most interested in a **Bennett Typewriter for Christmas.** It will delight the young man or young lady, encourage them to become business-like, and enable them to make spare time money, if they choose. It is just what the **business man** needs. He can't be up-to-date without a typewriter. He can carry the **Bennett** wherever business takes him. It slips into pocket or grip like a book. It will be of untold help to the **woman** who has considerable correspondence. No other gift you can buy for $18 will be so genuinely appreciated as this easily carried, modern

Bennett Portable Typewriter

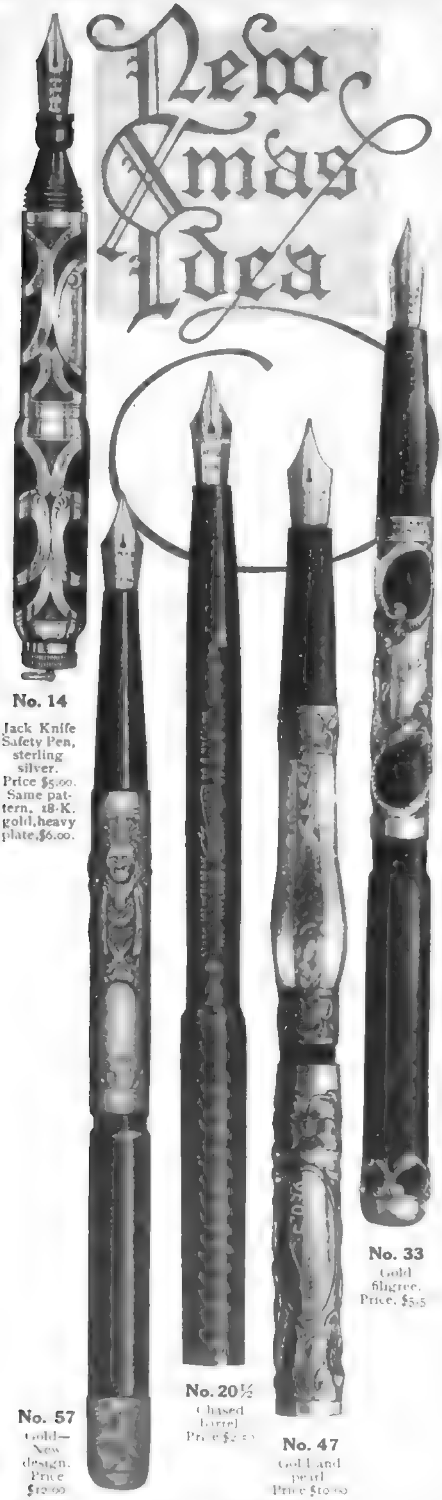
Gives $100 quality of service—quick, accurate, time saving—standard keyboard—built in the celebrated Elliott-Fisher Billing Machine Factory and guaranteed by them. Sold so cheaply because of a wonderful, unique and simplified construction.

Money Back If Not Satisfied

You take no risk whatever in making the gift of a **Bennett.** If recipient does not like it, return within 10 days and we'll refund your money. **Write today for special Xmas offer and catalog.**

N.M. BENNETT TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 366 Broadway, New York

A Few Capable Representatives Wanted
Foreign Address, 75 Cannon Street, London, E. C.



No. 14
Jack Knife Safety Pen, sterling silver. Price $5.00. Same pattern, 18-K. gold, heavy plate, $6.00.

No. 57
Gold—New design. Price $12.00

No. 20½
Chased barrel Price $2.50

No. 47
Gold and pearl Price $10.00

No. 33
Gold filigree. Price, $5.5

Give *Pens* Only—

Parker Gift Pens

and Settle Christmas Shopping Easily, Inexpensively

THE new Parker Gift Pens are made specially for Christmas and come in beautiful gift boxes.

They are jeweled with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and other gems, and are ornamented with gold, silver, and pearl, in all manner of beautiful designs.

And there are Parker carved pens, plain pens—every kind of handsome gift pen—to suit all tastes, all pocketbooks. Prices, $1.50 to $250, according to size and ornamentation.

Why fatigue yourself selecting different gifts? Go now to your stationer, jeweler, drug or department store, ahead of the Christmas crowd, and pick out Parker Gift Pens suitable for everybody. Dealer will hold them until Christmas week, without charge.

Every Parker Gift Pen comes in a handsome box of special Christmas design.

EVERYONE WANTS A PARKER PEN

if he has no fountain pen. If he has one, he wants a Parker, because his old one leaks and the Parker won't leak.

Prove that it won't. Unscrew any Parker Pen. Drop some ink into the curved feed tube. Touch curved end to barrel, as in test picture, and

WATCH THE INK SCOOT DOWN

This is what happens in the Parker every time you put it in your pocket, point up. *Capillary Attraction*, the same Force that draws oil up a lamp wick, draws ink out of the Lucky Curve feed tube.

If feed tube were straight—as in other fountain pens—it would still be full of ink when point up in your pocket. Result: The *air* in the barrel expands from the *heat* of the body and forces the ink up and out over writing end of pen.

DON'T GIVE LEAKY, MUSSY PENS

Before you buy, unscrew the pen. If it hasn't a curved feed tube, don't buy it. It will leak. If the store hasn't Parkers in stock, ask clerk to get an assortment for you to select from. He will, if you insist. If he *won't*, then send to us for catalogue, and we'll fill order direct.

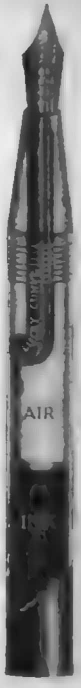
PARKER JACK KNIFE SAFETY PEN

is a great gift, for it can be carried in pocket or purse, *in any position*, and still not leak. $2.50 up.

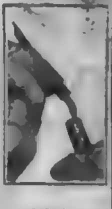
All Parkers write smooth as glass. Have 14-K. gold Iridium pointed pens. New Parker Disappearing Clip *never lost a pen yet*. Avoid Christmas crowds. Examine Parker Gift Pens at dealer's today.

Parker Pen Company, 92 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
Our New York Retail Store is at 11 Park Row, opposite Post Office.

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
FOUNTAIN PEN



X-ray view of Parker Fountain Pen.



Make this test yourself

Western-Electric

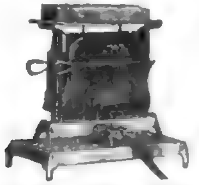
TRADE MARK

Household Helps

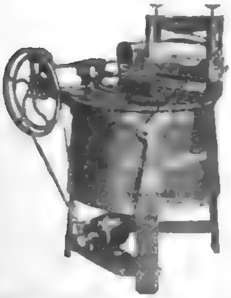
Practical Christmas Gifts

THERE is a Western Electric answer for almost every household need. Inter-phones for room to room telephone service—Motors to run sewing machines, ice cream freezers, washing machines, vacuum cleaners—Heating devices such as electric irons, toasters, chafing dishes, etc. They cost but little to buy, and

Less Than 2 Cents An Hour to Operate



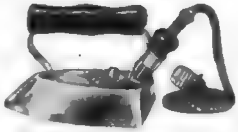
Electric Toaster makes golden-brown toast right on the table—$4 to $5



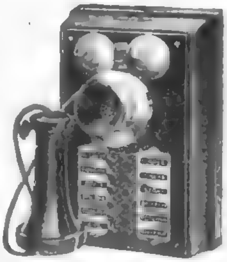
Electric Washing Machines rob washday of its terrors —$55 to $85

"Western Electric" is the same mark of quality on a lamp, motor or other appliance as on the Bell Telephone you know so well. The Western Electric Company is the largest telephone manufacturer in the world. More than that, it is the greatest distributor of electrical supplies in America. Its products go everywhere through 31 of its own houses and a remarkable agency system, including thousands of dealers. Almost every electrical dealer sells *some* Western Electric product. The best sell *them all.*

Send for booklet No. 7999.
A Hundred Ways to Save Household Drudgery.
A Hundred Sensible Gifts.



Electric Irons—something every woman needs—$5 to $10



Inter-phones to save needless steps—$6 per station and up

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 6,000,000 "Bell" Telephones.

EVERY BELL TELEPHONE IS A WESTERN ELECTRIC TELEPHONE

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT" "TELEPHONE OUR NEAREST HOUSE"

New York,
Buffalo,
Philadelphia,
Boston,
Richmond,
Pittsburgh,
Atlanta,
Chicago,
Indianapolis,
Cincinnati,
Minneapolis,
St. Paul,
Milwaukee,
Saint Louis,
Kansas City,
Denver,
Dallas,
Omaha,
Oklahoma City,
Salt Lake City,
San Francisco,
Oakland,
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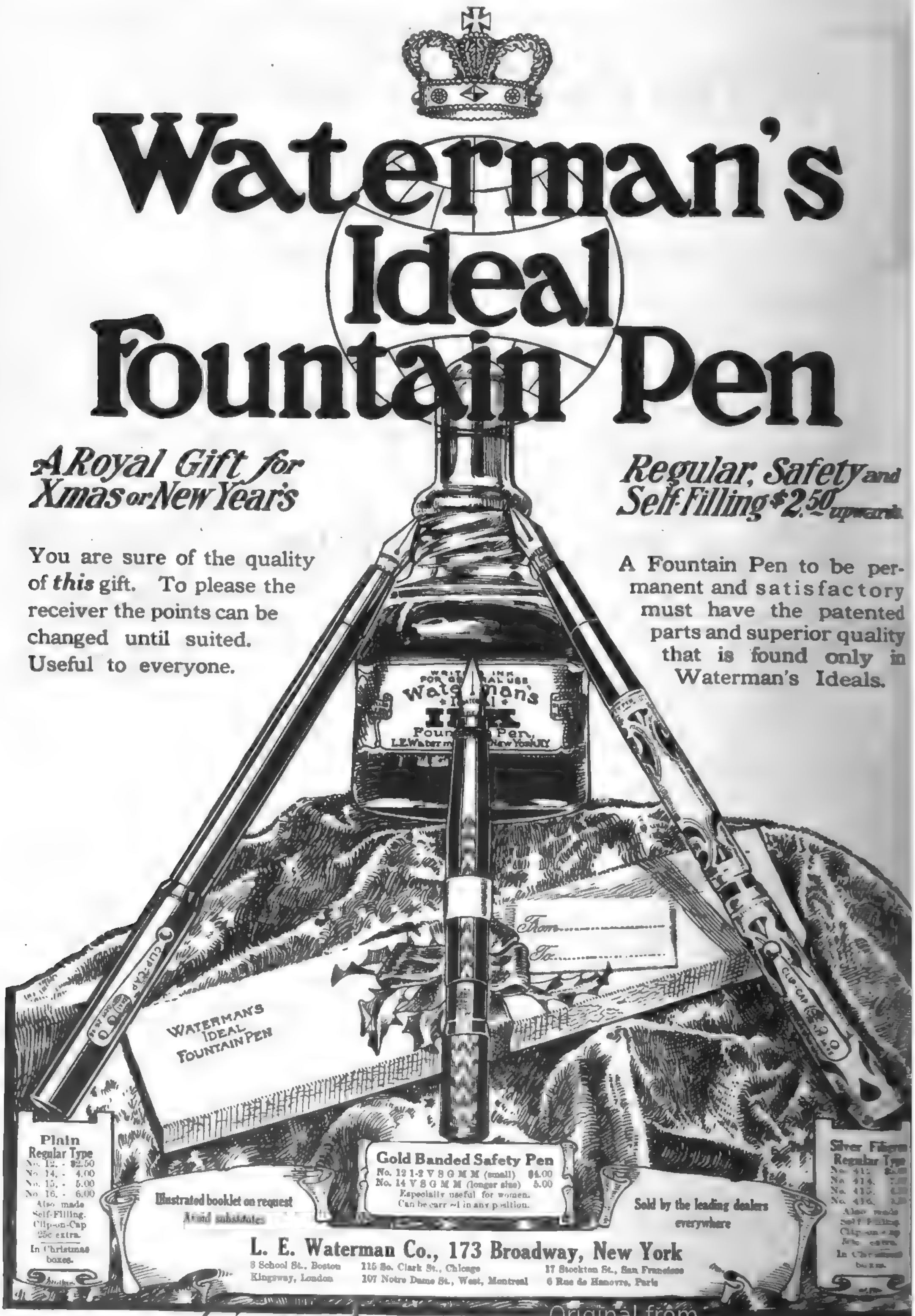
Portland.
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
Antwerp London Berlin Paris Johannesburg Sydney Tokyo

Address the House Nearest You.

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



A Royal Gift for Xmas or New Year's

You are sure of the quality of ***this*** gift. To please the receiver the points can be changed until suited. Useful to everyone.

Regular, Safety and Self-Filling $2.50 upwards

A Fountain Pen to be permanent and satisfactory must have the patented parts and superior quality that is found only in Waterman's Ideals.

Plain Regular Type

No. 12. -	$2.50
No. 14. -	4.00
No. 15. -	5.00
No. 16. -	6.00

Also made Self-Filling.
Clip-on-Cap 25c extra.
In Christmas boxes.

Gold Banded Safety Pen

No. 12 1-2 V S G M M (small)	$4.00
No. 14 V S G M M (longer size)	5.00

Especially useful for women.
Can be carried in any position.

Silver Filigre Regular Typ

No. 412.	[illegible]
No. 414.	[illegible]
No. 415.	[illegible]
No. 416.	[illegible]

Also made Self-Filling.
Clip-on-Cap [illegible] extra.
In Christmas boxes.

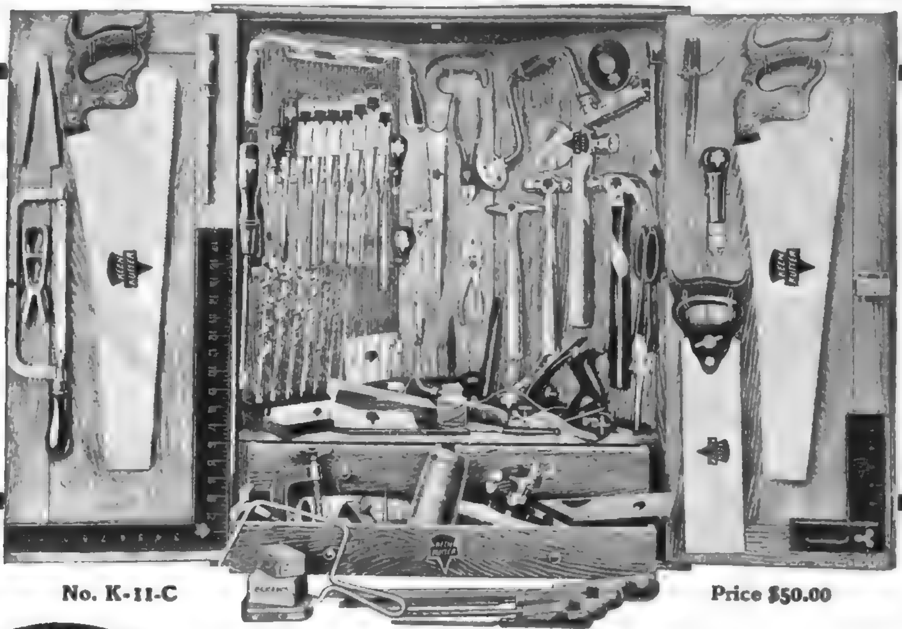
Illustrated booklet on request
Avoid substitutes

Sold by the leading dealers everywhere

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, New York

8 School St., Boston
Kingsway, London
115 So. Clark St., Chicago
107 Notre Dame St., West, Montreal
17 Stockton St., San Francisco
6 Rue de Hanovre, Paris

A Tool for Everything and Every Tool in its Place



No. K-11-C **Price $50.00**

E. C. SIMMONS
KEEN KUTTER
TRADE MARK REG. CUTLERY AND TOOLS U. S. PAT. OFF.

To do accurate work you need accurate tools. A rip saw won't cut a fine mitred joint, a pocket knife won't do the work of a chisel. The best tools made are soon dulled and lose their accuracy if allowed to batter about carelessly.

KEEN KUTTER
TOOL CABINETS

contain every kind of *useful* tool. They are complete according to their price—$8.50 to $125.00. Every tool is a Keen Kutter tool, the most perfect of its kind, thoroughly tested and fully guaranteed by the Keen Kutter trade mark. Don't make the mistake of picking up an unknown tool here and there. Get a Keen Kutter Tool Cabinet, the only complete line of high grade tools made under one name and trade mark.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten"
Trademark Registered. —E. C. SIMMONS.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.), St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

HE STANDS six feet three inches tall, and his huge frame is well-knit and muscular. There is a knife scar on his chin. His command of slang is amazing, and the slang itself is both vigorous and picturesque. He has been in typhoons and mutinies, on dangerous expeditions into the arctic regions and into the heart of Africa, in many adventures in many outlandish places, and he has found his best weapon to be a "big, brown, ugly fist."

On the other hand he is founder of a horticultural society, a graduate of Cambridge, a governor of a deaf and dumb institute, a literary man and a recipient of prizes for raising raspberries and violets!

He makes a point of covering at least 10,000 miles of new ground every year. And when this big Englishman travels it isn't as a tourist nor along the beaten paths. He is much more likely to be working his passage on an ocean tramp or weathering gales in a fifteen-ton sloop or roughing it in some forsaken and remarkably unsafe corner of the world. And he raises violets and raspberries! Don't forget the violets and raspberries. Most adventurers don't raise them.

Rather an interesting man—yes?

Who is he?

Charles John Cutcliffe Wright Hyne.

In whom you will doubtless recognize the author of the famous stories of Captain Kettle and McTodd. His "Marriage of Kettle" begins just under your right thumb there, on the first page of the December ADVENTURE, and it is one corking story. Dapper, fiery, masterful little Captain Kettle and the dry, hard-drinking and exceedingly efficient Scotch engineer McTodd, both in one story. Kettle in his younger days; his first meeting with McTodd. Also Captain Saturday Farnish and Miss Dubbs. We dare you to read the first paragraph!

Adventure

15c a Copy $1.50 a Year

The RIDGWAY COMPANY
Publishers of Everybody's Magazine

For a
feast
let it be
OYSTERS
fried to
perfection
in the
Snider way
and served
with plenty
of the
luscious

SNIDER'S
CATSUP

FRIED OYSTERS

One pint large oysters, half cup flour, half cup milk, half cup Snider's Tomato Catsup, half teaspoonful salt. Mix thoroughly the flour, milk, catsup and salt; dip oysters into mixture, then roll them in cracker crumbs; fry in sweet, fresh lard until a dark brown. Serve very hot.

Mrs. Clara L. Street.

SNIDER'S Tomato CATSUP

However elaborate or simple the repast, you cannot "conjure up" a more elegant, popular or delicious dish than fried oysters, done exactly according to this recipe, contributed by a hostess whose "functions" are notable and enviable for their perfection of cuisine.

All winter, enjoy the wholesome oyster at its best by serving, always, cooked or raw, with plenty of Snider's Catsup. The one Catsup to always buy is Snider's. For over a quarter of a century it has held the reputation of "best." The women of America are good judges of food quality, and they still give it first place by their increased patronage.

Selected tomatoes, sound, spicy and luscious, grown and gathered according to our directions, are all "done into Catsup" the very day they are gathered—precisely in accord with our famous old recipe in which seven rare spices, the purest obtainable, are used.

Snider's Catsup is a direct and wholesome stimulant to the appetite and to digestion. Its liberal use, in and on the daily food, especially upon all meats, hot or cold, upon fish, vegetables, spaghetti, and in soups and gravies, helps to produce and maintain robust health.

Snider Process Pork & Beans are a luscious feast at any feast. The housewife who keeps them in the pantry can gracefully meet any emergency.

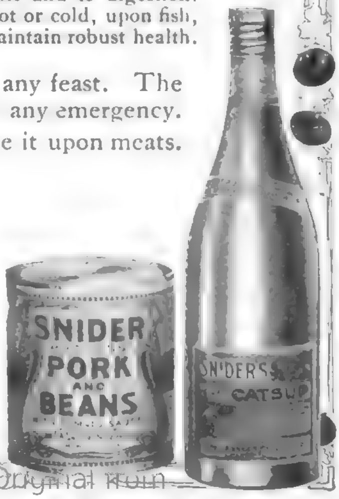
Snider's Chili Sauce, a snappy relish, is always liked. Use it upon meats.

Helen Mar Thomson
(Author of the Monarch Cook Book and
"Oysters in a Hundred Ways")

Always superior because always made in the same unequaled way. Buy only Snider's—at your Dealer's.

"It's the Process"

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.,
CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World



Everybody's Magazine
Christmas
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

A Pretty Christmas Sentiment

Uncle Sam's Postman is the real Twentieth-Century Santa Claus. To whom may we send him for you with twelve big numbers of "the best magazine"? May we not have your entire list and do all your Christmas letter-writing? Each friend will receive on Christmas Day a New-Year Holiday Number of *Everybody's* and a beautiful card bearing your name and promising eleven more reminders of your friendship. Address

Everybody's Christmas Editor

Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York

Bring Back Old Times with the Mirroscope

An old-time scene recalled by the Mirroscope at the Christmas gathering.

Mirroscope Model 97 for gas, electricity or acetylene. Price $15.00.

Mirroscope

IMPROVED 1912 MODEL

LOOK FOR THIS NAME ON EVERY INSTRUMENT

A MIRROSCOPE guessing contest makes a happy ending for the Christmas reunion. Old tin-types, daguerreotypes, paintings and photos, enlarged on the sheet or screen, show each of the spectators in some interesting, ludicrous or long-past situation.

Wild guesses at identity provoke bursts of merriment. Dad is shown in his first trousers; Uncle Bill as a two-year-old; Sister as she was caught by the kodak while spooning with Tom last summer. Last of all, Grandfather and Grandmother as they were in '61—that "brings down the house."

The Mirroscope should be on every Christmas Shopping List

Inexpensive, easily operated, safe, splendidly constructed, it affords unlimited possibilities of amusement and instruction for all the family year after year.

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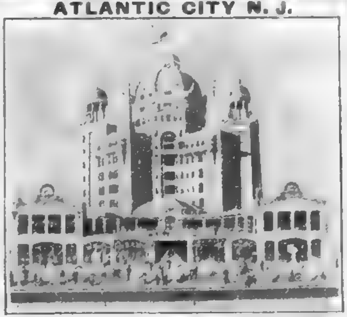

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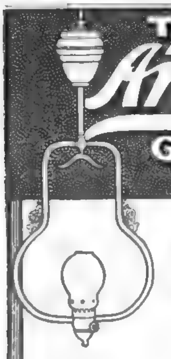

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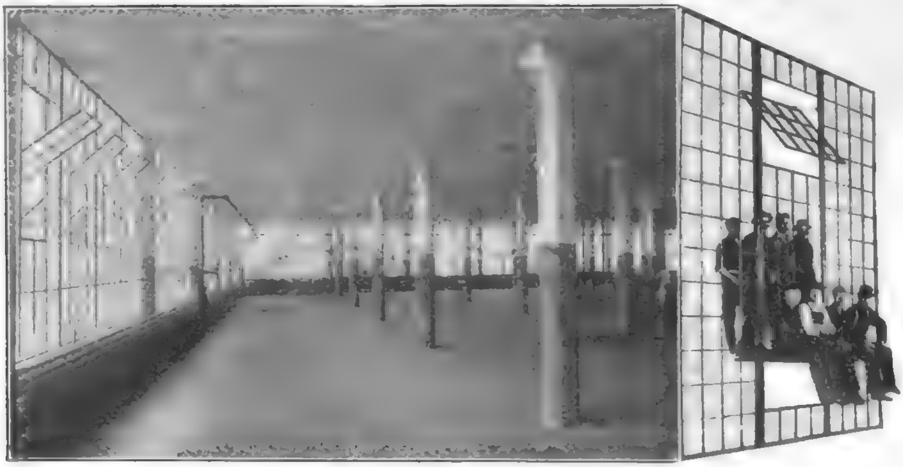

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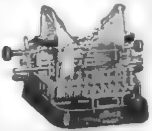

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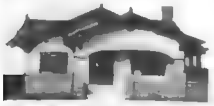

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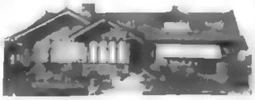

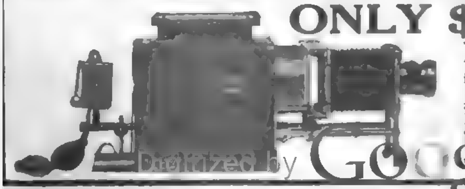

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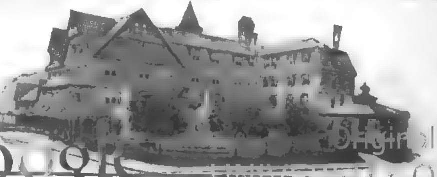

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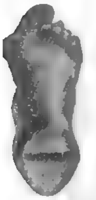

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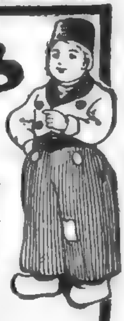

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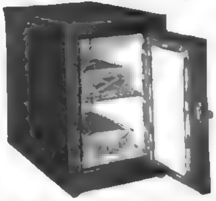

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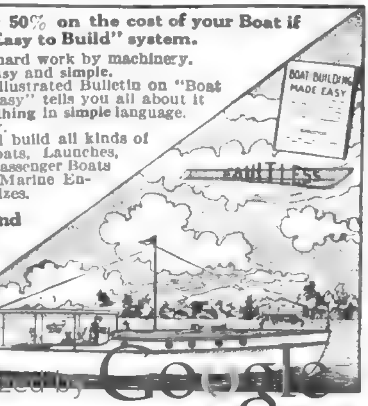

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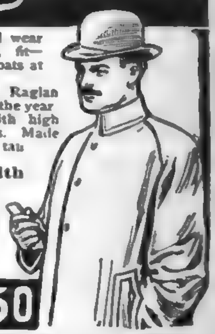

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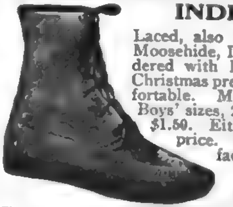

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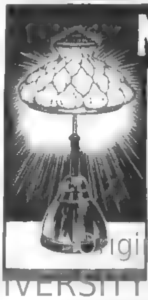

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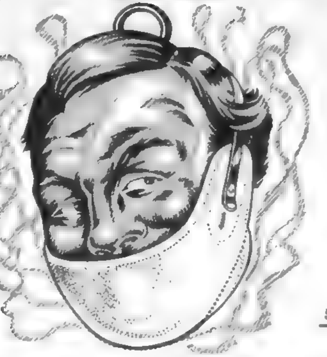

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Frank Gotch

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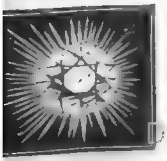

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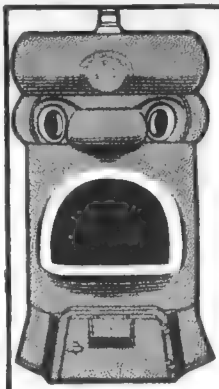

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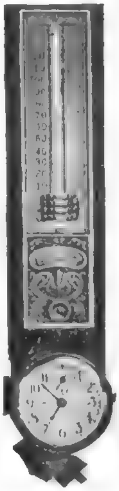

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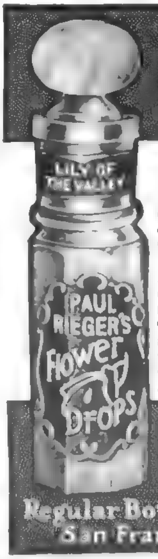

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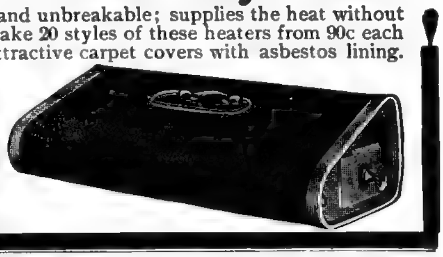

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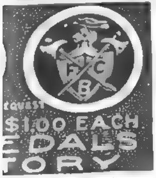

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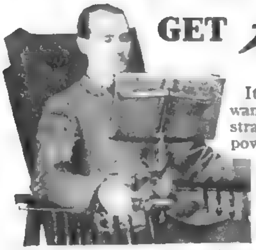

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$300 WILL PUT IN STAPLE, BIG-PAYING MANUFACTURING business. Factory complete, no experiment, no risk; sure, legitimate, unlimited sale. Every merchant, manufacturer, permanent customers. Write Unity Manufacturing Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

LOCATE IN THE GROWING SOUTH, IN ONE OF THE Enterprising Towns along the C. & O. Ry., which offer extraordinary inducements to the young man of small means, but who has plenty of energy and hustle. Our booklet "Industrial Sites" tells the whole story. Your writing for it may mean a turning point in your fortune. Send to-day. K. T. Crawley, Indus. Agt., C. & O. Ry., Box A, Richmond, Va.

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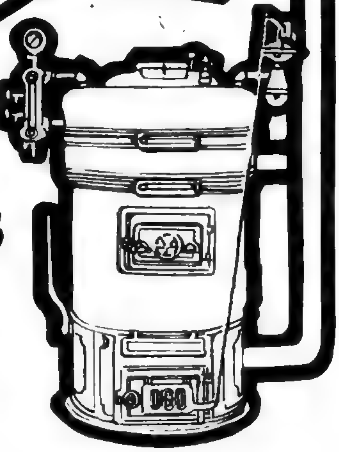

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side with the lowest cash figures of the best stores.
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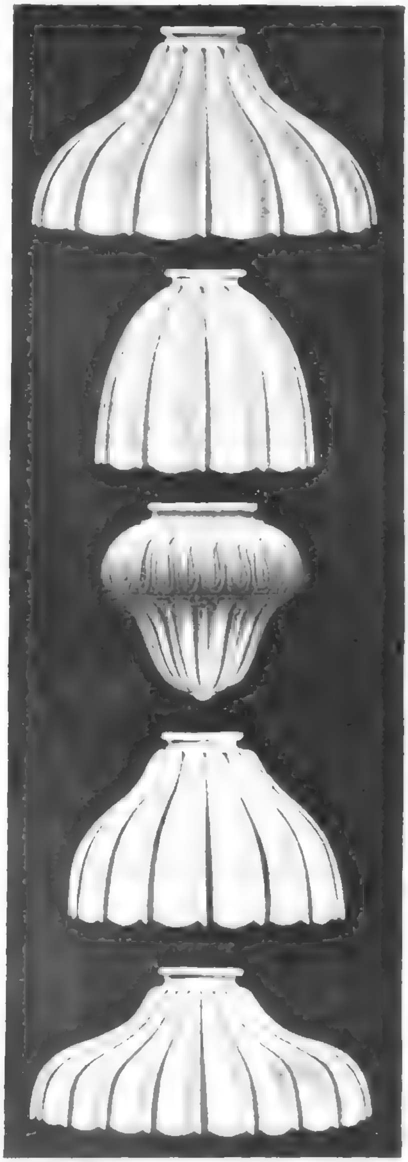

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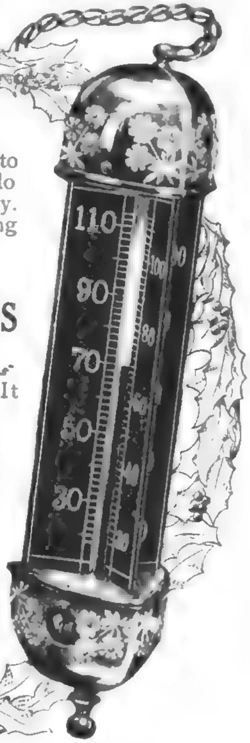

AFTER trying many foods, this little daughter of druggist Lawrence Edwards, Lancaster, Pa., weighed but *3 lbs. at 3½ months.* On

Eskay's Food

she gained as high as 15 ounces in a week.

Ten Feedings Free, and book, "How to Care for the Baby," mailed on request.

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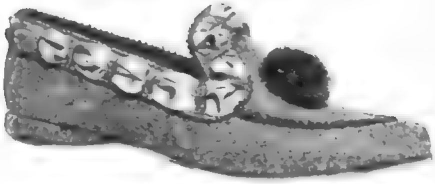
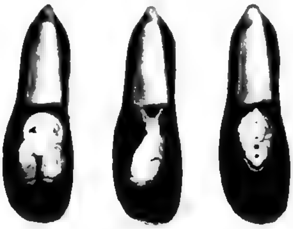
Footwear



The Peerless

A Comfy-Felt slipper, trimmed with ribbon in colors to match. Very handsome and of course very "comfy."

Women's, *Black, Red, Brown, Light and Dark Gray, Purple, Wine, Old Rose, Lavender, Taupe, Pink, Wistaria, and Light Blue* . . . . **Price $1.50 Delivered**



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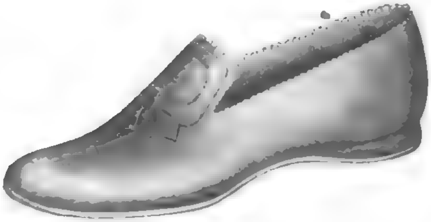
For Children

Dutch Kids and Rabbit . . . . . . *Brown, Blue*
Clown . . . . *Red, Pink, Light Blue*
Misses' $1.25, Child's $1.10
Delivered



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Women's, *Navy Blue, Light and Dark Gray, Red, Wine, Brown and Black* . . **Price $1.25**
Men's, *Red, Brown, Navy Blue, Dark Gray* **1.50**
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Send for our handsome illustrated Catalogue No. 35, showing many new styles.

Dan'l Green Felt Shoe Co.
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FRONT
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BUTTONHOLES
Easier-to-Button and Unbutton
They Dont Tear Out
BACK

ler will show you the new **DELMAR.** It is the
ont collar that meets close—because *baked* by our
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oveted straight-front shape. Has ample scarf space.

must not stretch or tear, if the collar is to retain its style
r when a buttonhole stretches, the collar is at once unshapely
rtable.

BUTTONHOLES—used exclusively in IDE SILVER COL-
vent such annoy-
y're easier-to-but-
't tear out.

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eriences).

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Ide *Silver* BRAND

1/4 Sizes **Collars** 2 for 25¢

In Canada, 3 for 50c.

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Catalog is Ready

Wonderful Christmas merchandise, and 1000 toys and games. Let the kiddies see the pictures and you'll know instantly what will please them most.

Over 50 pages of our General Winter Catalog are devoted to Christmas suggestions. Ask for that, too.

Both are free on request.

Write us today: "Send Christmas Catalog No. 11."

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for the purpose, a very little Pebeco
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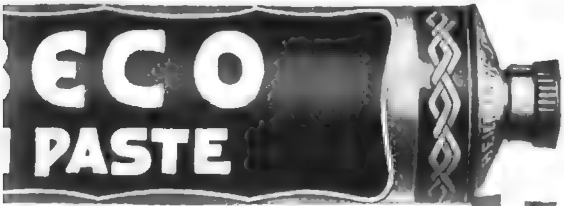
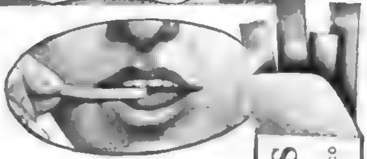
o has a definite, scientific action, neutral-
e acids that form in the mouth, and
g it free from harmful germs and bac-
growth—wholesome and healthy.

s soft, tender gums, and being an effective
maintains a sweet, inoffensive breath.





the Teeth

d removes long-
the enamel.
ess of flavor that
ss and vigor.

e and Acid Test Papers

whether or not you have "acid mouth" and
turn the blue test paper pink. After using
cause of tooth decay.

ries of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany.
where urge its use.
find Pebeco cheap because you need use so little

k. *Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum*

TEST PAPERS
For Diagnosing the Mouth Condition
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an Eucalyptus
ew drops into
ungs. As the
ed membrane,
yomei doesn't
al **Deafness**,
hich includes
s everywhere.

O, N. Y.

VAPOR TREATMENT

In conjunction with the inhaler use this vapor treatment before retiring:
Into a bowl of boiling water pour a teaspoonful of Hyomei; cover head and bowl with a towel and breathe for five minutes the soothing, healing, antiseptic vapor that arises.

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your home under perfect control every
as little attention as you give a clock.

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of warmth desired during the day; indicate
e night, and, by a simple adjustment of the
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to any position for winding with key—also
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Been The Standard For 28 Years

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MENNEN'S

"FOR MINE"

Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.

Trade Mark

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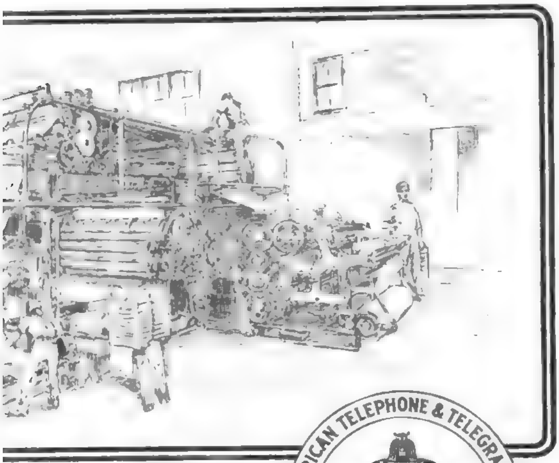

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with every other telephone and each unit in the nation is given a personal membership in the most highly developed system of communication that the world has ever seen.

The press prepares people for co-operation; the Bell telephone system enables them to really co-operate. The press educates people separately; the telephone enables them to act upon their mutual knowledge immediately and at any distance.

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This Christmas, Give *HIM* a

Gillette Safety Razor

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E makes a splendid Christmas
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ie young man just reaching the
haves at home—all will welcome
very day of the year.

ur friends may be in, you can easily
tes and requirements.

in various styles from $5.00 up to
re.

ETTE BLADES have made the
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everywhere.

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Gillette Combination Set, No. 00—Triple Plated Razor, Soap and Brush in Cases, 2 Blade Boxes, Velvet-lined Morocco Case, Price, $6.50.

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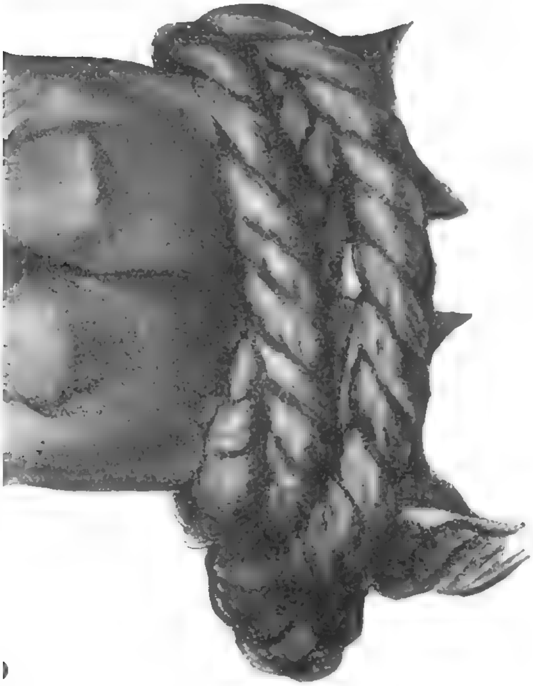

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Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

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- Electrical Engineer
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- Electric Railways
- Structural Engineer
- R. R. Construction
- Metal Mining
- English Branches
- Gas Engineer
- Foreman Plumber
- Civil Service
- Architect
- Chemist
- Languages
  - Spanish
  - French
  - German
  - Italian
- Commercial English
- Building Contractor
- Architectural Draftsman
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- Window Trimming
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- Cotton Manufacturing
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- Toolmaking
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- Blacksmithing
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Name ____________________

Present Occupation ____________________

Street and No. ____________________

City ____________ State ____________

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Ben

ins and holly from the glen
nd for grown ups Big Ben

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"Merry Christmas—here is Big Ben—may he wish you many of them!"

So drop in at your jeweler's—sneak him in while *they* sleep—let him wake them on Christmas day. He's as good to look at as he's pleasing to hear and he calls every day at any time he says.

Big Ben comes attractively boxed, ready for reshipment. — A community of clockmakers stands back of him—*Westclox, La Salle, Illinois.* If you cannot find him at your jeweler's, a money order addressed to them will bring him to you express charges prepaid.

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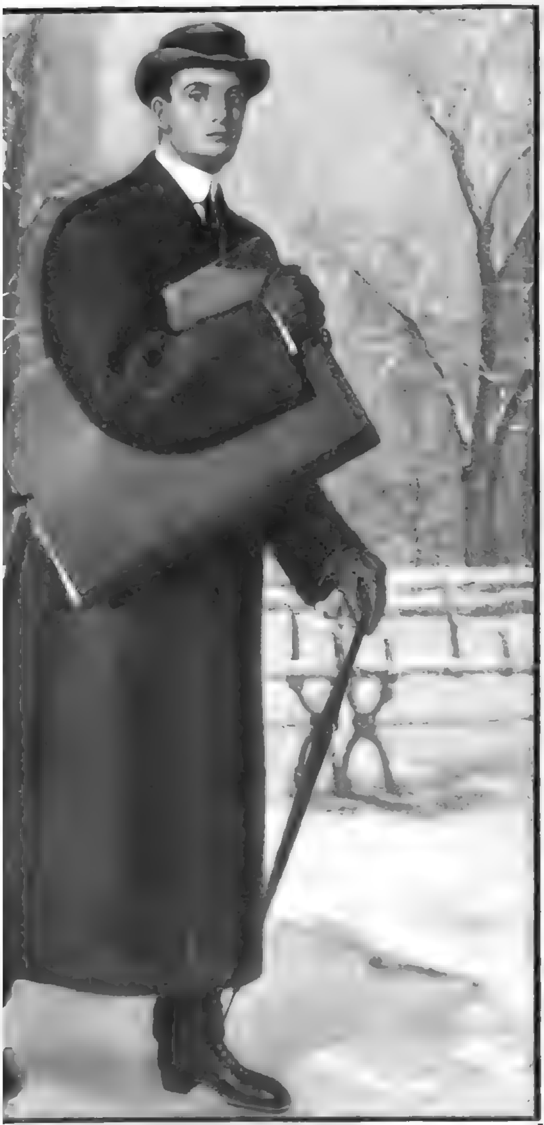

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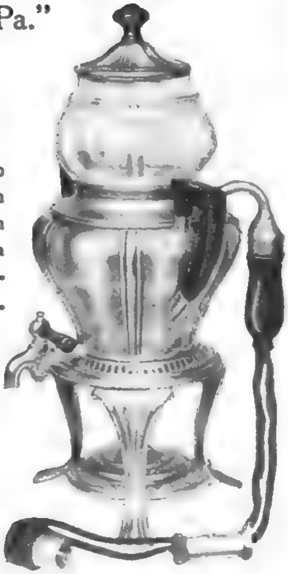
E, East Pittsburgh, Pa."



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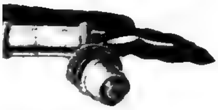
finest way in the world to e coffee. Useful every day in year. Clean, quick in action easy to work. **Made with Westinghouse econom- internal heating principle.**



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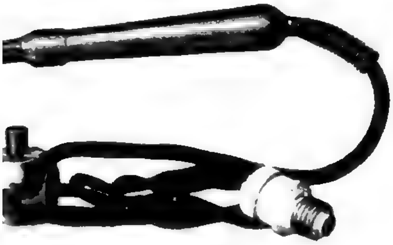
ıo know tea and love it say r. This electric samovar is at the snap of the switch **ıe gift for the tea lover.**



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trol of tempo; and the wonderful MELODANT
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these factors before choosing
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